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CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED, *Ludgate Hill, London.*

ENGLISH WRITERS

AN ATTEMPT TOWARDS

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

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BY

HENRY MORLEY

LL.D. EMERITUS PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON

X

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS TIME: UNDER ELIZABETH

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ENGLISH WRITERS.

BOOK IX.

Shakespeare and his Time: Under Elizabeth.

CHAPTER I.

SHAKESPEARE'S EARLIER YEARS.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born in South Warwickshire, at Stratford-on-Avon, most probably in the latter half of the month of April, 1564. He was baptized in that year, on Wednesday, the twenty-sixth of April. So much is proved by the oldest known register of the Church of the Holy Trinity at Stratford, a volume which was begun at the beginning of the seventeenth century with a transcript of then existing records from 1558 to 1600. In this transcript the accuracy of the copy was attested on each page by the vicar and churchwardens with their signatures.

Shakespeare's Birthday.

We learn also from the Stratford register that Shakespeare was buried on Thursday, the twenty-fifth of April, 1616. The inscription on his monument, which we know to have been set up in Stratford Church within the next seven years, records that Shakespeare died on the twenty-third of April, in his fifty-third year—"ÆTATIS 53 DIE 23 AP." An old belief that he died on his birthday is not contradicted—perhaps was suggested—by the fact that there

was only one day's difference between the twenty-sixth of April, date of baptism in 1564, and the twenty-fifth of April, date of burial in 1616.

But if Shakespeare was born on Sunday, the twenty-third of April, 1564, and died on Tuesday, the twenty-third of April, 1616, his age at death was exactly fifty-two. The inscription on the monument takes no notice of any such coincidence. On the contrary, by setting forth that Shakespeare died in his fifty-third year, it seems to imply that he was born at least a day before the date of death.

The number of days intervening between birth and baptism varied, of course, with conditions of health and weather. It varied also with the accident of greater or less interval between the time of birth and time of the next church service in which there would be opportunity of public baptism. When, therefore, we take the twenty-third of April as our Shakespeare's Day, we take the true date of the Master Poet's death, and we assume a birthday that may possibly be right, but probably is, by a day or more, too late. Yet let us hold to our tradition. The twenty-third of April is our Shakespeare's Day. It is the day also of Saint George, the patron saint of England. Or if the birthday be a little earlier, and we allow for the difference made by change of calendar, the birth of Shakespeare was about that time of the year which we now call May-day, and celebrate as birthday of the sunshine and the flowers.

If we would really know something of Shakespeare's life, we must look mainly to facts based upon evidence that would suffice to establish them in a law court. We must build nothing upon tattle, old or new, we must avoid the guesser's darkening of knowledge.

Parents and Kindred.

On the way from Warwick to Stratford a turn to the right leads to a village in a pleasant hollow—Snitterfield. Here Richard Shakespeare, who was the poet's grandfather upon the father's side,

had a house and land leased to him by Robert Arden, husbandman, who owned and occupied a house, with a farm of about fifty acres, at Wilmcote, in the parish of Aston Cantlowe. That Robert Arden, who owned in Snitterfield, and let on lease, two houses and farms of about a hundred acres in all, was the poet's grandfather upon the mother's side.

Richard Shakespeare had two sons, Henry and John. The poet's uncle Henry remained at Snitterfield, and was a farmer there until his death. He was buried on the twenty-ninth of December, 1596. His wife Margaret followed him to the grave six weeks later. Other Shakespeares at Snitterfield, whose relationship to the poet's family cannot be defined, were Thomas, who had a son baptized John in March, 1581; Anthony, whose name occurs in a list of billmen for the year 1569; and Joan, buried in January, 1596. John Shakespeare, the poet's father, left Snitterfield. In April of the year 1552 a fine of twelvepence levied on John Shakespeare for having set up a private filth-heap by his door, though there was a public one near by, shows that he was then living in Henley Street, at Stratford-on-Avon. Henley Street was so called because it was the beginning of the road from Stratford to Henley-in-Arden, eight miles off.

Shakespeare was not an uncommon English name. There is record of a John Shakespeare as early as 1279. Some used to be named, said Camden, "from that which they commonly carried—as Palmer, that is pilgrime, for that they carried palme when they returned from Hierusalem; Long-sword, Broad-speare, Fortescu, that is Strong-shield, and in some such respect, Break-speare, Shake-speare, Shot-bolt, Wag-staffe." In the sixteenth century there were Shakespeares in many parts of England, but most in Warwickshire, and they were no more one family than the Smiths.

In 1556 John Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, being

sued for eight pounds in the bailiff's court, was officially described as a glover. This process opened a defended suit that was decided after about two months in John Shakespeare's favour, with costs. In October of the same year John Shakespeare bought two small freeholds at Stratford; one was of a house in Greenhill Street; the other, of a house in Henley Street.

In the next year, 1557, John Shakespeare was married to Mary Arden, youngest of eight daughters of the Robert Arden from whom John Shakespeare's father leased his farm. Mary's elder sisters, the poet's seven aunts on the mother's side, were in order of age these that follow:—Agnes, married first to John Hewyns, of Bearley, and next, in 1550, to Thomas Stringer, of Stockton, in Shropshire; this aunt, who was in a legal document called "wife" of her second husband, several weeks before their marriage was solemnised in the church, was dead in October, 1576. Joan, married to Edmund Lambert, of Barton-on-the-Heath; aunt Joan Lambert was a widow during the last six years of her life, from 1587 to 1593. The third aunt was Katherine, wife of Thomas Etkyns, of Wilmcote. Then came Joyce and Alice, who seem to have been unmarried. The sixth was Margaret, first married to Alexander Webbe, of Bearley, who died in 1573, and who was succeeded by a second husband, Edward Cornell, of Snitterfield. The youngest aunt was Elizabeth, who died in 1588, the wife of a John Scarlett.

Robert Arden, the poet's grandfather—son of a Thomas Arden of Wilmcote, who was living in 1546—took in second marriage Agnes Hill, widow of a farmer at Bearley, and he died late in 1556, not long before the marriage of his daughter Mary. His will was made on the twenty-fourth of November, and after death the inventory of his goods was made on the ninth of December. Mary Arden inherited from her father a small property at Wilmcote, called Asbies, of

some fifty acres, with two houses; interest also in other land at Wilmcote; and £6 13s. 4d. cash, which money may be multiplied by ten to represent its present buying power. By a previous settlement there had also been secured to her—after death of her stepmother, to whom a life interest in it had been given—the reversion of a share in the two houses and farms at Snitterfield, one of which had been rented by Richard Shakespeare.

When John Shakespeare, a husbandman's son, married the young Mary Arden, a husbandman's daughter, he was not himself in difficulties. The marriage added to his means, though he was now claiming and now claimed of, in suits for debt entered upon the proceedings of the Court of Record. Six pounds were claimed of him in 1551 and five in 1559 by Adrian Quiney and Thomas Knight. But there was a growth of civic dignity. He was elected to be an ale-taster in 1557. He was elected for a year, in 1558, by the jury of the Court Leet to be one of the four petty constables. In October, 1559, he was re-elected petty constable for another year. At the same time he was appointed to be one of the affeerors who determined the amount of fines not fixed by statute. He was re-elected also to this office. He held office for two years after 1561 as one of the chamberlains of the borough, delivering his second account at the beginning of the year in which his son William was born.

The first child of the marriage, baptized on the fifteenth of September, 1558, died in its infancy. This was a girl, named after its mother's sister Joan. The second child, also a girl, named after its mother's sister Margaret, was baptized on the second of December, 1562, and lived only five months. Margaret was buried on the thirtieth of April, 1563. The home was childless when the son was born who was named William and lived, and lives.

Just after the time of William Shakespeare's birth, the

plague raged in Stratford. On the thirtieth of August, 1564, the Town Council of Stratford held a Hall—and held it in their garden for less danger of infection—when John Shakespeare, as one of the burgesses present, was one of five who subscribed twelve pence each to the relief of the poor. The largest of the subscriptions offered was four shillings, given by William Botte, then owner of New Place; the bailiff gave 3s. 4d.; the chief alderman gave 2s. 8d.; ten others gave, some 2s. 6d., some 2s.; and six gave less than twelve pence. At a Hall held a few weeks later, on the sixth of September, for relief of the plague-stricken, John Shakespeare was again present, and of fourteen donors he was one of five who subscribed sixpence, when the highest subscription was one and sixpence. Six burgesses gave twelvepence each, and only two gave less than sixpence—one giving fourpence and the other twopence. Thus, in his personal accounts of debtor and creditor, we may assume that in the year of the birth of his son William, John Shakespeare was sufficiently, although not wholly, at ease. When balancing accounts for the Corporation, he followed the old use of counters, and, as he could not write, signed with his mark. His mark was sometimes a mere cross, sometimes perhaps a figure meant to represent a pair of compasses. Many a man of business in those days who could not write his name tried to give to his mark the individuality of a real signature, and Shakespeare's mother, who, like John Shakespeare, was unable to write, designed in that respect, on a deed of 1579, a much more elegant mark than her husband's.

When Shakespeare was a Child.

In May, 1565, Alderman Botte, of New Place, was expelled from the Town Council, and in his stead John Shakespeare was elected alderman on the fourth of the next following July. The year's accounts of the two chamberlains, William Tylor and William Smythe, were made out and delivered to the Town Council at Michaelmas of the

same year, leaving the Chamber, on this account, in debt to John Shakespeare seven shillings and threepence.

It is worthy of note that in September, 1566, John Shakespeare was bail for a friend named Richard Hathaway, against whom there were two suits, one for eight pounds and another for eleven pounds, in the Court of Record. There is no proof, but some ground for supposing, that this Hathaway to whom John Shakespeare's father was so close a friend soon after his son William's birth, was the father of Anne Hathaway whom afterwards the poet married. Soon afterwards, in 1566, there was born to John and Mary Shakespeare a second son, who was baptized on the thirteenth of October and named Gilbert.

In 1568, on the fourth of September, three persons having been nominated for the office of High Bailiff, John Shakespeare was the one of the three chosen. He presided as High Bailiff at a council held on the first of October, as well as at two October meetings of the Court of Record, and he joined to the title of Bailiff of the Borough that of Justice of the Peace.

Home in the Sunshine.

In 1569 another child was born to John and Mary Shakespeare, a daughter, who was baptized on the fifteenth of April and named Joan. This Joan outlived her brother William. There were many Shakespeares in Warwickshire, and the John Shakespeare who is found in 1570 to be occupying a fourteen-acre farm called Ingon or Ington Meadow, in the parish of Hampton Lucy, about two miles from Stratford, was not the poet's father. The register of Hampton Lucy records the burial of this John Shakespeare on the twenty-fifth of September, 1589. The burial of Shakespeare's father was at Stratford on the eighth of September, 1601.

In 1571 John Shakespeare was elected Chief Alderman from September to September following, and on the twenty-eighth of September, 1571, another daughter was baptized

and named Anne. John Shakespeare was sworn early in October into his office of chief alderman, and he continued to take part in the business of the Town Council.

In 1574 another son of John and Mary Shakespeare was baptized on the eleventh of March and named Richard, perhaps after his grandfather.

In October, 1575, John Shakespeare paid forty pounds to Edmund Hall and Emma, his wife, for two tenements in Stratford, each with a garden and orchard. There is no evidence as to their locality. One of them may possibly have been the home in Henley Street.

Thus far a few simple records define, clearly enough, the rise of the poet's father to a fair prosperity, until the time when Shakespeare was eleven or twelve years old. In the next following years, records as simple and exact show the descent through trouble into want. The wolf sits at the house-door, enters at last, and eats up all. Then we shall find, about the time when his eldest son leaves Stratford, John Shakespeare subject to arrest for want of goods to be distrained upon.

In 1576, when Shakespeare was a boy of twelve, the first theatres in London—the Theatre and the Curtain—were built, near the site of the suppressed Priory of Holywell.* John Shakespeare had then a household of seven—himself, his wife, and the five children; three boys and two girls. William was the eldest, Gilbert two years younger—that is to say, ten years old, Joan's age was seven, Anne's was five, and Richard's three. The number of John Shakespeare's children remained five; for although Anne died in 1579, and William Shakespeare, aged fifteen, then had grief for the death of an eight-year-old sister among the teachings of his life, in 1580 another son, Edmund, was born—named, no doubt, after his aunt Joan's husband, Edmund Lambert.

When Shakespeare was a Boy of Twelve.

* "E. W." viii. 388.

Then there were four boys—William, Gilbert, Richard, Edmund—and the only girl was Joan.

There is no direct evidence to show where William Shakespeare went to school. As he had reached the age of twelve before the fall began in his father's prosperity, we may assume that his early education had not been neglected. As education at the Free School of Stratford-on-Avon was at once the cheapest and the best — if, indeed, any other good teaching, beyond the hornbook, was accessible to boys in the town—we may take that to have been the school he went to. It was then usual for boys to go to the grammar school in early childhood, in order that they might acquire knowledge enough of Latin to enable them to follow teaching through that language as soon as possible;* but we have seen† that in 1582 Richard Mulcaster, one of the best schoolmasters in England, was already protesting against the "marvellous bondage" of children to one tongue, not their own, for learning's sake. The result, however, of this way of teaching was that, in Elizabeth's day, a quick boy of fourteen, fresh from his grammar school, could speak and read Latin more readily than some men of our own day who have got through the pass examinations at Oxford or Cambridge without working for honours.

Let us assume, then, that when twelve years old, in 1576, William Shakespeare went daily from the home in Henley Street to the Free Grammar School in Chapel Street.

Following now the fortunes of the home, as shown from evidence uncoloured by conjecture, we find that in 1577 there were six meetings of the Town Council of Stratford. At three of them John Shakespeare did not attend, at one he did attend, and at the other two, attendances are not recorded.

Home under a Cloud.

* "E. W." vii. 288. † "E. W." ix. 186, 187.

In 1578, on the twenty-ninth of January, the Town Council agreed upon a levy towards the support of bill-and-pike men and one archer. In this levy, except some whose names were underwritten, every alderman was to pay six-and-eightpence (the old value of a noble or of its successor the angel-noble), and every burgess half that amount. Two aldermen and five burgesses were underwritten, and excused part of their payment. John Shakespeare was one of those two aldermen. The levy on him was reduced to three-and-fourpence. In November of the same year, a list of debts appended to the will of Roger Sadler, baker, of Stratford, includes a claim upon two sureties for a debt of five pounds from John Shakespeare. One of the sureties was William Shakespeare's uncle, Edmund Lambert, of Barton-on-the-Heath, who had married Mary Arden's sister Joan. On the fourteenth of November in the same year, 1578, John and Mary Shakespeare raised money by mortgaging Mary Shakespeare's paternal estate of Asbies, in Aston Cantlowe, to the same brother-in-law Edmund Lambert, for forty pounds. An instrument relating to this mortgage defines the estate as consisting of two messuages, two gardens, fifty acres of land, and four acres of pasture.

In 1579, on the eleventh of March, John Shakespeare is found entered upon the register of Town Council meetings among defaulters in payment of their shares in the levy for the purchase of armour and defensive weapons. On the fourth of the next April his daughter Anne was buried. He was noted as absent from seven of ten meetings of the Town Council in this year, the remaining three being meetings at which absences were not recorded. Only one other alderman beside John Shakespeare was absent on the second of October, the day of the official elections. A fortnight afterwards, on the fifteenth of the same month, John Shakespeare and Mary his wife sold for four pounds their interest in a share of two messuages at

Snitterfield to Robert Webbe, who is named as a son in the will of Alexander Webbe, first husband of Mary Shakespeare's sister Margaret.

In 1579, then, William Shakespeare's age was fifteen, and his father was in want of money. In 1579 Francis Bacon, aged eighteen, was driven by the death of his father to take seriously to law as his profession.* In 1579 John Lyly, aged about twenty-six, published his "Euphues." † Towards the end of 1579 Edmund Spenser, then about twenty-seven years old, published "The Shepheardes Calender." ‡ In 1579 Stephen Gosson, aged about twenty-six, published his "School of Abuse," and thereby quickened the controversy between Puritans and players. §

Pledging of Asbies involved further loss of income. In 1580 John Shakespeare attempted to redeem the pledge and recover his wife's little estate; but he owed other monies to his brother-in-law, Edmund Lambert, who determined to secure himself by holding Asbies unless all the debt to him was paid; and it could not be paid. It was on the third of May in that year, 1580, that the last boy was born, and named after his uncle Edmund. John Shakespeare's name occurs in a list of the gentlemen and freeholders in the county of Warwick, 1580, as of the hundred of Barlichway, in Stratford-on-Avon. Alderman John Shakespeare was absent in 1580 from all the eight recorded meetings of the Stratford Town Council, and from all the six of the next year, 1581. In 1582 Alderman John Shakespeare was absent from ten meetings of the Town Council, and present only at one in which John Sadler was appointed bailiff.

In 1582, on the twenty-eighth of November, in the twenty-fifth year of Elizabeth, William Shakespeare, when his age was about eighteen years and seven months, took out a

* "E. W." ix. 262.
† "E. W." viii. 305.
‡ "E. W." ix. 20.
§ "E. W." viii. 390.

preliminary bond with a notary for licence of marriage, with once asking of the banns, between himself and Anne Hathaway, described as of Stratford, in the diocese of Worcester, maiden. The two bondsmen named in this document are Fulk Sandells and John Richardson. Fulk Sandells was appointed to be one of the supervisors to see to the faithful carrying out of the will of Richard Hathaway as his "trustie frende and neighbour," and there is evidence that he lived in Shottery. There were two John Richardsons in Shottery, and one of these witnessed, in 1581, Richard Hathaway's will.

Shakespeare's Marriage.

There were in Shottery three families of Hathaway. Intimate friendship of John Shakespeare with a member of one of these families is implied by his having been in September, 1566, bail for a Richard Hathaway in two actions in the Court of Record, for eight and eleven pounds respectively, and in the second action actually sued as answerable for his friend. This may imply friendship between their two families when Anne, daughter of Richard Hathaway, was ten years old, and William Shakespeare was a child of two or three. The initials "R. H." are on one of the seals to the marriage bond of November, 1582. This may perhaps indicate use of the seal of Richard Hathaway, who had made a will on the first of September, 1581, which was proved on the ninth of July, 1582. The will included a bequest "unto Agnes my daughter" of "sixe poundes, thirtene shillinges, and fower pence, to be paid unto her at the daie of her marriage." There was a like provision for the marriage day of his daughter Catherine; but for his third daughter, Margaret, there was the same bequest, "to be paide unto her at the age of seaventeene yeares." The inference is, that, when the will was made, the two elder daughters were engaged for marriage, but the youngest not engaged. "Agnes" was commonly pronounced "Annes," and counted as one of the

Anne Hathaway.

forms of Anne. Anne Hathaway had also four brothers, Bartholomew, Thomas, John, and William, and the father's will provided for helpful relations between Bartholomew the eldest son, and the widow.

Richard Hathaway's farmhouse at Shottery was a long building that, among many other changes, was at some time made into two cottages. Initials "I. H." on a chimney, and "I. H., E. H., I. B." on the cross-bar of a cupboard door, are dated 1697, and mark alterations made by a John Hathaway in that year. Some of the land passed into other hands, but the old house remained with the Hathaway family till the male line of the family became extinct in 1746. It then continued in the female line till 1838. Known as Anne Hathaway's Cottage, the house was bought for the nation in 1892.

The evidence associating Shakespeare's wife with the cottage at Shottery, if not conclusive, is so strong that we may accept it without reasonable doubt. Richard Hathaway certainly lived in that house on the farm known as Hewlands, and after him his son Bartholomew. The same Richard Hathaway, who died about five months before the signing of Shakespeare's preliminary bond of marriage, had one of the two bondsmen in the instrument through which William Shakespeare was to obtain his licence of marriage with Anne Hathaway acting as witness to his will, and the other was named in his will as a supervisor to see that its provisions were duly carried out. Shakespeare's bondsmen, therefore, may be looked upon as representing Richard Hathaway. We have inferred from the terms of the will that, before his death, Richard Hathaway looked upon his two elder daughters as about to marry, but upon his youngest daughter, not then seventeen, as having a husband yet to find. The marriage bond also grants Shakespeare his licence on condition that he "do not proceed to solemnizacion of mariadg

Shakespeare's Marriage.

with the said Anne Hathway without the consent of her frindes." At what date the religious solemnisation of marriage took place there is nothing to show, but the preliminary bond for the licence must have been taken out some three months after the betrothal.

Until the reign of George II., *consensus faciat nuptias* was so largely the maxim of the civil law, that any contract made in words of the present tense was so far a valid marriage that the parties might be compelled—not in the civil but in the spiritual courts—to celebrate it in the face of the Church. In and before and after the time of Elizabeth, formal betrothal was such a civil contract. It was recognised by law, and commonly regarded by the people as a civil marriage, actual and binding. It would afterwards be solemnised in the face of the Church, but it was a true marriage from the day of open betrothal. We have seen* that Mary Arden's sister Agnes was in a legal document called wife—*uxor*—of her second husband several weeks before she had been married to him in the church. This view of the contract was so much a matter of course that when George Peele, in his "Old Wives' Tale," has a charm to be broken by a woman who is neither maid, wife, nor widow, it is broken by Venelia, who, as the betrothed of Erastus, is not a maid; as torn from him before marriage in the church, is not a wife; and, as Erastus lives, is not a widow.

Birth of Susanna Shakespeare

On the twenty-sixth of May, 1583, Susanna, daughter of William and Anne Shakespeare, was baptized in Stratford Church. Shakespeare's age was then a month over nineteen.

What were his means of livelihood? We must be content to answer simply that we do not know. Considering his father's falling fortunes, and that his parents had four younger children to support, it may be supposed that at fourteen or

* "E W." x. 4.

fifteen the eldest boy had been taken from school and put somewhere to earn his living. When between eighteen and nineteen, he ventured marriage upon what he then was earning. He could only have married upon some earnings of his own, since it was not possible that he could have added his wife to the overburdened home in Henley Street. Wherever we tread upon safe ground of evidence as to his home relations, we find him only labouring to help his parents.

Evidence of the age of Shakespeare's wife is found on her gravestone. She survived him seven years, was buried close to him in the chancel of the parish church at Stratford, and the inscription says—"Here lyeth interred the body of Anne, wife of William Shakespeare, who departed this life the 6th day of August, 1623, being of the age of 67 years." Her age, therefore, had been about sixty when Shakespeare died at the age of fifty-two, and was about twenty-six when Shakespeare attached himself to her. In choosing her for wife he showed the preference, not rare among young men of ripe intellectual power, for a companion who has passed out of her girlhood into a womanhood that has not lost the charms of youth. It may at once be said that we shall find, as we go on, no scrap of evidence, nor any reasonable foothold for a supposition, that William Shakespeare was not happy in his wife from the beginning of his marriage till his death. He even interlined in his will, with loving consideration, a bequest to her of his second-best bed, which obviously was the bed that they had shared together. The best bed in a house like his was that in the guest chamber.

On the second of February, 1584-85—1585 in modern reckoning—there was entered in the parish register at Stratford the baptism of "Hamnet and Judeth, sonne and daughter to William Shakspere." They were named after a husband and wife who were among neighbours and old friends—Hamnet and

Births of Hamnet and Judith Shakespeare.

Judith Sadler, bakers. This friendship is attested by the fact that Hamnet Sadler left in his will thirty-six shillings and eightpence for a ring for William Shakespeare.

In the same year, 1585, John Shakespeare—who had still been marked as absent from the fourteen meetings of the Town Council in 1583, and from those eight of the nine meetings in 1584, and the nine in 1585, for which there is a record of attendance—in 1585 John Shakespeare was proceeded against, in October, in the Court of Record, by John Browne, who sued for a distraint for debt. He sued also on the twenty-ninth of January, 1586, and again on the sixteenth of February, when John Shakespeare's arrest was ordered, because there were no goods in his house to distrain upon—"*quod predictus Johannes Shackspere nihil habet unde distringi possit.*"

Troubles Deepen.

In whatever way John Shakespeare's eldest son was then earning his bread, he had at that time a wife and three little ones to support; Susanna, not yet three years old; the twins, Hamnet and Judith, a year old; and there was sore need that he should be able to help also his distressed father and mother. Then he—born artist—bethought himself, and resolved, at earliest in the spring of 1586, at the age of twenty-two, or in the next year at latest, to try whether he could not make his way to better fortune if he looked for work in London with the players. These plain facts, cleared of tattle and conjecture,* show

William Shakespeare leaves Stratford for London.

* Some of the tattle about Shakespeare's earlier life, omitted from the text, may here be dropped into a footnote. The first edition of Shakespeare after the four folios of 1623, 1632, 1664, and 1685, was that in seven volumes octavo published in 1709-10 by Nicholas Rowe, who prefixed to it a life of Shakespeare, the first that had been attempted. Rowe acknowledged a particular obligation to Thomas Betterton for the most considerable part of the passages in Shakespeare's life. Betterton died in the year 1710. This great actor, son of an under-cook to Charles I., was born some fifty years after

at once why Shakespeare sought, in 1586 or 1587, to try his fortune in the form of work for which his powers were best fitted.

It may be that, after the spring of 1586, William Shakespeare struggled on at Stratford-upon-Avon for another year.

Shakespeare had left Stratford to try his fortune in London. Betterton felt, and he displayed upon the stage, the genius of the poet in a time of French-classical influence when Shakespeare was but little understood. Any stories about Shakespeare that he could have picked up in Stratford would have been worth little enough though tales of yesterday, as all know who have lived in villages and little country towns. They were worth less than nothing as shreds from the small talk of a century. Other scraps of tradition are taken from John Aubrey, who was born ten years after Shakespeare's death and lived until 1697. Aubrey had valuable qualities, but as a retailer of anecdotal gossip he was of as poor authority as any modern quidnunc of the clubs. Other notes of local tradition about Shakespeare are in a memorandum book compiled by the Rev. John Ward, Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon. Notes were compiled by a visitor to Stratford Church in 1693, who took William Castle, parish clerk and sexton of that year, for his informant. That Shakespeare's father was "a considerable dealer in wool" comes from Rowe. There is no strict evidence that he had any trade but that of glover. In small towns, however, then as now, it was hard to get a living by a single trade. John Shakespeare would have taken any honest way of making money that was open to him. If he used for his own good the four acres of pasture-land at Asbies, or if he turned to account any other meadow-land, he would most likely have had some sheep whose wool he could sell after shearing time. "Considerable dealer" in wool is phrase of the time of a false sense of dignity, when it was thought prudent to magnify or mystify the calling of anyone who was of the kindred of a man whom the polite world honoured with its attention. These mean little pomposities belong to the weak side of the period between the close of the English Commonwealth and the rise of the French Revolution. Aubrey says in his MSS., now in the Ashmolean Museum, that "in his younger years Shakespeare had been a schoolmaster in the country," giving this on the authority of "Mr. Beeston." Malone argued, from acquaintance with law phrases shown in Shakespeare's plays, that the poet, when he left school, worked in an attorney's office; and in 1859 Lord Chancellor Campbell followed the same arguments in a published letter to J. P. Collier, entitled "Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements

The Town Council, on the sixth of September, 1586, had an election of new aldermen in place of John Wheler, who had resigned, and of John Shakespeare, who was at the same time put out of the Town Council because he "dothe not come to the halles when they be warned, nor hathe not done of longe tyme." In January, 1587, John Shakespeare was troubled by the suit of Nicholas Lane for a debt of twenty-two pounds due from his brother Henry at Snitterfield—*Henricus Shakspere frater dicti Johannis*—which John was said to have made himself answerable for if his brother could not pay it. In that year, 1587, several companies of actors visited Stratford-on-Avon, the Queen's Players, and the players also of Lords Leicester, Essex, and Stratford. Their presence in the town may have directed Shakespeare's thoughts, and he may have left Stratford in 1587 as a recruit in one of these

Considered." It has been argued on like grounds that he served as a soldier. It has been said also that he worked as a butcher, "and when he killed a calf he did it with a grand air"—that being some calf's notion of the private ways of poets and play-actors.

Nicholas Rowe, in 1709, is the earliest authority for the fable that Shakespeare was compelled to quit Stratford because he had incurred the wrath of Sir Thomas Lucy for deer-stealing from his park at Charlecote, five miles out of Stratford. Thus the account runs in Rowe's Life of Shakespeare: "He had by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and amongst them some, that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him more than once in robbing the park of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecot, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and, in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first copy of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London." Many yet cling to this fable, although it is long since Malone rightly pointed out that at the time when Shakespeare is said to have stolen deer from Sir Thomas Lucy's park at Charlecote, not only was there no deer park at Charlecote, but there was not yet any park at all.

companies—perhaps the Earl of Leicester's, which had gone abroad in 1586. For, on the eleventh of May, 1586, the Privy Council, in reply to a letter from the City, had desired the Lord Mayor to restrain plays in the City for the avoiding of infection, and had themselves "taken the like order for the prohibiting the use of plays at the Theatre and the other places about Newington out of his charge." The interdict, however, could not have remained long in force, for 1586 was not much of a plague year. The freedom from plague in London between 1583 and 1592 was, in fact, one cause of the steadier growth of the drama during the first years of Shakespeare's training as a dramatist.*

* Documentary and other evidence of facts in the life of Shakespeare will be found most fully set forth in "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare," by J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, F.R.S., F.S.A., the ninth edition. In two volumes, royal 8vo. Longmans: 1890. In matters of opinion independent workers must inevitably differ, but no one has helped so much as Halliwell-Phillips to supply students with a knowledge of facts touching the life of Shakespeare on which alone opinion can be safely based.

Hearty thanks are due also to Mr. Frederick Gard Fleay for two very helpful volumes, one "A Chronicle History of the Life and Work of William Shakespeare, Player, Poet, and Playmaker," published in 1886; the other "A Chronicle History of the London Stage 1559–1642," published in 1890. Mr. Fleay knows the great value of clear tabular statement and of strict attention to chronological order. If he be too bold in conjecture, he is wisely careful by a system of bracketing to part guesses from facts. But why should a man who does good work blemish it with disdainful reference to any predecessor? Always unwise, often unjust, it is unnatural where gentle Shakespeare is the critic's theme.

CHAPTER II.

SHAKESPEARE'S FIRST YEARS IN LONDON.

WHATEVER home Shakespeare had formed at Stratford-on-Avon for his wife and his three little ones, remained their home and his, though he went out—whether alone in 1586, or with a company of actors joined at Stratford in 1587—to seek a livelihood that might perhaps be earned in London. He looked wisely to a way of earning that accorded with the true bent of his genius. If he found his way, he might reach easily to more than could be earned in Stratford. He might not only maintain his own household in simple comfort, but relieve also his parents in their time of trouble and be helpful to his brothers and his sister Joan. Till better fortunes came, he could lodge anywhere in town during the play season. To the end of life London was, so to speak, his place of business, but only Stratford was his home. After some years, when days of prosperity had really come, his ambition, we shall find, was confined to the shaping of a home in his native town where he might live with his wife, see their children married to good neighbours, and taste God's blessing upon home life among friends and kindred. It was not in him to wait till age, after long greed for outward wealth, had dulled his relish of the inward wealth of life. As the bird flies from the nest to bring food home, so Shakespeare took flight to the place where there was most food likely to be found. He left his nest well sheltered, and patiently

From Stratford-on-Avon to London.

supplied its needs. He did not take his wife and children away from the familiar fields where face of friend and neighbour looked from every cottage door, where loving kinsfolk were about them, with fresh country air not far to seek; he did not make them share with him poor lodging among strangers in the fever-haunted lanes of the great city. He kept their lives under the healthiest and happiest attainable conditions; he was with them in all seasons of rest; and he fought his fight alone in London with a success that at last enabled him to break with the earning place and give his whole time to the home. To taste life truly, was far more to Shakespeare than the earning of superfluous wealth or feeding upon idle praise.

We cannot be wrong if we assume that Shakespeare came to London either in 1586 or 1587, when he was twenty-two or twenty-three years old. Men either rode in those days on horseback, or trudged freely on foot from place to place; and there can be little doubt that, whichever the year, young Shakespeare first reached London on foot, with a bundle at his back. We may suppose him to be with the Earl of Leicester's servants, or some other company that had taken Stratford in its round. We may suppose that he came alone to seek employment of the players. We suppose only; we do not know.

There was a family of Burbages in Shakespeare's time at Stratford-on-Avon. A John Burbage was bailiff of the town in 1556, and some have thought that the actor, James Burbage, who began the world as a joiner, and built in 1576 the first playhouse, called "The Theatre," came out of Stratford. Of this there is no evidence. In later years, when Burbage's son Cuthbert was applying for a grant of arms, he derived his family from Hertfordshire. James Burbage's name was at the head of the list of the Earl of Leicester's actors in the patent of the seventh of May, 1574, giving them power to act in any part

London Players.

of England. The other actors there named as of Leicester's company were John Perkyn, John Lanham, William Johnson, and Robert Wilson.

In the year 1583, soon after the accident at Paris Gardens that put an end to Sunday acting,* Queen Elizabeth, on the advice of Edmond Tylney, Master of the Revels, and at the request of her Secretary of State, Sir Francis Walsingham, appointed twelve performers, chosen from among the companies of her nobility, to be her own company, under the name of the Queen's Players. James Burbage, John Lanham, and Robert Wilson became three of the players, and another was the famous actor of clown parts, Richard Tarlton. Leicester's company remained, weakened, as others were, by transfer of some of its best actors to the queen's new company of twelve.

Though there was no more acting on Sundays, feud between Puritans and players was maintained in the City of London, and on the twenty-fifth of January, 1586, one of Walsingham's paid writers of news-letters—a soldier, not a priest—digressed into these notes upon the London stage as it appeared to him about the time when Shakespeare came to London: †

"The daylie abuse of Stage Playes is such an offence to the godly, and so great a hinderance to the gospell, as the papists do exceedingly rejoyce at the bleamysh theareof, and not without cause; for every day in the weake the players billes are sett up in sondry places of the cittie, some in the name of her Majesties menne, some the Earl of Leic^r., some the E. of Oxford, the Lo. Admyralles, and dyvers others; so that when the belles tole to the Lectorer, the trumpetts sound to the Stages, whereat the wicked faction of Rome lawgheth for joy, while the godly weepe for sorrowe. Woe is me! the play howses are pestered, when churches are naked: at the one it is not possible to gett a place, at the

* "E. W.," ix. 231—233.

† Harleian MSS., No. 286, quoted by John Payne Collier in his "English Dramatic Poetry and Annals of the Stage." Second edition, 1879. Vol. i., pp. 257, 258.

other voyde seates are plentie. The profaning of the Sabaoth is redressed, but as badde a custome entertayned, and yet still our long suffering God forbayreth to punishe. Yt is a wofull sight to see two hundred proude players jett in their silkes, wheare five hundred pore people sterve in the streets. But yf needes this mischief must be tollerated, whereat (no doubt) the Highest frowneth, yet for God's sake (Sir) let every Stage in London pay a weekly pention to the pore, that *ex hoc malo proveniat aliquod bonum:* but it weare rather to be wisshed that players might be used, as Apollo did his lawghing, *semel in anno.*"

In 1586 the Theatre and Curtain were still the only houses built for acting plays, and the Corporation of London had two or three years before succeeded in shutting out plays from City inns in which they had been acted. The choir children, who had acted before 1583 at the Blackfriars Inn, acted, perhaps, in 1586 in their own singing-school. In July, 1585, Lord Charles Howard had been appointed Lord High Admiral; and Lord Hunsdon, Chamberlain. Both of these noblemen had companies of actors, who played sometimes at Court before the queen, sometimes at The Theatre or Curtain, sometimes at an inn-yard. The Earl of Arundel had a company of actors which played at The Curtain in 1584. The Earl of Oxford's players also took for their performances sometimes The Theatre, sometimes The Curtain. There was no acting at Blackfriars before 1596, except in an inn-yard or a large room in a house. The Blackfriars Theatre was first built in 1596, and The Globe early in 1599. Shakespeare's years of training as a dramatist are not to be associated with either of these playhouses. Shakespeare had proved his genius and written at least half a dozen of his plays before the first of them was built. The third regular theatre, The Rose, was not opened until 1592. Before that time companies of players, when they did not occupy The Theatre or The Curtain, acted at some play-place that could be hired from an inn-keeper or other owner. One such place was the Bull in Bishopsgate.

The record left in accounts of the Master of the Revels

touching plays and masques presented at Court during the twelve years before Shakespeare came to London serves well to illustrate Sir Philip Sidney's comment on the weakness of the drama since the time of "Gorboduc." As literature, the weakness of the drama lasted for a quarter of a century after the production of "Gorboduc" in the Inner Temple; but meanwhile its popularity was growing, as a form of story-telling to the eyes and ears. The actor's art was ripening, machinery of stage management was developed, and at last houses were built specially to suit the players' purposes. All this might be called preparation of the canvas for the work of the true artists yet to come, young Marlowe and others. Their coming corresponded almost to a year with William Shakespeare's first appearance as a young and untried actor on a London stage.

Plays and Masques at Court: 1574 to 1586.

Between the twenty-eighth of February, 1574 (new style), and the same date in 1575, there were spent on these entertainments at Court £582 1s. 2d. The Lord Chamberlain's servants acted "The History of Phædrastus" and "Phigon and Lucia;" Lord Leicester's servants acted "Panecea;" and Lord Clinton's, "Pretestus." There was an unnamed play by the servants of Lord Warwick; a play for the children of the Chapel by William Hunniss; a play acted by the children of Paul's; a play also by the children of Windsor Chapel, touching which there was charge for "a perriwigg of heare for King Xerxces syster." This play was by Richard Farrant, who had become in 1564 organist and master of the children in Saint George's Chapel, then passed back after five years to the Chapel Royal, in which he had formerly been enrolled as gentleman, and finally returned to Windsor. He is named twice as author of plays that are lost, but he is remembered still by sacred music of his composition, including a High Service and two anthems. There were also masques this year of Shepherds, Pedlars, Pilgrims.

In the accounts of the Revels for 1576-77 nine plays are named as acted before the queen—six of them at Hampton Court, three at Whitehall. The six acted at Hampton Court were "The History of the Cenophals" (Cynocephali—people with dogs' heads), by the Lord Chamberlain's men; "The Historie of the Collyer," by the Earl of Leicester's men; "The Paynter's Daughter," by the Earl of Leicester's servants; "Toolie," by the Lord Howard's servants; "The Historie of Error," by the children of Paul's—that is, a play like Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors," based on the *Menœchmi* of Plautus; "The Historie of Mutius Scevola," by the children of Windsor and the Chapel. The three plays acted at Whitehall were "The Historie of the Solitarie Knight," by the Lord Howard's servants; "The Irishe Knighte," by the Earl of Warwick's servants; and "The Historie of Titus and Gisippus," by the children of Paul's.

In March, 1577, Sir Thomas Benger died. John Lyly was then among the suitors for succession to his office of Master of the Revels, but it was given to Edmund Tylney on the twenty-fourth of July, 1579.

Names are given of eight out of the ten plays acted between Christmas, 1578, and November, 1579. They were "The Systers of Mantua," also "The Historie of the Knight in the Burnyng Rock," both acted by the Earl of Warwick's servants; "The Crewelty of a Stepmother," also "The Historie of Murderous Michael," both acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants; "A Pastorall or Historie of a Greeke Maide," by the Earl of Leicester's servants; "The Historie of the Rape of the Second Helene," actors not specified; "A Morall of the Mariage of Mynde and Measure," by the children of Paul's; and "The Historie of Loyalty and Bewtie," by the children of the Queen's Majesty's Chapel. There were also in this year A Masque of Amazons and A Masque of Knights.

In the accounts for 1579-80, of nine plays acted seven are named. Three were presented by the Lord Chamberlain's servants, and these were "A Historie of the Duke of Millayn and the Marques of Mantua," "The History of Portio and Demorantes," and "The History of Serpedon." One play was presented by the servants of the Earl of Warwick; that was "A Historie of the Foure Sonnes of Fabyous." "The History of the Soldan and the Duke of ——" was acted by the Earl of Derby's servants. "A History of Alucius" was acted by the children of the Chapel, and "The History of Cipio Africanus" by the children of Paul's. Among scenery for Court plays this year were paintings of seven cities and a village, a country house, a great city, a battlement, a wood, and a castle. Such scenery, it has been said, was used at Court, and was derived from the old mounting of Court masques; but there was no use of such scenery upon the public stage.

Of seven plays acted before the queen in 1580-81, by the servants of the Earl of Leicester, the Earl of Sussex, and the Earl of Derby, and by the children of the Chapel and Paul's, two only are named, "A Comodie called Delight," and "A Storie of Pompey." The properties this year included "a Senate House."

In 1582 there were six plays—"A Comodie of Bewtie and Huswyfery," by Lord Hunsdon's servants; "A Historie of Telomo," by the Earl of Leicester's servants; "A Historie of Ferrar" (? of Error), by the Lord Chamberlain's servants; "A Historie of Love and Fortune," by the Earl of Derby's servants; "A Comodie or Morall, devised on a Game of Cards," by the children of Her Majesty's Chapel; and "A Historie of Ariodante and Genevora," by Mr. Mulcaster's children—that is to say, by boys from Merchant Taylors' School. "Ariodante and Genevra" was a tale taken from the fifth and sixth cantos of Ariosto's "Orlando," of which there was an English version by Peter Beverley, of

Staple Inn, licensed to H. Wykes in 1565. Only two copies are now known. It was a book of ninety-one leaves, undated, and called "The Historie of Ariodante and Ieneura, daughter to the King of Scottes, in English Verse by Peter Beuerley. Imprinted at London, by Thomas East for Fraunces Coldocke."

In 1584-85 twelve actors, newly chosen to serve as the Queen's Players, played five pieces—"Phyllida and Choryn" (Corin), "The History of Felix and Philomena," "Fyve Plays in One," an antic play, and a comedy. The Earl of Oxford's boys played also "The History of Agamemnon and Ulysses."

Such lists of plays show that the stories favoured at Court were usually classical or Italian, that moral allegories were in favour, and that tales of knightly adventure were in great request. The popularity of Richard Johnson's euphuistic prose tale of the "Seven Champions of Christendom" also shows the wide prevalence of a taste for chivalrous romance, which determined Spenser's choice of the form of tale in which he would enshrine the picture of a true life set forth through the allegories of "The Faerie Queene." Of the first part of the "Seven Champions" no copies remain, and the earliest form in which it has come down to us is in copies of the second part, printed in 1596 and 1597 by Cuthbert Burbie, a printer who is not to be confounded with James Burbage's son Cuthbert.

We have from Germany reflected images showing the forms of English plays that were popular in Shakespeare's time, though some of the plays are no longer to be found in England. The travelling of English actors into Germany had a great influence upon the German drama. In the time of Shakespeare's boyhood the headquarters of the German players had been at Nuremberg, which, of all towns in Germany, made nearest approach to a great centre of life and action, with a public free enough

English Actors in Germany.

to follow its own humours. There Hans Sachs rose from the state of shoemaker to be the founder of the modern German drama. He died in 1576, at the age of eighty-one. Nine years before his death he reckoned that he had written two hundred and eight dramas, and in all six thousand and forty-eight songs, stories, fables, visions, and other pieces, large and small. But Hans Sachs drew none of his inspiration from England. The visits of English players to Germany were only beginning at the time when Shakespeare came to London, and the next famous German dramatist—also of Nuremberg — Jacob Ayrer, who was busiest between 1595 and 1605, made large use of our English plays. Actors and musicians had been commended, in 1585, by the Earl of Leicester to the service of Frederick II., King of Denmark, and five of these were, in October, 1586, at the court of the Elector of Saxony, Christian I.* This is the earliest known record of those

* "Shakespeare in Germany in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries: An Account of English Actors in Germany and the Netherlands and of the Plays performed by them during the same Period. By Albert Cohn." London, 1865, pp. xxiii.-xxvi. This most valuable aid to Shakespeare study is a quarto containing cxxxviii. pages of a historical account of the relations of English actors with Germany; also in the old German, with translations into English, six texts of early German plays derived from English originals, which illustrate six of the plays of Shakespeare. These are "The Tempest," "Much Ado About Nothing," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Titus Andronicus," "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet."

There was also published at Vienna, in 1884, a good study by Johannes Meissner, "*Die Englischen Comödianten zur Zeit Shakespeare's in Oesterreich.*" This essay takes its starting-point from a pasage upon play-going as an aid to health in "*Die Greuel der Verwüstung Menschlichen Geschlechts,*" published in 1610, and written by Hippolyt Guarinoni, who at that time had settled at Hall, near Innsbruck, as body physician to two archduchesses who had gone into a convent there. Guarinoni speaks of the travelling companies of English actors, and of the pleasure given by these players and

travellings of English actors to foreign courts which served after 1590, and more especially after the beginning of the seventeenth century, to add strength to the German dramatists, and to preserve to us a knowledge of some of our own early plays that throws light, here and there, upon the work of Shakespeare.

Shakespeare in London.

There is nothing known of Shakespeare, by direct evidence of any kind, from the time of his first coming to London until the year of Robert Greene's death, 1592. We know something of what he must have found in London, and what we learn in 1592 guides us to some safely inferred knowledge of what he must have done. Only, let all who seek for knowledge shut their ears to the babble of words without knowledge that spring only from unsubstantial gossip and tradition. Tit-bits of tattle are not truths even when they refer to things of yesterday. Every man every day is taught to know their worthlessness, yet we are slow to learn.* Some of us like them.

by the Italians whom he had seen at Padua and Venice, with their "living pictures addressed to the eye and ear." Here also the illustrations belong mainly to the earlier part of the seventeenth century."

* There is a story of Shakespeare having begun life in London by holding horses outside the theatre-doors for playgoers till they came out again. Rowe heard the tale, but did not include it in his Life of Shakespeare. He told it to Pope, who passed it on, and it was put into its final shape by Dr. Johnson. Rowe may have had it from Betterton, who may have had it from Davenant, who supported his own reputation for wit by encouraging the miserable fiction that he was himself an illegitimate son of Shakespeare. The horse-holding story is confuted by its mere stupidity. Why should Shakespeare hold horses outside the theatre, when the poorest place of servitor within gave him the opportunity he must have wished for? Young Shakespeare, being Shakespeare, must have known in what direction his best powers lay, and would have at least shown wit enough to justify the players in taking him into their service, if only, for a time, as a sweeper of the stage, until he showed that he could act small parts and go from less to more.

"Tamburlaine" Plays.

The first event of mark among the players that made part of Shakespeare's training as a dramatist, was the production of Marlowe's "Tamburlaine," a play that has been already described.* Its success caused imitation. We left Robert Greene—known only as a successful novelist †—married in 1586, parting from his wife after about a year of marriage, and returned to London in 1587,‡ where for the five years of life that remained to him he was both dramatist and novelist. His first impulse to play-writing came, perhaps, from the success of "Tamburlaine." Was the "Comicall Historie of Alphonsus, King of Aragon" his first play, not printed until seven years after his death? § Perhaps it was. Like "Tamburlaine," it is in blank verse, although its verse is not handled with Marlowe's power, and there is often a rhymed couplet to close a speech. Like "Tamburlaine," it is a tale of drum and sword, setting forth the career of one who rose to be the conqueror of many kings. Like "Tamburlaine," its female interest concerns only the marriage of its hero to the daughter of a conquered Eastern Sovereign. And Tamburlaine is mentioned in the play.

Alphonsus, King of Aragon.

Before each act, Venus appears in the part of Chorus. At her first entrance the stage direction is, "After you have sounded thrice"—that is to say, after the three trumpetings that preceded the drawing of the curtain—"let Venus be let down from the top of the Stage, and when she is down say——" At her last exit the direction is, "Exit Venus; or, if you can conveniently, let a chair come down from the top of the Stage, and draw her up." What she says, when she first comes down, is that poets are scarce when goddesses come down to look for them.

* "E. W." ix. 248-252. † "E. W." ix. 215-225.

‡ "E. W." ix. 225, 226.

§ The only known copy of "Alphonsus," printed by Thomas Creede in 1599, "as it hath been sundrie times Acted, Made by R. G.," is in the Library of the Duke of Devonshire.

The heroic Muse is silent. The Nine Muses enter, all playing their instruments except Calliope. Venus will turn Mars rather than let the heroism of Alphonsus go unsung. The other Muses all assist at this revival of the powers of Calliope, and the play begins, Venus having some superfluous words to say from time to time in setting forth the argument of each succeeding act.

In the modern sense of the word, there is nothing comical in "The History of Alphonsus" except the weakness of some of its heroic lines; the word is used only to describe the history as one that has a happy ending. Alphonsus, when first shown, is an exile in a grove in the kingdom of Naples, with his father Carinus. He has heard that the father of Carinus should have been King of Aragon, but was slain by a younger brother, who usurped the crown. Carinus lives contented in the grove, and says, "A quiet life doth pass an emperie." But says Alphonsus,

> "Ere Carinus' brood
> Shall brook his foe for to usurp his seat,
> He'll die the death with honour in the field,
> And so his life and sorrows briefly end."

Go if you must, says the old man,

> "Meantime Carinus in this silly grove
> Will spend his days with prayers and orisons
> To mighty Jove to further thine intent:
> Farewell, dear son; Alphonsus, fare you well."

The old man goes out, Albinius enters, and the stage direction, which is always an instruction addressed straight to the actor by his stage name, says, "*Alphonsus make as though thou goest out. Albinius say* 'What loit'ring fellow have we spied here?'" He says other rude things, stoutly resented, till he recognises in the loit'ring fellow the right heir to the throne of Aragon. Loyal Albinius, exiled from Aragon, had been received into the service of Belinus, King of Naples. The land of Belinus is now invaded by Flaminius, the wrongful King of Aragon. Albinius has been sent to gather men into the army raised for the resistance to invasion. Is that so? Yes. How could Albinius deceive his sovereign lord?

> "But if Alphonsus think that I do feign,
> Stay here awhile and you shall plainly see
> My words be true, whenas you do perceive
> Our royal army march before your face;
> The which, if't please my noble lord to stay,
> I'll hasten on with all the speed I may."

Make haste, then, but tell no one who I am. Belinus enters with his army, plans to save his other towns by defence of his capital, and Albinius explains this policy by the first of several euphuistic similes that are to be found in the play—

> "The sillie serpent found by country swain,
> And cut in pieces by his furious blows,
> Yet if her head do scape away untoucht,
> As many write, it very strangely goes
> To fetch an herb, with which in little time
> Her battered corpse again she doth conjoin."

But if the head be hurt, there is no hope for her. So it is with the saving of Naples, which is the head of his grace's land. His grace then sees Alphonsus. He inquires about him, talks with him, enlists him as a soldier on his own condition that he shall have all that he wins with his own hand. Fighting follows. Alphonsus kills with his own hand Flaminius, the King of Aragon, and claims his crown. It is granted. Then he claims, with the crown of Aragon, as part of it, the homage of the King of Naples. This leads to high talk and threatenings. Followers of the false King of Aragon are recalled by Albinius from flight to serve the true king. Many alarums are struck up. Belinus, King of Naples, flies to seek help from Amurack, the Turk. Alphonsus, like Tamburlaine, gives crowns to his foes—to one the crown of Naples, to one the dukedom of Milan, to one the crown of Aragon. When he is told that he keeps nothing for himself, he says that he means to have for himself the crown of Amurack.

Amurack then receives Belinus, and will set forth to his aid, if Mahomet be willing. He sends Bajazet to gather all the forces of his tributary kings throughout the East. They are to meet him at Constantinople.

Amurack's Empress Fausta, and his daughter Iphigina, have sought help of the sorceress Medea (ready name for any sorceress) to show what shall be the issue of the expedition.—"*Medea do ceremonies belonging to conjuring.*" Medea raises Calchas. "*Rise Calchas up in a white surplice and Cardinal's mitre.*" Calchas grumbles at being perpetually fetched up, but Medea will leave him to rest when he has fulfilled her mind this once. He is to go and ask the Destinies how Amurack will speed. He goes, forced by the charm. "*Calchas sink down where you came up.*" We see no more of him. The poor ghost need not have been vexed. Medea proceeds next to cause Fausta and Iphigina to hear what will happen, from the mouth of Amurack himself, who is put by hidden music into a charmed sleep. Amurack describes his

vision of his own defeat, and ends by seeing his daughter the wife of Alphonsus. Mother and daughter are in wrath; and Fausta, to resist her husband, will go raise her Amazones, whose name is pronounced throughout the play in classical form as a word of four syllables. Amurack, waking in a fury, banishes his rebellious wife. Medea meets her, and tells her that death will be the alternative of an acceptance of Alphonsus, the great conqueror: "In vain it is to strive against the streams; Fates must be followed."

Then follows, at the beginning of the fourth act, the scene of "Mahomet's pow," which was numbered among effective rantings on the stage when Shakespeare was first studying the London drama: "*Let there be a brazen Head set in the middle of the place behind the stage, out of the which cast flames of fire, drums rumble within: Enter two Priests.*" Mahound, in speech out of the brazen head, bullies his priests, will prophesy no more to Amurack. At their entreaty he will let the princes come, will prophesy, but in a way that shall mislead them to their fall. He does so.

Then "*strike up alarum awhile.*" Old Carinus has had a vision of his son's wars. The vanquished Duke of Milan—old enemy of his father—comes to Carinus in pilgrim's weeds, is led to tell of his old day of rejoicing at the usurpation in Aragon. Carinus stabs him, and goes forth to find Alphonsus, his own conquering son. "*Enter Amurack, Crocon King of Arabia, Faustus King of Babylon, Fabius, with the Turk's Janissaries.*" Amurack talks big and encourages his men—

> ". . . remember with yourselves
> What foes we have; not mighty Tamburlaine,
> Nor soldiers trainéd up among the wars,
> But fearful bodies picked from their rural flock,
> Which, till this time, were wholly ignorant
> What weapon meant, or bloody Mars doth crave."

"*Enter Alphonsus with a Canopy carried over him by three Lords, hanging over each corner a King's head Crowned; with him Albinius, Lælius, Miles, with Crowns on their heads, and their Soldiers.*" Amurack talks big, but Alphonsus bigger. As for the action, it is: "*Amurack draw thy sword: Alphonsus and all the other kings draw theirs. Strike up alarum: fly Amurack and his company. Follow Alphonsus and his company.*" Then, at the beginning of Act V., "*Strike up alarum: fly Amurack, follow Alphonsus, and take him prisoner: carry him in. Strike up alarum: fly Crocon and Faustus.*" Then enter Fausta and Iphigina, with their Amazons,

and when they hear that Amurack is prisoner they fight to rescue him: "*Strike up alarum: fly Alphonsus, follow Iphigina, and say*"—

> "How now; Alphonsus! you which never yet
> Could meet your equal in the feats of arms,
> How haps it now that in such sudden sort
> You fly the presence of a silly maid?"

Am I too strong for you? or do you disdain to fight with me?—I do not fly away from any, he replies—

> "Nor do I scorn, thou goddess, for to stain
> My prowess with thee, although it be a shame
> For knights to combat with the female sect;
> But love, sweet mouse, hath so benumbed my wit,
> That, though I would, I must refrain from it."

She will not love him; she will hate him, fight him. "*Alphonsus and Iphigina fight. Iphigina fly; follow Alphonsus. Strike up alarum. Enter Alphonsus with his rapier, Albinius, Lælius, Miles, with their soldiers. Amurack, Fausta, Iphigina, Crocon, and Fausta, all bound with their hands behind them. Amurack look eagerly on Fausta, enter Medea.*" She cannot move Amurack to submission, but the women take Medea's counsel. Big words pass then between Alphonsus and Amurack. Amurack is sent to prison—

> "There to remain until I do return
> Into my tent; for by high Jove I vow
> Unless he wax more calmer out of hand
> His head among his fellow kings should stand."

It had been suggested to him before by Alphonsus that there was a place for his head on the middle spike of that canopy which had a king's head crowned on each of its four corners.

Then Fausta and Iphigina are ordered to prison. They submit themselves in vain; for to Fausta says Alphonsus now, like Tamburlaine upon the day of his black tents,

> "Woman, away! my word is gone and past;
> Now, if I would, I cannot call it back.
> You might have yielded at my first demand,
> And then you needed not to fear this hap."

To the submission of Iphigina Alphonsus gives answer as stern.

But his old father Carinus, who had set out to find him, enters now at the nick of time in pilgrim's clothes, is recognised, and uses his authority to bring Alphonsus and Iphigina together. Fausta consents to this union, and Amurack is brought from prison to die if he do not say yes to the marriage. He reasons himself into saying yes, and thus he gives the comical or happy ending to the play. In the last words of Venus there is even a dim suggestion that Alphonsus, like Tamburlaine, might figure again in a second part.

Another blank-verse play that leads us to the stately tents of war and emulates the rant of Tamburlaine includes also, like "Alphonsus," reference to Tamburlaine. It sets forth "The Tragical Battle of Alcazar in Barbary, with the Death of three Kings and Captain Stukeley, an Englishman." Tom Stukeley seems to have been the subject of two other plays. He was a bombastic adventurer, born on old London Bridge, but younger son of a good family near Ilfracombe. His first aim was to colonise in Florida and be a potentate there. Wanting money for that, he went to Ireland, and thence to Rome, where he proposed to conquer Ireland for the Pope. The Pope gave him Irish titles, and he sailed for the conquest of Ireland with eight hundred soldiers furnished by the King of Spain. On the way he touched at Lisbon, when Sebastian, King of Portugal, was preparing for an expedition of war into Africa. Stukeley went as adventurer into that war with his eight hundred men, and was killed in Africa with the defeated King Sebastian, and with the kings also of Barbary and Morocco, at the battle of Alcazar, fought on the fourth of August, 1578.

"The Battle of Alcazar."

Malone ascribed to George Peele the play on the Battle of Alcazar, and it contains so many turns of speech found also in Peele's other plays that Malone's opinion has been commonly accepted. There is half-playful adoption of a style that would enable a robustious periwig-pated fellow to

tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings. In

"*The Battle of Alcazar*,"

"The Presenter," who opens each act, first shows the barbarous Moor, the negro Muly Hamet, who now usurps upon the brave barbarian lord, Muly Molocco,—

> "Black is his look, and bloody is his deed,
> And in his shirt stained with a cloud of gore"—

coming to put two little princes to bed. He then brings two murderers to smother them in their sleep, in sight of their uncle Abdelmunen, who has also been brought in, and who is strangled in his chair. But Abdelmunen's widow, Rubin Archis, stirs the usurper's uncle Abdelmelec to avenging war. "Of death," she says,

> "Of death, of blood, of wreak, of deep revenge,
> Shall Rubin Archis frame her tragic songs:
> In blood, in death, in murder, and misdeed,
> This heaven's malice did begin and end."

Aid comes to Abdelmelec from "great Amurath, great Emperor of the East." Muly Hamet, the wicked Moor, with his wife Calipolis and his son, are hard pressed: their treasure is seized, the Bassa sent by Amurath marches in force, and, says the wicked Moor,—

> "Then, Bassa, lock the winds in wards of brass,
> Thunder from heaven, damn wretched men to death,
> Bear all the offices of Satan's sons,
> Be Pluto, then, in hell, and bar the fiends,
> Take Neptune's force with thee and calm the seas,
> And execute Jove's justice on the world,
> Convey Tamburlaine into our Afric here
> To chastise and to menace lawful kings:
> Tamburlaine, triumph not, for thou must die *
> As Philip did, Cæsar, and Cæsar's peers."

So Tamburlaine's conveyed to Africa. When the Moor's son tells of the gathering dangers, Muly Hamet says—

> "Why, boy,
> Are we successors to the great Abdelmunen,

* A glance at Tamburlaine's last words in the second part of Marowe's play: "For Tamburlaine, the scourge of God, must die."

Descended from th' Arabian Muly Xarif,
And shall we be afraid of Bassas, and of bugs,
Raw-head and Bloody-bone?
Boy, seest here this scimitar by my side?
Sith they begin to bathe in blood,
Blood be the theme whereon our time shall tread;
Such slaughter with my weapon shall I make
As through the stream and bloody channels deep
Our Moors shall sail in ships and pinnaces
From Tangier shore unto the gates of Fez."

But an alarum within is followed by the cry, "Fly, King of Fez, King of Morocco, fly!" and the Moor, at the end of the act, rolls off in his chariot to the rumble of some more big words.

The Presenter opens the next act with the thunder of Nemesis. Three ghosts within, of the two children and their uncle, cry "Vindicta!" Abdelmelec is victorious. He and his followers are grateful to the Bassa of Amurath; Rubin Archis gives her son to Amurath. The Bassa leaves with Abdelmelec a band of Janissaries, and addressing him,

"King of Morocco, conqueror of thy foes,
True King of Fez, Emperor of Barbary,"

says—

"Muly Molocco, live and keep thy seat,
In spite of Fortune's spite or enemies' threats.
Ride, Bassa, now, bold Bassa, homeward ride,
As glorious as great Pompey in his pride."

It will be further evident that horses were brought on the stage in the acting of this play.

We are next shown Stukeley received by the governor of Lisbon. His ambition is that of Shakespeare's Richard III. in a small way—

"There shall no action pass my hand or sword
That cannot make a step to gain a crown;
No word shall pass the office of my tongue
That sounds not of affection to a crown
No thought have being in my lordly breast
That works not every way to win a crown:
Deeds, words, and thoughts shall all be as a king's;
My chiefest company shall be with kings;
And my deserts shall counterpoise a king's:
Why should not I, then, look to be a king?
I am the Marquis now of Ireland made,

And will be shortly King of Ireland:
King of a molehill had I rather be
Than richest subject of a monarchy.
Huff it, brave mind, and never cease to aspire
Before thou reign sole King of thy desire!"

Tom Stukeley huffing it was fit accompaniment to the Ercles vein of the plays then in fashion. But, in this play, the chief producer of high astounding terms was the Moor, whom we next see with his wife Calipolis and their son, fugitives, hungry, in the wilderness. Says Muly Hamet—

"Where art thou, boy? Where is Calipolis?
O deadly wound that passeth by mine eye,
The fatal poison of my swelling heart!
O Fortune, constant in unconstancy!
Fight earthquakes in the entrails of the earth,
And eastern whirlwinds in the hellish shades!
Some foul contagion of th' infected heaven
Blast all the trees, and in their cursed tops
The dismal night-raven and tragic owl
Breed, and become foretellers of my fall!"*

Calipolis is faint for hunger. If she cares to live, the Moor will find food: "Famine shall pine to death, and thou shalt live." He goes out, and comes in presently "*with a piece of flesh upon his sword*"—

"Hold thee, Calipolis, feed and faint no more.
This food I forcéd from a lioness,
Meat of a princess, for a princess meet."

Shakespeare a few years later, when he expressed the empty bombast of the braggart Pistol by making him rant lines out of such plays as this, remembered this play side by side with "Tamburlaine"—

"*Pistol.* These be good humours indeed! Shall pack horses
And hollow, pampered jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Cæsars and with Cannibals,

* When Ben Jonson, in the fourth scene of the third act of "The Poetaster," makes his boys mouth stage rant to a player, "Where art thou, boy? Where is Calipolis? Fight earthquakes," and the rest of the passage above quoted is discharged as the last volley.

And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Hostess. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words. . . . For God's sake be quiet.

Pistol. Then feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis.
Come, give's some sack."

Says the Moor in the "Battle of Alcazar"—

"Feed thou and faint not, fair Calipolis.

Calipolis. Thanks, good my lord, and though my stomach be
Too queasy to digest such bloody meat,
Yet strength I it with virtue of my mind,
I doubt no whit but I shall live, my lord.

The Moor. Into the shades, then, fair Calipolis,
And make thy son and negroes here good cheer:
Feed and be fat, that we may meet the foe
With strength and terror to revenge our wrong."

Then come the ambassadors of the Moor to King Sebastian, and tempt him to bring force in aid of the bad cause, his hope being to advance the cause of Christendom. Stukeley is induced to join, after dissuasion by the King of Portugal from his vain project against Ireland—dissuasion in words that reminded English hearers of the fate of the Spanish Armada—

"Were every ship ten thousand on the seas,
Manned with the strength of all the eastern kings,
Conveying all the monarchs of the world
To invade the island where her Highness reigns,
'Twere all in vain, for heavens and destinies
Attend and wait upon her majesty.
Sacred, imperial, holy is her seat,
Shining with wisdom, love and mightiness;
Nature, that everything imperfect made,
Fortune, that never yet was constant found,
Time, that defaceth every golden show,
Dare not decay, remove, or her impair;
Both Nature, Time, and Fortune, all agree
To bless and serve her royal majesty.
The wallowing Ocean hems her round about,
Whose raging floods do swallow up her foes
And on the rocks their ships in pieces split,

And even in Spain, where all the traitors dance
And play themselves upon a sunny day,
Securely guard the west part of her isle;
The south, the narrow Britain-sea begirts,
Where Neptune sits in triumph to direct
Their course to hell that aim at her disgrace."

Spain breaks the promise of her help to Portugal. Sebastian, with Stukeley in his army, comes in vain to help the Moor. The Presenter opens the fourth act of the play with a "bloody banquet." The Moor urges Sebastian and his force upon his enemies, and says—

"Now have I set these Portugals a-work
To hew a way for me unto the crown,
Or with their weapons here to dig their graves.
You bastards of the Night and Erebus,
Fiends, furies, hags, that fight in beds of steel,
Range through this army with your iron whips,"

and so forth. When the Presenter comes to the fifth act, he has lightning and thunder, falling crowns, a blazing star, and fireworks to help emphasize his forecast of

"The bloody day wherein the battles join,
Monday the fourth of August, seventy-eight."

Abdelmelec dies and falls from his chair, but his corpse is set up in the chair again, to look, as if yet living, on the fight. The Moor enters with his boy, flying, and cries—

"Villain, a horse!
Boy. O, my lord, if you return you die!
Moor. Villain, I say, give me a horse to fly,
To swim the river, villain, and to fly [*Exit Boy.*
Where I shall find some unfrequented place,
Some uncouth place, where I may curse my fill."

He curses copiously, then exclaims—

"Ye elements of whom consists this clay,
This mass of flesh, this curséd, crazéd corpse,
Destroy, dissolve, disturb, and dissipate,
What water, fire, earth, and air congealed.
[*Alarums within, and re-enter the Boy.*

Boy. O, my lord,
These ruthless Moors pursue you at the heels,
And come amain to put you to the sword!
The Moor. A horse, a horse, villain, a horse!
That I may take the river safe and fly.
Boy. Here is a horse, my lord."

But in crossing the river the horse throws the Moor in mid-stream. His mud-stained body is brought in by two peasants, after the death in battle of Sebastian and Tom Stukeley, who delivered to the skies a short account of his life from birth upward before ending it. The rightful victors end the play with a funeral march as they carry out the body of Sebastian.

Another of Pistol's quotations in the passage from which a few words were cited—"Have we not Hiren here?"—was from a lost play by Peele, "The Turkish Mahomet, and Hiren the Fair Greek." This is incidentally named as a famous play of Peele's in a catchpenny pamphlet published in 1627, called "Merry conceited Iests of George Peele Gentleman."

These early and crude plays of the "Tamburlaine" group pass, through the best of them all, in which Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury plays Tamburlaine among the French, into the fine series of English historical plays. The play of Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, is placed among the works of Shakespeare as "The First Part of King Henry VI." On another side, the rant of "Tamburlaine" echoed through a group of plays that sought to stir emotion with tales of blood and horror. The best known example of this kind of play is "Titus Andronicus," included also among Shakespeare's works.

Shakespeare's Touch upon old Plays.

We do not hear that Shakespeare, having come to London, became very famous as an actor. It was not in him to rant, and the greater number of the playgoers had no eyes or ears for the subtle gradations of tone that should make the actor's voice the voice of Nature perfected in man.

There must have been shades of colour in his acting beyond range of the eyes of playgoers, as playgoers then were, happy enough in exaggerations of their own rough vigour. But it would soon be found that he had skill in touching up old plays and making them draw fresh audiences while there was want of a piece wholly new. The companies of actors, doing just as they pleased with pieces that were theirs, tried their own hands upon them without fear of authors' wrath. Work of this kind came to be done by Shakespeare, not at first as a dramatist, but as an actor for his fellow-actors.

One of the crudest, and therefore, perhaps, one of the first, of the plays thus altered by him is "Titus Andronicus."

"Titus Andronicus."

In the year 1592 there was a piece acted in London called "Titus and Vespasian." In Henslowe's Diary it is marked as a new play (*ne*) when he first mentions it on the eleventh of April, 1592, and there are frequent mentions of it between that date and the fifteenth of January, 1593 [4], which show that it was popular. There is no Vespasian in the play ascribed to Shakespeare. The old play of "Titus and Vespasian" is lost in England. But Mr. Albert Cohn, in his illustrations of "Shakespeare in Germany in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," gives the text of a tragedy of "Titus Andronicus," acted by English players in Germany about the year 1600, which is evidently a German version of "Titus and Vespasian," for it does contain a Vespasian who is one of the sons of Titus.

The persons of the old play as acted in Germany were Vespasianus; the Roman Emperor; Titus Andronicus; Andronica; Ætiopissa, Queen of Ethiopia, Empress; Morian; Helicates, eldest son of Ætiopissa; Saphonus, second son of Ætiopissa; the Husband of Andronica (not otherwise named); Victoriades; a Messenger, and White Guards. The play opens with a speech by

Vespasian, who has the Roman crown in his hand. This answers to the speech of Marcus Andronicus in the play ascribed to Shakespeare. Æthiopissa, Queen of Ethiopia, becomes, in Shakespeare, Tamora, Queen of the Goths, presented by Titus Andronicus to the Emperor. Morian corresponds to Aaron the Moor. Helicates and Saphonus, sons of Æthiopissa, who love Andronica, daughter of Andronicus, married to a husband who appears in the play but who has no name assigned to him, are Shakespeare's Demetrius and Chiron, sons of Tamora, who love Lavinia, daughter of Andronicus, beloved by Bassianus.

In the German version of the old English play, after the scenes in the wood, when Morian causes Titus Andronicus to cut off his right hand to save two of his sons from execution, Titus's remaining son, Vespasian, and Titus's brother Victoriades, both offer their own hands for his. When they have gone to cast lots which shall make the sacrifice, and Titus meanwhile cuts off his own hand, on their return it is Vespasian who enters with rejoicing that the lot has fallen upon him. Then comes Morian, with the heads of the two sons of Titus, whose hand is returned to him; and Vespasian calls for sword and armour, that he may fight "not like a man, but like a furious devil," to avenge his father's wrong. Vespasian swoons at the sight of his sister Andronica, who enters with her tongue and hands cut off. It is he, afterwards, who spreads sand on the floor, that she may take a staff between her stumps and write upon the sand the names of those who had thus injured her. The crimes of the day of the hunt are so discovered. The incidents of Morian—Aaron—and his child lead on to his capture by men of the army raised by Vespasian—in the later play, Lucius. Vespasian has marched through Italy, everywhere striking terror. He is resolved to seize the emperor, the empress, and her two sons, when Morian and his child are found and brought to him, and the whole truth is told to

him by Morian, who seeks thereby to save his child. Then follows the revenge of Titus, with all its horrible incidents. After Titus has killed Æthiopissa, the emperor kills Titus. Then Vespasian "leaps over the table" and kills the emperor. After which, says his uncle Victoriades, "O woeful, woeful! most harrowing sight. Ah, I shall never be happy again. Now, Vespasian, the empire belongs to you; place the crown on your head, and rule in peace." And so the play ends with Vespasian, son of Titus Andronicus, Emperor of Rome.

Thus we have restored to us, in mangled form, the old play of "Titus and Vespasian," with absolute certainty that it was the original of "Titus Andronicus." We find in it all those crude horrors which Shakespeare himself could never have invented, but which were delightful to rough audiences that divided their attention between plays and bear-baiting, until the poets worked with finer magic on the minds of men.

Now, in the days when Shakespeare was a player, altering old plays with ready pen but not yet known as a dramatic poet, there was the play of "Titus and Vespasian," greatly delighted in for its entanglement of horrors. Even the players might consider it absurd to associate a tale like this with the early life of the Roman Emperor Vespasian, notwithstanding the very bold use of emperors' names in the tales of the *Gesta Romanorum*. Shakespeare got rid of that absurdity. He distributed the business of Vespasian between Titus's brother Marcus and his son Lucius. He struck out other crudities, and gave here and there more poetical form to the sound and fury of the lines, taking good care rather to concentrate than to dilute the horrors which were the main features of the play. One horror those early Elizabethans had not reached, and that is the misuse of the word "sensational," by which some moderns would describe plays of this kind. The play was to be, and

was, of its kind thorough, after as before revision. It was no invention of Shakespeare's; it is not reconstructed upon Shakespeare's lines; but, as we see, characters were renamed, some of the matter was recast, crudities were struck out, here and there the writing was touched over, and some fresh lines were inserted. We find lines in which we feel young Shakespeare's touch, and while the whole construction of the play that Shakespeare worked upon is thoroughly unlike the inventions of Shakespeare himself, its crude horrors are, no doubt, felt the more intensely for his removal of absurdities in the first way of telling them, and for touches of his that gave more pomp of words and more force to the style, with now and then some small hint of a grace beyond the reach of the inventor and first writer of the play.

First Part of "King Henry VI."

The Three Parts of King Henry VI. were placed by his fellow-actors Heminge and Condell, in 1623, in the first collected edition of Shakespeare's Plays. The list of his plays given, in 1598, in "Palladis Tamia," hereafter to be considered, does not include "Henry VI.," but it does include "Titus Andronicus," which is also contained in the first folio of 1623. Shakespeare's earliest original piece may have brought a reputation that, after his comedy had been acted, gave interest to what else had been done by him.

Philip Henslowe.

Philip Henslowe, who died in the same year as Shakespeare, was the son of a Sussex Master of the Game, and he began life as servant to the bailiff of Viscount Montague, owner of Cowdray House, at Midhurst, and of Battle Abbey. Lord Montague's town house was in Southwark, where young Philip Henslowe took part in the care of his house-property. Henslowe was living in 1577 in the liberty of the Clink. Upon the death of Lord Montague's bailiff—Woodward—whom he had served, Henslowe married the bailiff's

widow, Agnes, took with her the bailiff's property, which was considerable, and, settled by the river-bank in Southwark, gave his mind to money-making. He was broker for the sale of wood from Ashdowne Forest, where his father had been Master of the Game, and he now bought property in Southwark for himself. He bought house and land at East Grinstead, land also at Buxted, where his only sister was settled as the wife of an ironfounder. He experimented in the dressing of goatskins and in dye-works, and he sought profit from the new rage for ruffs stiffened with "the devil's liquor," by making starch. He was a money-lender, and he was not above profiting by houses let as stews. He owned the Boar's Head and other inns. He even got—perhaps through his old relations with Lord Montague—small offices at Court, and he was a groom of the Queen's Chamber in 1593. In his parish he was a diligent church-goer, and he lived to become churchwarden. Now, it was clear to Philip Henslowe that he could speculate as well on demand for plays as on demand for starch. It was he, therefore, who in March, 1585, purchased land on Bankside, and afterwards built on it The Rose Theatre, by reconstruction, perhaps, of a smaller play-house that may have stood on the same ground.

The Rose Theatre.

It is not always easy to distinguish play-places, which were many, from play-houses, which at first were few—to distinguish houses built for other purposes and used by actors, from those built for the sole use of actors and their audiences. But we may take "The Rose," built by Philip Henslowe in 1591, and opened in February, 1592, as the next play-house of importance built after The Theatre and The Curtain. On the seventeenth of February, 1592, at the time of the opening of The Rose, Henslowe began to keep an account of his theatre business. It has come down to us, preserved at Dulwich College. It names the plays Henslowe

caused to be acted; distinguishes by a mark (*ne*, for "new enterlude") those which were new; it shows at what dates he acted them and what money they brought; it notes also payments and advances to play-writers, six pounds being the highest price for a new play till the end of the century. Great, therefore, is the value of Henslowe's Diary to students of our early drama.* Henslowe's Diary.

The Earl of Leicester died in the Armada year, on the fourth of September, 1588. His company of actors passed into the service of Ferdinando Stanley, Lord Strange, son of Henry Stanley, Earl of Derby. Since 1504 the Barony of Strange had become merged in the Earldom of Derby, and the title was borne by the heir to the earldom. Ferdinando Stanley, Lord Strange, showed goodwill to the poets and the players. He became Earl of Derby in 1592, and he died without male heir in 1594, leaving as widow the dowager countess for whom Milton wrote his "Arcades." Whether Shakespeare's first employment in London was with the servants of Leicester we do not know, but we may think it likely. Certainly the first company of which he is known to have been a member was that of Lord Strange, which held together from 1588 to 1594. Now, it was Lord Strange's company that first paid rent to Philip Henslowe for the occupation of his Rose Theatre, and Henslowe's Diary shows that this company acted, within the first two years of its occupation, "Mulomorco,"—that is, "The Battle of Alcazar"—fourteen times, "The First Part of Henry VI.—marked as *ne*—sixteen times between the third of March, 1592, and the end of January, 1593. It acted also "Titus and Vespasian" and plays presently to be Lord Strange's Company of Actors.

* It was edited by John Payne Collier, for the old Shakespeare Society, but needs re-editing from the original.

spoken of—Robert Greene's "Orlando," his "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," and his "Looking Glass for London and England"—written with Thomas Lodge—Kyd's "Jeronimo," Marlowe's "Jew of Malta," and Marlowe's "Tragedy of the Guise." With these plays, therefore, Shakespeare was directly familiar, and he must have acted parts in some of them.

When marrying his master's widow, Philip Henslowe took charge of her daughter Joan, and on the fifteenth of October, 1592, Joan Woodward became the wife of Edward Alleyn, the actor, who thereafter worked with her stepfather as partner in theatrical adventure.

Edward Alleyn, about two years and a-half younger than Shakespeare, was born on the first of September, 1566. His father had property in Bishopsgate, and died when his son Edward was four years old. His widow married again, John Browne, a haberdasher. As a youth, Edward Alleyn joined the players. When his age was twenty he was in the Earl of Worcester's company. A little more than two years later he was joint owner of play-books and other theatrical properties with his elder brother John. Edward Alleyn acquired fame as an actor. Thomas Nash, in 1592, placed his name first in his list of the four best English actors at that date—Alleyn, Tarleton, Knell, and Bentley; "not Roscius," said Nash, "nor Æsop, those tragedians admired before Christ was born, could ever perform more in action than famous Ned Alleyn." But Richard Burbage—son of the builder of the first play-house, who had also been trained from his youth as a player—was already outstripping Alleyn as an actor of serious parts, and he was soon to take the first place on the English stage. It was at the age of twenty-six that Alleyn—Ned Alleyn, as he was commonly called—married Henslowe's step-daughter, Joan Woodward.

Edward Alleyn.

In that year, 1592, Alleyn was acting with the Lord Admiral's company in the Newington Butts Theatre, which then belonged to Henslowe, and may have been lately erected by him on the site of an old play-place. Henslowe and Alleyn had also at that time an interest in the old Paris Garden, where plays took their turn with bear-baitings.

"The First Part of King Henry VI."

We pass now to the old play known as the "First Part of King Henry VI.," of unknown authorship, that has been ascribed at will to Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Lodge, one or all, but we do not know which or whether any. Shakespeare touched it; we do not know how or where. The play was first produced at The Rose by Henslowe in its new form on the third of March, 1592. To the great popularity of this play Thomas Nash referred in the same year (1592) in "Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Diuell." Nash there said:—"How would it haue ioyed braue Talbot (the terror of the French) to thinke that, after he had laine two hundred yeares in his tombe, he should triumph againe on the stage, and haue his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least (at seuerall times), who in the tragedian that represents his person imagine they behold him fresh bleeding." It cannot be proved, but there is no reason for doubting, that the play of which the great success is here referred to was the play in which "braue Talbot," the hero, is the very popular type of a redoubtable Englishman, "the terror of the French," and in which there is a scene showing Talbot's death, with his dead son in his arms, that well acted would move many to tears.

"*The First Part of King Henry VI.*"

is a play complete in itself that might, if it stood alone, be named after its hero, "Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury." Its interest lies in the romance-figure of a steel-clad English warrior, who strikes terror in his enemies, whose name alone puts them to flight. This made

the play popular — this and the sure appeal to English domestic feeling in Talbot's death together with a young son worthy of his blood, father and son ringed in by armed battalions, the victims of the feuds and factions in the English force that left them so to perish. But while Talbot is the hero of the play, his adventures are interwoven with signs of the rising force of civil discord, which is at last to leave him helpless in the grasp of death. Thus the play is a right prelude to the fuller story of the miseries of civil war. Though, it says, there is no man stronger than the Englishman, discord may ruin his strength.

The period of history covered by this play reaches through twenty-three years, from the funeral of King Henry V. in September, 1422, when the young King Henry VI. was an infant, to the arrangement of the king's marriage with Margaret of Anjou in April, 1445, when he was a man of about five-and-twenty. Talbot's death, which is brought into the play and made its most essential incident, really was thirteen years later; he fell at Castillon in 1458.

The first scene of the First Act at once connects the mourning over the body of King Henry V. with the first indication of the feuds between Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, and Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester. Messenger then follows messenger with warning of perils in France; the third messenger, rising to a climax, tells of Talbot prisoner.

The historical date of the first scene being September, 1422, the news brought of the crowning of the Dauphin in Rheims slips over the death of Charles VI. on the twenty-first of October, 1422, to the crowning of Charles VII. on the twenty-seventh of July, 1429; while the battle of Patay, of which the third messenger brings news, was fought on the eighteenth of June, 1429. This was a poet's use of history, whereby Shakespeare very boldly, in plays wholly his own, drew afterwards the soul out of the accidents of life. Of the action of the second scene, the raising of the siege of Orleans, the historical date is the eighth of May, 1429. Faction at home is set in the fourth scene —based on an incident of October, 1426—between the third and fifth, which show the revival of French power by Joan of Arc.

In the Second Act the establishment of the factions of the Red and White Roses of Lancaster and York is set, in a scene wholly imagined by the poet, between the prowess of Talbot and a scene of the death of old Mortimer, which shows us how the feud began. The Mortimer of history did not die in confinement, and he was not an old man when he died.

King Henry VI. does not appear upon the stage till the Third

Act, when he is in the Parliament at Leicester, which was held, historically, in the third year of his reign. He was at that time a child not fully five years old. In the play, of course, he is advanced to a stage of boyhood more capable of thought, but still a child, who asks, "What, shall a child instruct you what to do?" Discords at home are shown before we turn again to the adventures of Talbot and the growing dangers of the situation in France. The danger last in evidence is the defection of Burgundy, of which the historical date was 1435. Then King Henry, in France, meets Talbot, and creates him Earl of Shrewsbury. The Third Act closes immediately afterwards with words of feud between two Englishmen.

The coronation of Henry VI. in Paris opens the Fourth Act. Its historical date is the seventeenth of December, 1430, when the king's age was about ten. Talbot's plucking of the Garter from the knee of Sir John Fastolfe brings courage and cowardice into dramatic contrast. When Shakespeare took the name of Falstaff to replace that of Sir John Oldcastle in his "King Henry IV." he had probably this piece of early work in mind. Sir John Fastolfe really was accused of cowardice shown at the battle of Patay, and really was deprived of his Garter; but it was restored to him after fair hearing of his case. The factious strife between the English is then still further emphasized by claims of right of combat between servants of the rival lords, and the scene ends with the comment of Exeter,—

> "No simple man that sees
> This jarring discord of nobility,
> This shouldering of each other in the court,
> This factious bandying of their favourites,
> But that it doth presage some ill event.
> 'Tis much, when sceptres are in children's hands,
> But more when envy breeds unkind division;
> There comes the ruin, there begins confusion."

The rest of the Fourth Act shows how the rivalries of those who should have sent troops to Talbot stay their hands. Armies encompass the brave Englishman, and we are shown his end. It may have been Shakespeare who rhymed, as into a distinct idyll, the scene of the last hour between father and son.

The Fifth Act closes the play with terms of peace, with the condemnation of Joan of Arc, promise of homage to England by the King of France, and Suffolk's capture of Margaret of Anjou—in 1444, when her age was sixteen—yielding himself to her charms while resolving that she shall be Henry VI.'s queen.

Thus there is unity of plan in the construction of the play, and in its close we may find evidence of a design to carry on the tale, of ills that follow upon civil feud.

"The Second Part of King Henry VI." continues the course of history from the marriage of Henry VI. with Margaret of Anjou, in the year 1445, to the victory of the Duke of York at the first battle of St. Albans, on the twenty-third of May, 1455. It covers, therefore, a period of ten years, and its purpose is to set forth the development of civil war to the first shock of arms, the beginning of bloodshed. In the long war that followed the first battle of St. Albans, at which this play ends, there were twelve pitched battles, with a slaughter of the greater part of the nobility of England, including eighty princes of the blood.

"The Second Part of King Henry VI."

"The Second Part of King Henry VI.," ascribed to Shakespeare, is simply a poet's transcript of the play published in 1594 as "The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorke's first claime vnto the Crowne. London: Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornhill." Of this edition of 1594 there was a reprint in 1600, with some corrections and some errors of carelessness, including the omission of about two dozen words. Of each of these editions there is a copy in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. There is also in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, an incomplete copy of another edition of 1600, printed, like the two already named, for Thomas Millington, with a few trifling variations.

Whether the play known as "The First Part of the

Contention" appears in its earliest form in the earliest edition known to us—that of 1594—admits of question. It may be argued that it is a result of Shakespeare's first handling of an original now lost, and that he went over it a second time for fuller development into the play now known as "The Second Part of King Henry VI." We may have, also, in "The Second Part of King Henry VI.," not only occasional correction of misprints in the quarto of 1594, but restorations in some cases of a text which in that quarto had been mutilated by abridgment.

Fair allowance may be made for all such side considerations, including the possibility—I do not say the probability—that there may be something of Shakespeare in the old play of "The First Part of the Contention." But to anyone who closely compares that old play with the version of it ascribed to Shakespeare as his "Second Part of King Henry VI.," one fact must become apparent. With the old play before him, Shakespeare copied it, revising as he went. He varied words, restored lost music to many lines, transposed passages—in every case with a distinct gain of dramatic power—and added lines of his own, sometimes long passages, where there are situations worth fuller poetical treatment than they have received. Some shorter additions were, no doubt, mere restorations of the old text where there were errors of omission in the quarto of 1594; but the new elaborations speak for and explain themselves.*

Shakespeare was not the only dramatist in Elizabeth's reign who could write vigorous lines of dramatic poetry. It

* In my edition of the Plays of Shakespeare which forms part of "Cassell's National Library," I have endeavoured to make this clear. The earlier plays on which they were founded are printed in full, together with the Second and Third Parts of "King Henry VI." I have underscored also in each of those Parts the lines added by Shakespeare, so that the plays are read throughout with silent indication of the touch of Shakespeare's hand.

does not at all follow that in an old play to which Shakespeare may have contributed, all the best lines were of his writing. It was not by the mere writing of good verses that Shakespeare grew to be the master-poet of the world; and when he revised these plays on the most desolating of our English civil wars he had not reached the fulness of his power. He was simply helping to lay stress upon the miseries of civil war at a time when many Englishmen began to dread that there might be civil war again, arising out of rival claims to the throne after the death of Queen Elizabeth.

It was in 1595 that Samuel Daniel published "The First Fowre Books of the Civille Warres betweene the Two Houses of Lancaster and Yorke;" it was in 1596 that Drayton began to describe in heroic verse "The Lamentable Civell Warres of Edward the Second and the Barrons," upon which Marlowe had written a play. Thomas Lodge made also in those days a play upon the Civil Wars of Marius and Sylla; and Shakespeare afterwards maintained an undernote that expressed miseries of civil war throughout his plays of "Richard II." and the two parts of "King Henry IV."

"*The Second Part of King Henry VI.*"

begins with the king aged twenty-three; Suffolk, who has made truce with France, raised to a dukedom; Margaret of Anjou received as queen in England, and her marriage declared fatal to England by Humphrey Duke of Gloster, the king's uncle and Lord Protector. The Duke of York and his friends, the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick, join in strong condemnation of the marriage. The scene then goes on to show the bitter feuds among the English nobles. Cardinal Beaufort hates Humphrey Duke of Gloster. The Dukes of Buckingham and Somerset will join with Beaufort and with Suffolk against Gloster, but each is then shown to be moved by selfish ambition. The scene ends with the ambition of the Duke of York. He—when Henry is in the arms of his "dear-bought queen," and "Humphrey with the peers be fallen at jars"—will "raise aloft the milk-white rose,"

"And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the House of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown
Whose bookish rule hath pulled fair England down."

Here is a clear and firm opening of the subject, and in the original construction of the play its aim, as warning of the ills of civil war, was never, in any scene, lost sight of.

The second scene shows the loyalty and kindliness of the Duke of Gloster and the weak ambition of his wife. For her attainture Suffolk is practising, in hope that "her attainture will be Humphrey's fall." The third scene shows the Duke of Gloster's popularity; the relations between Suffolk and Queen Margaret; their league against the Protector; the pious weakness of the king; Court feuds and factions, which attack both the Duke of Gloster and the Duke of York. In the fourth scene the act closes with the arrest of the Duchess of Gloster for the use of witchcraft, as a thrust at the Protector by the Duke of York.

The Second Act continues the conspiracy for the overthrow of Gloster's influence. The Duke of York, to his friends Salisbury and Warwick, details his claim to the crown, but counsels secrecy:

"Do you as I do in these dangerous days,
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snared the shepherd of the Flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:
'Tis that they seek, and they in seeking that
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy."

The rest of the act sets forth—with the duel between Horner and Peter upon questions of the Duke of York's loyalty to the Crown—the condemnation and penance of Gloster's wife, Eleanor Cobham, and the summons of the Lord Protector to a Parliament called without his consent or knowledge.

The Third Act shows Humphrey of Gloster attacked in the Parliament by the false accusation of his enemies. The weak king yields to his arrest, Gloster is given into the custody of Cardinal Beaufort; and his enemies, the Cardinal, Suffolk, and Queen Margaret—the Duke of York abetting—then devise his murder. At the same time the troubles in Ireland cause York to be sent thither as Regent, with command of troops. The Protector murdered, and sedition stirred up in

England by the Duke of York (through the headstrong Kentish man, Jack Cade, whom he has seduced to his purpose, and taught to personate a Mortimer as claimant of the throne), York can bring his troops to England, as if needed for the quelling of disorder. So he will

> "reap the harvest which that rascal sowed:
> For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
> And Henry put apart, the next for me."

The act ends with the murder of Humphrey Duke of Gloster; the suspicion of the King and People; tumults of Nobles and Commons; the banishment of Suffolk; and the death of the Cardinal in torments of remorse.

The Fourth Act then sets forth the killing of the Duke of Suffolk, captured at sea, and the Jack Cade rebellion to the death of Cade.

The Fifth Act begins with the return of York from Ireland at the head of his troops—

> "From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right
> And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head"—

and ends with a scene of civil war at the first battle of St. Albans. Old Clifford is killed in battle by the Duke of York, and the son's heart turned to stone at sight of his dead father—

> "York not our old men spares;
> No more will I their babes."

The course of events has let slip the dogs of war, the first blood is drawn, the cruelty of civil war has laid its curse upon the land, and the play ends when it has reached that point towards which its whole action has been steadily directed. The plot is not of Shakespeare's framing, but the playwright by whom it was arranged worked as an artist. He was always mindful of his point of sight, and in his arrangement of its parts he never lost sense of the relation of each scene in a play to the whole design.

Shakespeare himself, in his own later plays, while painting wrongs and miseries of civil war, is not content to make the production of such a picture the sole motive of his work.

Ripe artist, he arranges all his lines from a point of sight in some one simple truth of life, alike true yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow—some elementary principle that is, as much as his life-blood, possession alike of the ploughman and the king. It is true that behind the picture of the cruelty of civil war there lies a showing of the source of discord in self-seeking that, like Beaufort's, has put self in the place of God, and like York's, when he assents to the murder of Gloster, has sacrificed to earthly gain man's duty to his neighbour. In the relations between Suffolk and Queen Margaret we see also the selfish satisfaction of the lower passions as a source of discord. But when we come to the close of this series of plays in "King Richard III.," which is more absolutely work of Shakespeare's fashioning, we shall see how such incidental harmony becomes essential, the whole play being so shaped as to set one great and simple truth of life at the heart of the story.

"The Third Part of King Henry VI." was, like the Second Part, an old play revised. As the Second Part had followed the play printed in 1594—"The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster"—so the Third Part followed as closely the play printed in 1595. This was in fact, the Second Part of the Contention, but was separately entitled, "The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt with the whole contention betweene the two Houses of Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable Earl of Pembrooke his servants. Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, and are to be solde at his shoppe vnder Saint Peter's Church in Cornhill. 1595." "The True Tragedie" is the original of Shakespeare's "Third Part of King Henry VI.," which begins where it begins, ends where it ends.

"The Third Part of King Henry VI."

There seems to be good evidence of Marlowe's mind

and of his way of speech in both of these old plays, "The First Part of the Contention" and the "True Tragedy." *

* Mr. Dyce, in his edition published in 1850 of Marlowe, whose works no contemporary had attempted to collect,—there was, indeed, no collection of them before that made by George Robinson in 1826,—Mr. Dyce included "The First Part of the Contention" and "The True Tragedie" among plays of which Marlowe probably was the chief author. "Greene," he said, "may have contributed his share, so also may Lodge, and so may Peele have done; but in both pieces there are scenes characterised by a vigour of conception and expression, to which, as their undisputed works demonstrably prove, neither Greene, nor Lodge, nor Peele could possibly have risen. Surely, therefore, we have full warrant for supposing that Marlowe was very largely concerned in the composition of 'The First Part of the Contention' and 'The True Tragedie,' and the following instances of their occasional close resemblance to his 'Edward the Second' are confirmative of that supposition, however little such parallels might be thought to weigh if they formed the only grounds for it—

" 'I *tell* thee, Poull, *when* thou didst *runne at tilt*
And stol'st away our ladaies hearts *in France.*'
—" 'First Part of Contention.'

" '*Tell* Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus
When for her sake, *I ran at tilt in France.*'
—" 'Edward II.'

" 'Madame, I bring you newes from Ireland;
The wild O'Nele, my lord, is vp in armes,
With troupes *of Irish kernes* that, *uncontrold*,
Doth plant themselves *within the English pale.*'
—" 'First Part of Contention.'

" '*The wild O'Nele, with* swarms *of Irish kerns*,
Lives *uncontrolled within the English pale.*'
—" 'Edward II.'

" 'Stern Fawconbridge *commands the narrow seas.*'
—" 'True Tragedie.'

" 'The haughty Dane *commands the narrow seas.*'
—" 'Edward II.'

" 'Thus yields *the cedar* to the axes edge,
Whose armes gave shelter to the princlie eagle.'
—" 'True Tragedie.'

Other writers have found good grounds for a presumption that Robert Greene had a hand in the writing of these plays. It is noticeable that when Greene in his last days wrote the often-quoted passage of complaint against actors who dealt as they pleased with work of poets, and indicated Shakespeare as a chief offender in that way, he levelled at Shakespeare as an "upstart crow beautified with our feathers," a parody of a line in this "Third Part of King Henry VI.," "O, tiger's heart, wrapped in a woman's hide" —reading it "player's hide." In that context of complaint against Shakespeare as an actor meddling with the works of poets, Greene showed that he had this play present to his mind. The line that put a tiger's heart into a woman's hide is in the old play, and, so far, does not seem to have been added by Shakespeare, although Greene may have accounted it Shakespearean bombast.

Greene died on the third of September, 1592. Before that date, therefore, all the Three Parts of "King Henry VI." were in existence. My conjecture is that Shakespeare's retouching grew bolder as its worth obtained more recognition, and that some part of his revision of the "True Tragedie"—work very recent in September, 1592, and, therefore, a fresh grief to Greene—became inseparable from the play, and remained in it when it was first printed in

"'A lofty *cedar-tree*, fair, flourishing,
On whose top branches kingly eagles perch.'
—"'Edward II.'

"'What, will the *aspiring blood of Lancaster*
Sink into the ground. I had thought it would have mounted.'
—"'True Tragedie.'

"'Frown'st thou thereat, *aspiring Lancaster?*'
—"'Edward II.'

"'[And], highly scorning that *the lowly earth*
Should drink his blood, mounts up into the air.'
—"'Edward II.'"

1595. I do not suppose there were any touches by Shakespeare in the "First Part of the Contention"—at least three years old when printed in 1594. But the "True Tragedie" was, I think, printed in 1595 with passages at the close which Shakespeare had made inseparable from it, and which were designed by him as preparation for his treatment of the history of Richard III. Upon that sequel of civil war he then went on to shape, himself alone, a fourth and last play for the completion of the series. When the play of "Richard III." was in existence—as it was in 1595—the "True Tragedy" would be acted or read with the passages indicating the dramatic motive of the next and best play of the set. These passages I can ascribe only to Shakespeare, though they do occur in the old play.

CHAPTER III.

EXEUNT LODGE, PEELE, AND GREENE.

DURING his voyage with Captain Clarke to the Canary Islands, Thomas Lodge * wrote for his own pastime the tale of "Rosalynde," first published in 1590, upon which Shakespeare founded afterwards his play of "As You Like It." Lodge's tale had for its full title, "Rosalynde; Euphues Golden Legacie: found after his Death in his Cell at Silexedra. Bequeathed to Philautus Sonnes, noursed up with their father in England." The style follows the fashion of the Euphuists, and draws aid from antithesis, alliteration, similes, and all ingenious subtleties that then were in favour. Even the story is, as its title shows, directly associated with Lyly's book, by being set forth as a bequest of the moralising Euphues to the sons of his friend Philautus. But that fashionable daintiness of speech was not without its grace on the lips of a poet. Lodge was a true poet, though his path was on the lower slopes of Parnassus, and his "Rosalynde" has much natural beauty that is in some sense heightened by the artifices of its style. So the extravagances of Elizabethan dress do, in some sense, make a pleasant part of our impression of the vigorous men and women who did strenuous work the better for not turning their imaginations out of doors. Of Lodge's "Rosalynde" more will be said when we speak of the play

Lodge's "Rosalynde."

* "E. W." ix. 233-238.

Shakespeare founded upon it, with two characteristic changes in the action of the story.

In the year before "Rosalynde," Lodge had published "Scillaes Metamorphosis: enterlaced with the Unfortunate Love of Glaucus, whereunto is annexed the 'Delectable Discourse of the discontented Satyre, with sundrie other most absolute Poems and Sonnets.'" In the year after "Rosalynde" appeared Lodge's "Catharos, Diogenes in his singularities."

Lodge had then gone to sea with Thomas Cavendish in his last voyage. Cavendish—the second Englishman who had sailed round the globe—set out from Plymouth on the twenty-sixth of August, 1591, with two barks and three tall ships, one of them his own old ship *The Desire*, now commanded by John Davis, the explorer of the Arctic seas. They were bound for the South Seas, the Philippines, and the coast of China. After many sufferings, parted from Davis, Cavendish died at sea on the voyage home of his ship, *The Leicester*. Davis, having spent time in endeavours to find Cavendish, reached the coast of Ireland, at Bearhaven, on the eleventh of June, 1593, with only fifteen survivors of the seventy-six who sailed from England with him, and they so weak that they could not heave or take in a sail.

The Last Voyage of Thomas Cavendish.

Lodge's friend, Robert Greene, published for him, in 1592, "Euphues Shadow; the Battle of the Senses." Lodge himself, after his return, published, in 1593, "Phillis, honoured with Pastoral sonnets, elegies, and amorous delights," and in the same year, "The Life and death of William Longbeard, the most famous and witty English traitor, born in the City of London. Accompanied with many other the most pleasant and prettie Histories." He had already produced a "Life of Robert, Duke of Normandy, surnamed Robin the Devil." His two plays—one wholly his own, the other written in

Other Writings of Lodge.

collaboration with Robert Greene—will presently be described. Produced earlier, they were first printed in 1594, two years after the death of Greene.

In 1595, with its "Letter to the Reader" dated on the sixth of May that year, followed Lodge's popular book, "A Fig for Momus; Containing Pleasant Varietie in Satyres, Eclogues, and Epistles. By T. L. of Lincolnes Inn, Gent." It had an Italian motto signifying that whatever the sheep does, the wolf eats him. Sheep stood here for writer, wolf for critic. The book was dedicated to William Stanley, Earl of Derby, who had succeeded to the earldom only a year before, by the death of his brother Ferdinando, formerly Lord Strange. Thomas Lodge dedicates to the new earl as "the true Mæcenas of the Muses." He tells his gentlemen readers that by his title, "A Fig for Momus," he means not contempt of the learned, nor disdain of the well-minded, "but in despight of the detractor, who hauing no learning to judge, wanteth no liberty to reproue." "A Fig for Momus."

Lodge's first satire in "A Fig for Momus" is on the world's dissembling with the world—

> "Houlding it true felicitie to flie,
> Not from the sinne, but from the seeing eie;
> . . . . . .
> Whate'er men do, let them not reprehend,
> For cunning knaves will cunning knaves defend.
> Truth is pursew'd by hate; then he is wise
> That to the world his worldly wit applies:
> What, is he wise? Aye, as Amphestius strong,
> That burnt his face because his beard was long."

This satire was addressed "To Master E. DIG."—Everard Digby. There were in Elizabeth's reign two persons of that name, little related to each other.

One Everard Digby, born about 1550, a Cambridge

divine, who became Senior Fellow of St. John's in 1585, was deprived of his fellowship by the Master of the College in 1587 for various irregularities and for taking "a popish position" by preaching voluntary poverty at Saint Mary's. This Everard Digby published in 1579, dedicated to Sir Christopher Hatton, a "*Theoria Analytica*," in which he sought to classify the sciences, and he continued his philosophical speculation upon science in the next year, 1580, with two books, "*De Duplici Methodo*," against the teaching of Pierre Ramée.* Digby wrote also two books in Latin on the Art of Swimming, which were published in 1587, and of which a translation by Christopher Middleton appeared in 1595. In 1589 Digby published, with dedication to Sir Christopher Hatton, "Everard Digbie his Dissuasiue from taking away the Lyvings & Goods of the Church," to which was annexed a translation into English of "Celsus of Verona his Dissuasive."

Everard Digby.

But the "Master E. Dig." to whom Lodge inscribed a satire in his "Fig for Momus" could hardly have been this divine—who was, I believe, not living in 1595—but the young Everard Digby, tall and vigorous, who was of the same Rutlandshire family, and in 1595 was seventeen years old, with some small office at Court. In 1596 young Digby, at the age of eighteen, married an heiress. Two or three years later he became a close friend of John Gerard, the Jesuit. He was among the crowd of the be-knighted at the accession of James I., and on the thirtieth of January, 1606, he was hanged, drawn, and quartered for complicity in the Gunpowder Plot. At some time in his life Lodge became Roman Catholic. In those unquiet days of feud about religion many crossed from one camp to the other, who in

* Replied to at once, with a defence of Ramus, by William Temple of King's College, to which Digby published a rejoinder in 1581.

quiet days would not have questioned their inherited opinions. Lodge's experience of the harsher side of Puritanism, at home in his youth, may have had something to do with the reaction. His change to Catholicism we may take to be complete when, in the "Fig for Momus," we find Everard Digby singled out as friend. There is an eclogue in this pleasant book inscribed to Samuel Daniel, and there is an epistle "To Master Michael Drayton," opened with earnest lines upon the poet's duty to make high and pure use of his gifts. In 1598 there were three more publications—"The Devil Conjured," "Wit's Miserie," and "A Margarite from America"—chiefly translations from the Spanish. These Lodge made, "being at sea four years before with Master Cavendish in passing through the Straits of Magellan."

After this, Thomas Lodge gave himself to the study of medicine. He graduated at Avignon as Doctor of Physic, was incorporated at Oxford in 1602 with the same degree, and in the same year published, in a folio of more than eight hundred pages, a translation of Josephus—"The Famovs and Memorable Workes of Iosephus, a Man of Mvch Honovr and Learning among the Iewes, Faithfully translated out of Latin, and French, by Tho. Lodge, Doctor in Physicke." Lodge published a Treatise of the Plague in 1603, and another folio, "The Works, both Moral and Natural, of Lucius Annæus Seneca, done into English," in 1614. He lived as a Roman Catholic physician, with a good practice among Roman Catholic families, through the reign of James I., and died in 1625, when he was almost eighty years old.

Thomas Lodge, Doctor of Physic.

Through Josephus and Seneca, as through his own earlier books, Lodge sought to give occasion for the proper use of thought. In the preface to his "Josephus" he spoke of the men who vainly imagine themselves wise because they have read much, when they have not applied wisely what they

read. He compares them to an ignorant mob that during "the late disturbances in France" broke into an apothecary's shop, and were so pleased with the colours of the drugs and tinctures that they freely ate and drank of them, with terrible and very mixed results.

We turn now to the play written by Lodge alone, "The Wounds of Civil War," which he produced, probably, about the time when the three parts of "King Henry VI." were written. It was first published, in 1594, as "The Wounds of Civil War. Lively set forth in the true Tragedies of Marius and Scilla. As it hath been publiquely plaide in London, by the Right Honourable the Lord high Admirall his Servants. Written by Thomas Lodge, Gent. *O vita! misero longa, fœlici brevis.* London. Printed by John Danter, and are to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in Paules Churchyard." Based upon Plutarch's "Lives," this play has poet's music in it, notwithstanding the bombastic rhetoric supplied in much of its blank verse, notwithstanding also the poor wit of its clown scenes, and crudities in conduct of the action, as in the abrupt change of Sylla's mind before his death. Nearly all the tricks of rhetoric could be illustrated from passages in this play, yet one feels in it strongly—as, more or less, in any one of these pieces produced between 1586 and 1593 upon our early stage—that the writer meant to provide real entertainment for an audience that was always present to his mind—a rude audience of men simple as nature made them, with a sprinkling in it of fine gentlemen and wits and critics, but also with a soul in it of rough earnestness that answered to the poet's touch.

Lodge's "Wounds of Civil War."

"*The Wounds of Civil War.*"

The senate of Rome, met on the Capitol in Sylla's absence, discusses civil feuds, and substitutes old Marius for Sylla as "chief general against

Mithrídătes." Sylla, with captains and soldiers, enters and learns what trust has just been given

> "To Marius? Jolly stuff! why then I see
> Your lordships mean to make a babe of me."

Dissension becomes civil war: "*Here let the senate rise and cast away their gowns, having their swords by their sides.*" Old Anthony, with a

> "honied tongue
> Washed in a syrup of sweet conservatives,"

warns in vain. There is "*a great alarum. Let young Marius chase Pompey over the stage, and old Marius chase Lucretius.*" Then Sylla wraps his colours round him, and animates his retreating men to battle with a What, what, what:

> "What, will you leave your chieftains, Romans, then,
> And lose your honours in the gates of Rome?
> What, shall our country see, and Sylla rue,
> These coward thoughts so fixed and firmed in you?
> What, are you come from Capua to proclaim
> Your heartless treasons in this happy town?"

(Heartless treasons, happy town: h, t: h, t.)

> "What, will you stand and gaze with shameless looks,
> Whilst Marius' butchering knife assails our throats?
> Are you . . . . . .
> Are you . . . . . .
> Are you . . . . . etc."

Sylla, triumphant in the Second Act, cuts heads off cheerily. At Minturnum enters "Marius very melancholy," with the magistrates, who find him a dangerous guest and plan to kill him since he does not go. Young Marius, with lords and soldiers, seeks his father, but finds

> "friends are geason* nowadays,
> And grow to fume before they taste the fire."

Now, however, comes a slave from the consul, Cinna, with a secret letter to young Marius declaring himself strong friend of his father's faction.

* *Geason*, scarce, wanting. First English, *gæsne*, barren, wanting, lifeless.

In the first scene of the Third Act Cinna, master in Rome, prepares to succour Marius. In the second scene Marius, prisoner in Minturnum, sleeps expectant of his murderer. This brings us to the story of the Gaul who flinched and fled from the old soldier's eyes. What though the old Gaul is represented by a comic modern Frenchman?—

"Me no point de argent, no point kill Marius. . . . Marius, tu es mort. Speak dy preres in dy sleep, for me sal cut off your head from your epaules before you wake. Qui est la! What kind of a man be dis?

Pausanias. What sudden madness daunts this stranger thus?

Pedro. Oh, me no can kill Marius! me no dare kill Marius! adieu, messieurs, me be dead si je touche Marius. Marius est un diable. Jesu Maria sauve moi! [*Exit fugiens.*"

Marius lives for the seventh consulship to which he was destined. But he must quit Minturnum. Marius goes from "walls to woods," and Sylla is then shown in triumph, after Tamburlaine fashion, "*in his car triumphant of gold, drawn by four Moors.*" He mocks the drawers of his chariot before he sends them away to be killed. Leaving Lucullus to "pursue Mithrídátes till he be slain," Sylla sets out to front Cinna in Rome.

From the triumph of Sylla the scene changes to Marius among the mountains, eating roots and getting some encouragement from Echo.

> "Then full of hope, say, Echo, shall I go?—*Go.*
> Is any better fortune then at hand?—*At hand.*"

Young Marius, with soldiers, finds his father, and, at the end of the Third Act, Marius and his son also set out to meet Cinna in Rome.

In the Fourth Act Marius enters Rome with his son. Cinna causes Octavius to be stabbed. Old Marius is for the seventh time made consul. Sylla and his friends are banished, Sylla's house is razed; his wife and daughter, Cornelia and Flavia, are brought prisoners to Marius. He lets them think they are to die, then, by an unexpected turn, hangs chains of gold upon their necks, frees them, and largely honours their fidelity. A clown scene follows, of a drunken servant who speaks in couplets of Skeltonic rhyme and betrays the whereabouts of Anthony. The eloquence of Anthony disarms his murderers, but a soldier enters suddenly who has not been bewitched by his words. That soldier stabs him. Lectorius enters, pensive. He tells how old Marius died while sitting near a spring:

"Bright was the day, and on the spreading trees
The frolic citizens of forest sung
Their lays and merry notes on perching boughs;
When suddenly appeared in the east
Seven mighty eagles with their talons fierce,
Who, waving oft about our consul's head,
At last with hideous cry did soar away."

This was the sign of death, and Marius died when Sylla was about "to enter Rome with fury, sword, and fire."

The Fifth Act begins with "*a great skirmish in Rome and long, some slain. At last enter Sylla, triumphant.*" Sylla tells the Romans that

"the reasons of this ruthless wrack
Are your seditious innovations,
Your fickle minds inclined to foolish change."

Carbo, who will not bow to Sylla, is thrown down at Sylla's feet that Sylla may set his foot on Carbo's neck, before ordering his head off. Carinus' head also is taken off. Forty senators are proscribed—

"And for our gentlemen are over proud,
Of them a thousand and six hundred die."

Next we are shown young Marius and his friends besieged in Præneste, "*all in black and wonderful melancholy.*" They kill themselves rather than yield. Then we return to Sylla clothed in state, who is made perpetual Dictator, hears of the death of young Marius, and moralises suddenly on his own loss in leaving country life to be a king. After hearing throughout the play of many thousands slain in Sylla's wars, foreign and civil, seeing every now and then a head that he has ordered to be severed from the body, simple spectators of the play must have been much surprised when, among all "the tickle turns lent by inconstant chance," they find that Sylla suddenly dies moralising, with a clown scene thrust into the midst of his moralities. Sylla's Genius appears to warn him of his death, in Latin verses to which he makes reply in kind, and he is shown taking tender farewell of his wife and daughter, before he is carried out dead. With the body "*exeunt omnes,*" to return and close the entertainment with a procession that sets forth "*The Funeral of Sylla in great pomp.*"

Now let us turn to the play of which Lodge and Greene were the joint authors.

"*A Looking Glass for London and England*,"

written not later than the year 1591, and first published in 1594, as "made by Thomas Lodge, gentleman, and Robert Greene, in Artibus Magister," is very religious in its tone. It sets forth a series of pictures of the corruption of life in Nineveh of old; blends them into sequence that connects them lightly with each other as a sort of tale; and, after each scene of the misdoing of Nineveh has been represented, points it directly as a lesson for London and England. The play is printed without division into acts, but the group of details forming each of the five acts is distinctly marked in treatment of the subject.

The first scene of the play shows Rasni, King of Nineveh, who enters "from the overthrow of Jeroboam, King of Jerusalem." The tributary kings of Cilicia, Crete, and Paphlagonia enter with him. His speech mirrors earthly pride boasting itself against Heaven. He is as arrogant as Marlowe's Tamburlaine, who thought kings honoured when they drew his coach and felt the whip of such a charioteer. The God of Jewry may be God in Heaven, "Rasni is god on earth, and none but he."

The tributary kings echo this note of pride, each ending his flatteries with the line, "Rasni is god on earth, and none but he." But the King of Paphlagonia takes up the burden of praise only to be interrupted by the approach of Rasni's sister, fair Remilia.

Remilia enters with Radagon, an upstart courtier, who is a very poor man's son, and Alvida, the King of Paphlagonia's wife. Remilia brings her own tribute of flattery to a brother who exchanges with her an unhallowed love. He seeks marriage with her, and she assents: "Thy sister born was for thy wife, my love." The King of Crete warns against the proposed marriage that defies nature and God, but is rebuked by the base upstart Radagon.

The King of Crete, continuing in protest, is deprived of his crown, which is given to Radagon, who next proceeds to flatter basely, and encourage Rasni's amorous regard to Alvida, the King of Paphlagonia's wife. Then

"*Enter, brought in by an* Angel, OSEAS *the Prophet, and let down over the stage in a throne.*

"*Angel.* Amaze not, man of God, if in the spirit
Thou'rt brought from Jewry unto Nineveh;
So was Elias rapt within a storm,
And set upon Mount Carmel by the Lord:

For thou hast preached long to the stubborn Jews,
Whose flinty hearts have felt no sweet remorse,
But lightly valuing all the threats of God,
Have still persévered in their wickedness.
Lo, I have brought thee unto Nineveh,
The rich and royal city of the world,
Pampered in wealth, and overgrown with pride,
As Sodom and Gomorrah full of sin.
The Lord looks down and cannot see one good,
Not one that covets to obey his will;
But wicked all from cradle to the crutch.
Note, then, Oseas, all their grievous sins,
And see the wrath of God that pays revenge;
And when the ripeness of their sin is full,
And thou hast written all their wicked through,
I'll carry thee to Jewry back again,
And seat thee in the great Jerusalem.
There shalt thou publish in her open streets,
That God sends down his hateful wrath for sin
On such as never heard his prophets speak:
Much more will he inflict a world of plagues,
On such as hear the sweetness of his voice,
And yet obey not what his prophets speak.
Sit thee, Oseas, pondering in the spirit
The mightiness of these fond people's sins.
" *Oseas.* The will of the Lord be done!
" [*Exit* Angel."

Next follows a clown scene, typifying drunken excess of the ignorant. Adam, the smith's man, who is well instructed in the mystery of a pot of ale, enters with a clown and crew of ruffians "to go to drink." Adam and the clown dispute together, Adam magnifying his office as smith, and proceeding from the praise of the smith's craft to the praise of ale. The clowns and ruffians pass on to their stupid riot and excess, and the scene closes with the comment of the prophet, who sits on the stage enthroned as spectator and chorus to the play—

" *Oseas.* Iniquity seeks out companions still,
And mortal men are arméd to do ill.
London, look on, this matter nips thee near:
Leave off thy riot, pride, and sumptuous cheer;

Spend less at board, and spare not at the door,
But aid the infant, and relieve the poor;
Else seeking mercy, being merciless,
Thou be adjudged to endless heaviness."

The next scene shows to London, in the mirror of Nineveh, wrongful and merciless craft of the usurers. The usurer enters between Thrasybulus, a young spendthrift who has wasted ample means, and an honest debtor through necessity, Alcon, a very poor man, father to the upstart courtier Radagon. Thrasybulus, now that the time of payment has come, begins by affecting inability to pay. The usurer is merciless. The money is produced: "Here is thy money, and deliver me the recognizance of my lands." The clock strikes four; the money was to have been paid between three and four. It is too late, says the usurer; and keeps the lands. Poor Alcon is a day too late with money to redeem his cow. He loses his cow, with lamentations. But Thrasybulus will take him to a lawyer, that he may have justice done. Then follows the comment of Oseas, and his application of the parable to London, whose sins are thus mirrored in Nineveh—

"London, take heed, these sins abound in thee;
The poor complain, the widows wrongéd be;
The gentlemen by subtlety are spoiled;
The ploughmen lose the crop for which they toiled:
Sin reigns in thee, O London, every hour;
Repent, and tempt not thus the heavenly power."

Here ends the First Act of the play. The Second Act opens with entrance of Rasni's sister Remilia, followed by Alvida, the King of Paphlagonia's wife, "and a train of ladies in all royalty." Remilia boasts her own beauty, and prepares her charms for marriage with her brother. She enters her tent at the sound of the approaching pomp of Rasni.

Rasni comes with his lords and his Magi, while they prepare for incestuous marriage with pomps of the flesh. It thunders. Remilia, within her tent, is struck by lightning, and when Rasni draws the curtains of the tent he "*finds her strucken black with thunder.*"

No balms can restore Remilia; but Rasni, at suggestion of Radagon, consoles himself at once by taking the King of Paphlagonia's wife, Alvida, for his love. Osea closes the scene with a warning against wantonness—

"Fly, wantons, fly this pride and vain attire,
The coals to set your tender hearts on fire:
Be faithful to the promise you have past,
Else God will plague and punish at the last."

The next scene shows, in the mirror of Nineveh, to London and England a reflection of corrupted law. Alcon and Thrasybulus, seeking aid of justice against the usurer, "enter with the lawyer." After they have given their instructions, each in characteristic manner, the judge enters with the usurer, and the corruption of justice is set forth in the ensuing scene, which is closed as usual by Oseas from his chair at the back of the stage with warning voice:

"*Oseas.* Fly, judges, fly corruption in your court;
The Judge of Truth hath made your judgment short.
Look so to judge, that at the latter day
Ye be not judged with those that wend astray.
Who passeth judgment for his private gain,
He well may judge he is adjudged to pain."

The next scene is with Adam and the crew of ruffians returning drunken from the ale. Wild in light quarrel, one ruffian slays another, and they pass on; but Adam, in his drunkenness, falls over the body of the slain man, and the dead drunk lies upon the dead.

Rasni and Alvida, having made sport with the degradation of drunkenness, sink lower themselves; and in a draught of Greek wine, in which she asks for a love-pledge from her forgiving husband, Alvida slays him with swift poison. Upon Rasni's praise of the deed follows the stern comment of Oseas that closes the Second Act of the play.

The Third Act opens with another prophet, used in this place as type of the preacher who is unfaithful in delivering God's message to the world. After there has been shown to us in action the hesitation of Jonah to obey the command of God by warning Nineveh, with his flight to Tharsus and to Joppa, there is again the warning of Hosea from his chair—

"*Oseas.* When prophets, new-inspired, presume to force
And tie the power of heaven to their conceits;
When fear, promotion, pride, or simony,
Ambition, subtle craft, their thoughts disguise,
Woe to the flock whereas the shepherd's foul!
For, lo, the Lord at unawares shall plague
The careless guide, because his flocks do stray.
The axe already to the tree is set:
Beware to tempt the Lord, ye men of art."

Then enters Thrasybulus with the poor old man Alcon, who is accompanied by his wife Samia and Clesiphon his younger son. The law having failed to right their wrong, they are looking now to Alcon's influence at Court, through his son Radagon, who by flattery has risen to vice-royal state.

Radagon, in his pride, disdains to acknowledge his father and mother. He brings on himself his mother's curse, and immediately, in presence of the Court, "*a flame of fire appears from beneath and Radagon is swallowed.*" The wise men—the Magi—explain this to Rasni as a natural phenomenon, and Oseas in his warning includes the dangers of the time

> "When men by wit do labour to disprove
> The plagues for sin sent down by God above."

The next scene opens between Adam and the smith's wife; the smith enters, the man beats his master, and the wife is without care for the husband. The prophet's comment upon this is followed by the last scene of this act, showing how the men of Joppa were led to repentance, upon which Oseas comments thus;

> "*Oseas.* If warnéd thus, the ethnics thus repent,
> And at the first their error do lament,
> What senseless beasts, devouréd in their sin,
> Are they whom long persuasions cannot win!
> Beware, ye western cities,—where the Word
> Is daily preachéd, both at church and board,
> Where majesty the gospel doth maintain,
> Where preachers, for your good, themselves do pain,—
> To dally long, and still protract the time;
> The Lord is just, and you but dust and slime:
> Presume not far, delay not to amend;
> Who suffereth long, will punish in the end.
> Cast thy account, O London, in this case,
> Then judge what cause thou hast to call for grace!"

Here ends the Third Act, and when the Fourth opens,

"JONAS *is cast out of the whale's belly upon the Stage.*"

Now Jonas obeys the Angel, who bids him arise, get him to Nineveh. Oseas bids the prophets—ministers—in like manner repent where they have been unfaithful to their charge.

The next scene shows first the fickle wantonness of Alvida, whose

fancy wanders to the King of Cilicia. She tempts him in vain with blandishment and song. She faints when Rasni enters, and awakes from her fainting to false protestation of her love for him. Then

"*Enter the* Priests of the Sun, *with mitres on their heads, carrying fire in their hands.*" Their worship is disturbed: "*A hand from out a cloud threatens with a burning sword.*" The Magi explain it away: "These are but clammy exhalations," etc. Then Rasni, satisfied, prepares a stately feast—

> "Where Alvida and I, in pearl and gold,
> Will quaff unto our nobles richest wine,
> In spite of fortune, fate, or destiny. [*Exeunt.*
> "*Oseas.* Woe to the trains of women's foolish lust,
> In wedlock rites that yield but little trust,
> That vow to one, yet common be to all!
> Take warning, wantons; pride will have a fall.
> Woe to the land where warnings profit nought!
> Who say that Nature God's decrees hath wrought;
> Who build on fate, and leave the corner-stone,
> The God of gods, sweet Christ, the only one.
> If such escapes, O London, reign in thee,
> Repent, for why, each sin shall punished be:
> Repent, amend, repent, the hour is nigh;
> Defer not time; who knows when he shall die?"

Then follows a clown scene opened by one masking in devil's attire, who lies in wait to terrify Adam, the smith's man. When Adam enters with the smith's wife, she flies, but Adam remains for a comic dialogue, which ends with his beating the devil. He does this when he has offered, as a smith, to shoe him, and taking his foot in his hand found he was no devil, because he had not a hoof.

Then we see Thrasybulus and Alcon driven by want and injustice to live by theft. The usurer buys stolen goods of Alcon, and bids him be diligent in getting more. All is thus at the worst, when Jonas enters with his cry, "Repent, ye men of Nineveh! Repent!" Oseas is taken away by the Angel. The act ends with a banquet in the palace of Rasni, upon which Adam the smith intrudes for a boon, and at which he is entertained as a causer of mirth.

Then follows the Fifth Act, one lesson of repentance, written with a profound religious earnestness, into the very midst of which a clown scene of broad farce is thrust.

The misdoers all repent in sackcloth and ashes. Fast has been ordained. Searchers are about to see that no manner of food is taken

during the appointed days; they come upon Adam, the smith's man, who has beef and beer in his wide slops. As the fast is to last five days more, he agrees to be hanged rather than endure it; but he will eat up all his meat before he goes.

Repentance brings forgiveness down to all the sinners. At the close of the play Jonas is left alone upon the stage, and thus he speaks his last word to England and to London:

"You islanders, on whom the milder air
Doth sweetly breathe the balm of kind increase,
Whose lands are fattened with the dew of heaven,
And made more fruitful than Actæan plains;
You whom delicious pleasures dandle soft,
Whose eyes are blinded with security,
Unmask yourselves, cast error clean aside!
O London, maiden of the mistress-isle,
Wrapt in the folds and swathing-clouts of shame,
In thee more sins than Nineveh contains!
Contempt of God, despight of reverend age,
Neglect of law, desire to wrong the poor,
Corruption, whoredom, drunkenness, and pride.
Swoln are thy brows with impudence and shame,
O proud adulterous glory of the west!
Thy neighbours burn, yet dost thou fear no fire;
Thy preachers cry, yet dost thou stop thine ears;
The 'larum rings, yet sleepest thou secure.
London, awake, for fear the Lord do frown:
I set a Looking-Glass before thine eyes.
Oh turn, oh turn, with weeping to the Lord,
And think the prayers and virtues of thy Queen
Defer the plague which otherwise would fall!
Repent, O London! lest, for thine offence,
Thy Shepherd fail, whom mighty God preserve,
That she may bide the pillar of his Church
Against the storms of Romish Anti-Christ!
The hand of mercy overshade her head,
And let all faithful subjects say, Amen! [*Exit.*"

Whereupon there arose, it may be, an emphatic "Amen" from the playhouse benches; for although many precisians stayed away, a playhouse audience under Elizabeth represented more nearly than it has done at any later time the

whole people of England. And so we have had here the pulpit on the stage, with Hosea and Jonah for the preachers. The reference to "Romish Antichrist" does not imply necessarily that the play was written before Lodge had become Roman Catholic. If Greene wrote it, and the players wished for it, to please their public and themselves, the opinion of a recusant joint-author would have no weight.

"David and Bethsabe."

Another example of direct association of the Bible with this teaching by dramatic shows of life, is George Peele's "David and Bethsabe," which has come down to us with its text little impaired, and shows the grace of style that was in all Peele's earlier work.

"David and Bethsabe" was probably one of Peele's earlier works, although not printed until 1599. The grace of style shown in "The Arraignment of Paris" here enters into the treatment of a theme that gives room for pathos and tenderness, for the alarms of battle dear to an Elizabethan audience, and for true utterances of human passion. Peele, at his best, writes English into music, and he is at his best in "David and Bethsabe," a tale of which the action is continued to the death of Absalom. The play is simply a dramatic poet's paraphrase of the eleventh and next following chapters of the Second Book of Samuel, as far as the eighth verse of the nineteenth chapter. Its temper is expressed in the closing lines of the Prologue—

> "Of this sweet poet, Jove's musician,
> And of his beauteous son I press to sing.
> Then help, divine Adonai, to conduct
> Upon the wings of my well-tempered verse
> The hearers' minds above the towers of heaven,
> And guide them so in this thrice-haughty flight,
> Their mounting feathers scorch not with the fire
> That none can temper but thy holy hand:
> To Thee for succour flies my feeble Muse,
> And at thy feet her iron pen doth use."

But Peele, like Greene, yielded in time to the temptations with which the young Elizabethan dramatists were all beset. Lodge passed through them unhurt, and, having left the stage, ended a long life as a prosperous physician. Shakespeare stood firm, without denying any of its dues to kindly fellowship. What are now the hospitalities of home have taken the place that among young wits of Elizabeth's time could be represented only by companionships of the tavern. The tavern was a resort not only of wits; and jovialities of tavern life were beset inevitably with temptations to all forms of sensual excess. Peele married early, he had daughters, and a life of constant care. He may have been among those who, like Greene, were at last caught by the spells of Circe.

Of Peele Himself.

The only note we have of his death is from Francis Meres, who said in his "*Palladis Tamia*," published in 1598, "As Anacreon died by the pot, so George Peele by the pox." One never knows how much there is of plain truth in this kind of English; but, when we have allowed for what Meres took to be style, there seems to remain the fact that Peele yielded, more or less, to the temptations that beset his calling.

In January, 1596, pressed by sickness and poverty, Peele sent a letter to Lord Burghley with his "Tale of Troy," published six years before, in avowed hope of a return gift that would help his housekeeping. He presumed, he said, "a scholar of so mean merit," to present his wisdom with it "by this simple messenger, my eldest daughter and necessity's servant. Long sickness having so enfeebled me maketh bashfulness almost become impudency," and then followed significant allusions to a passage in the Prologue to the Satires of Persius that made Hunger a Master of Arts. At some unknown date between the writing of that letter in January, 1596, and the writing of "*Palladis Tamia*" by Francis Meres in 1598, Peele died.

There was a play of Peele's printed in 1593 as "The

Famous Chronicle of King Edward the first, sirnamed Edward Longshankes with his returne from the holy land. Also the life of Lleuellen rebell in Wales. Lastly the sinking of Queene Elinor, who sunck at Charing crosse, and rose again at Pottershith, now named Queenhith." This play, commonly known as "Longshanks," was popular; and, after allowance for unusual mangling of the text under all the disadvantages of careless printing from a rough copy that, however obtained, was confused and inaccurate, we cannot think the play into a form that would have any artistic unity. It is full of life and action. The audience was kept alive with drumming, trumpeting, and calls to arms; pomps, processions, and clown-play. Edward I. has Wales and Scotland in his hands—Llewelyn and Baliol. He has in his hands also a proud, beautiful, and cruel Spanish queen, Elinor, to whom he is devoted, and who is poetical in her devotion to fine clothes.

Peele's "Edward I."

Llewelyn yields Wales for another Elinor, with whom he goes into the woods. Then he and his followers, all dressed in green, play humours of "Robin of the Wood, alias Robin Hood," with Llewelyn's Elinor for a Maid Marion. A brawny Friar Hugh ap David, stout in play with a stick that he calls Richard, stands for Friar Tuck.

When Queen Elinor is about to become the mother of a Prince of Wales, there are twistings of her right hand that express a great longing to box her husband's ears. King Edward comes in good humour to take the buffet, counting it good omen of a jolly boy. When the prince is born, the Welshmen, become loyal, present him with their national coat of frieze, which gives a shock to the proud mother's notions of fine clothing—

> "Her boy shall glister like the summer's sun,
> In robes as rich as Jove when he triúmphs.
> His pap should be of precious nectar made,

His food ambrosia—no earthly woman's milk :
Sweet fires of cinnamon to dress him by ;
The Graces on his cradle should attend ;
Venus should make his bed and wait on him,
And Phœbus' daughter sing him still asleep.
Thus would I have my boy used as divine,
Because he is King Edward's son and mine :
And do you mean to make him up in frieze ? "

The cruelty to the Lady Mayoress of London, who is tied by Elinor's order to a chair and has two adders put to her breast, comes in towards the end of the play, out of an old ballad, very much by the by, as prelude to the proud lady's sinking in the earth at Charing Cross and being cast up alive again at Pottershithe, thenceforth to be called after her, Queenhithe. There is much more than is here suggested ; anything, in fact, that would keep the stage going and please the people seems to have been taken as it came. The wit and poet, perhaps, had his prompter by him in a tankard, and in his lines, therefore, the prompter may be answerable for a little of the incoherence that is almost throughout to be found in the printed copy.

Among Peele's other pieces were a stray poem, "The Praise of Chastity," gathered into the "Phœnix Nest" in 1593 ; another in "England's Helicon ;" another in "England's Parnassus." A pastoral of the Hunting of Cupid is known only by fragments. Also Peele wrote the verses for two allegorical pageants upon Lord Mayor's Day in London—one for the Lord Mayor Woolston Dixi(e) in 1585 ; another—*Descensus Astrææ*—written for the Lord Mayor William Web(be) in 1591. "Polyhymnia" was printed in 1590, as "Describing the honourable Triumph at Tylt before her Maiestie, on the 17 of November last past, being the first day of the three and thirtieth yeare of her Highnesse raigne. With Sir Henrie Lea his resignation of honour at

Peele's Minor Poems.

"Polyhymnia."

Tylt, to her Maiestie, and received by the right honorable the Earle of Cumberland." Sir Henry Lea, Master of the Queen's Armoury, son of Sir Thomas Wyatt's sister Margaret, was the first inventor of the annual exercises in the tilt yard at Westminster, on the seventeenth of November, in celebration of the queen's accession to the throne; and on the occasion celebrated by the verses of George Peele, Sir Henry Lea, aged about sixty (he lived to be eighty), resigned his office to the Earl of Cumberland. Thirteen couples ran in the tilt. Peele celebrates each. The fifth couple was the Earl of Essex and Sidney's friend, Fulke Greville—

> "Fair man at arms, the Muses' favourite,
> Lover of learning and of chivalry,
> Sage in his saws, sound judge of poesy."

When Sir Charles Blount tilts as one of the sixth couple, there is glance at his relations with Lady Rich—

> "Comes Sir Charles Blount in or and azure dight;
> Rich in his colours, richer in his thoughts,
> Rich in his fortune, honour, arms, and art."

One of the last couple that ran was Master Everard Digby. Then the day closed, and the poem on it, with "old Henry Lea," knight of the crown, dismounting, taking off his armour, and kneeling to pray for the appointment of "the flower of English knights, the valiant earl," as his successor. The queen assented to the prayer of her good woodman, whose green was turned to grey. The poem closed with the prayer that England might live to have many such champions, and Elizabeth as many days and years as she in heart could crave. A little poem followed of three six-lined stanzas on the loyal servant of the queen withdrawn from arms in his old age—

> "His golden locks time hath to silver turned,
> O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!

His youth gainst Time and Age hath ever spurned,
But spurned in vain; youth waneth by increasing:
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen,
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

"His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lovers' sonnets turn to holy psalms,
A man at arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers which are Age his alms:
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

"And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song;
Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
Cursed be the souls that wish her any wrong:
Goddess, allow this aged man his right
To be your bedesman now, that was your knight."

"The Honour of the Garter."

In 1593 Peele celebrated also in a poem, "The Honour of the Garter," the installation of the Earl of Northumberland, then twenty-nine years old, as knight of the order. Peele dedicated the poem to the earl as "the Muses' love, patron, and favourite," addressing him in the title to the prologue as Mæcenas. That prologue, lamenting the neglect of poets,—

"For other patrons have poor poets none
But Muses and the Graces to implore,"—

names Sidney and Walsingham as patrons dead; and as poets, Spenser, "Great Hobbinol, on whom our shepherds gaze;" Sir John Harrington, whose verse-translation of Ariosto's "Orlando" was first printed two years before; Daniel, "Rosamond's trumpeter, Sweet as the nightingale;" Campion and Fraunce, Watson, and lastly Marlowe, whose death was then the latest grief—

"unhappy is thy end.
Marley, the Muses' darling for thy verse,

Fit to write passions for the souls below,
If any wretched souls in passion speak."

The poem itself follows, in which Peele represents himself as seeing a vision in his sleep of Edward III., founder of the Order of the Garter, followed to Windsor by its famous knights of old, in honour of the installation of their new comrade on the morrow. And Peele's dream came to him, he says, after—

" I laid me down, laden with many cares,
My bedfellows almost these twenty years."

Here, as the old saga men used to say of one whose part in a tale was ended, George Peele goes out of the story.

Let us turn next to the last records of Robert Greene. We have traced the sequence of Greene's novels to the publication of "Menaphon" in 1589.* We have taken note also of the play of "Alphonsus," † in which he may have first turned to the stage, influenced by the success of Marlowe's "Tamburlaine," and of "A Looking Glass for London and England," written by Greene and Lodge. Greene's other plays that have come down to us are "Orlando Furioso," "James the Fourth," "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," "George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield," and, very likely, "The First Part of Selimus, Emperor of the Turks."

Robert Greene.

"*Selimus*"

was first printed in 1594, without suggestion of an author's name, "as it was played by the Queen's Majesty's Players." Its whole title is "The First part of the Tragicall raigne of Selimus, sometime Emperour of the Turkes, and grandfather to him that now raigneth. Wherein is shown how hee most vnnaturally raised warres against his owne father *Baiazet*, and preuailing therein, in the end caused him to be poysoned. Also with the murthering of his two brethren, *Corcut*, and *Acomat*."

* "E. W." ix. 276-279. † "E. W." x. 30-35.

Dr. Grosart has included "Selimus" in his edition of Greene's works chiefly because he has found that it contains two passages (numbered 4 and 11), one on Delay ("He that will stop the brook," etc.), the other on Damocles, which are quoted as from Robert Greene in "England's Parnassus," published in the year 1600. It is true that quotations in this work are now and then assigned to a wrong author; but the inference from these two quotations is that Robert Allott, or whoever else made these two quotations, looked upon "Selimus" as one of the plays of Robert Greene, and probably it was. The piece is of the Tamburlaine school. Selim's father Bajazet refers in his distress to

> "That woful emperor first of my name
> Whom the Tartarians locked in a cage,
> To be a spectacle for all the world,"

and counts himself much more unfortunate,

> "For Tamburlaine the scourge of nations
> Was he that pulled him from his kingdom so;
> But mine own sons expel me from the throne."

Selim, the youngest son, who rises by the killing of his father and his brothers, speaks of himself as "none of those who make a conscience for to kill a man," and when he is emperor, at his command his follower, "Stern Sinam Basha," reduces the number of the *dramatis personæ* sensibly by incidental stranglings on the stage. There is more rhyme in "Selimus" than is usual in such plays, but the author knew very well how to bombast out a blank verse. Bajazet's eldest son, Acomat, says of his father that he means to

> "Fill all the confines with fire, sword, and blood,
> Burn up the fields, and overthrow whole towns,
> . . . . . .
> Then tear the old man piece meal with my teeth
> And colour my strong hands with his gore-blood.
> *Aga.* O see, my lord, how fell ambition
> Deceives your senses and bewitches you;
> Could you unkind perform so foul a deed
> As kill the man that first gave life to you?
> Do you not fear the people's adverse fame?
> *Acomat.* It is the greatest glory of a king
> When, though his subjects hate his wicked deeds,
> Yet are they forced to bear them all with praise."

There is no lack in the play of good sentences and happy turns of fancy. Bullithrumble, a shepherd, plays clown, and eats on the stage, like the clown in "A Looking Glass for London and England," the act of feeding being, as of old in the Shepherds' plays, thought favourable to comic business. Bullithrumble cites as the model of a stately man, "Master Pigwiggen, our constable," when the author of "Nymphidia" had not yet entered a Pigwiggen's name in the books of the Muses.

There can be no doubt that Elizabethan actors sustained with the full vigour of their lungs the boisterous declamation for which poets furnished lines of sound and fury. The tremendous heroes must have stamped abundantly, gnashed their teeth, rolled their eyes, flourished their arms, and pulled at their hair. In "Selimus," for example, thus roared Bajazet:

"Leave weeping, Aga, we have wept enough;
Now Bajazet will ban another while,
And utter curses to the concave sky
Which may infect the region of the air
And bring a general plague on all the world.

Night, thou most ancient grandmother of all,
First made by Jove for rest and quiet sleep
When cheerful day is gone from the earth's wide hall,
Henceforth thy mantle in black Lethe steep,
And clothe the world in darkness infernall!
Suffer not once the joyful daylight peep,
But let thy pitchy steeds aye draw thy wain,
And coal black silence in the world still reign!

Curse on my parents that first brought me up,
And on the cradle wherein I was rocked!
Curse on the day when I was first created
The chief commander of all Asia!
Curse on my sons that drive me to this grief!
Curse on myself, that can find no relief!
Curse on him, an everlasting curse,
That quenched those lamps of ever burning light,
And took away my Aga's warlike hands!
And curse on all things under the wide sky!
Ah, Aga, I have cursed my stomach dry."

Acomat in a former scene had pulled out Aga's eyes upon the stage. Then, when he said that his hands were left for vengeance, Acomat caused his hands to be cut off and thrust into the bosom of his robe, asking as

he did so, "Which hand is this? right? or left? canst thou tell?" Bajazet, having cursed himself dry, is refreshed with a cup of poison by a Jew who has been hired to kill him. The Jew holds the cup also to the lips of the handless Aga, after first drinking from it himself because he is old, and has not long to live, and will be pleased to go down to Proserpina with such companions.

"Titus Andronicus" was one of a large family that made much noise in the world when Elizabeth was queen.

Stage Rant.

But the rant of the actors, like that of the poets, must have been with a power that again and again sent lightning flashes through the rumble of the storm. There must have been in the one, as in the other, an untamed vigour of health—robust, audacious, frolicsome, and little careful to consider the restraints of art. The roar is of the cataract below the source of a great river, with wild swirl and dash and shattering into rainbows of the flood that soon will sweep with a calm, fruitful strength across the land. It is no fruitless roaring of the wind among stones of the desert.

High relish was added to a play when one of the characters ran mad. All restraints on the display of passion were removed, and the tragic actor then fairly divided honours with the clown. Greene's play of "Orlando Furioso," first printed in 1594, and again in 1599, was designed to please the public with a picture of Orlando mad.

"*Orlando Furioso.*"

By success in his suit for the hand of Angelica, daughter of Marsillus, Emperor of Africa, Orlando wins the enmity of all the other suitors. Sacrapant, with a burlesque boastfulness, opposes the true hero, beguiles him with false shows of evidence that Angelica has given herself to Medor, who carves her name on barks of trees and writes roundelays in her honour. Orlando then becomes extravagantly mad. He does not know the true Angelica, but is provided with a scene that brings the clown, Tom, in woman's clothes to personate Angelica, to be mistaken for her, and to be treated to a beating that he had not bargained for. The rest of the Twelve Peers come on the scene.

Orlando shows his strength by fighting three of them with a handkerchief over his face. By his strength he is recognised, and he removes the handkerchief. He has learnt how Sacrapant deceived him, has fought and killed Sacrapant, that "devil in shape of man;" is clear of his lunacy; and takes Angelica to wife, her father giving him the crown of Africa for dowry.

"James the Fourth."

Greene's "James the Fourth" is not a historical play like Marlowe's "Edward II." or one of the historical plays of Shakespeare, but fanciful and legendary, like Peele's "Edward I." It was not published until 1598, six years after its author's death, and was then entitled "The Scottish Historie of Iames the fourth, slaine at Flodden. Entermixed with a pleasant Comedie, presented by Oboram, King of the Fayeries: As it hath been sundrie times publikely plaide. Written by Robert Greene, Maister of Arts *Omne tulit punctum*. London, Printed by Thomas Creede." There is nothing about Flodden in

"*James the Fourth.*"

Oberon and some grotesque followers, Antics, dance about the tomb into which Bohan, a Scot, has retired alive out of a world from which he has lost his wife, and where he finds the Court ill, the Country worse, and the City worst of all. Bohan has left in the world his two sons —Slipper, the clown of the piece, and Nano, a quick-witted dwarf. Oberon tempts Bohan out of his tomb, Slipper and Nano dance in rivalry with Oberon's Antics, and then Oberon shows Bohan a play, of life at the Court of James IV. Between the acts Oberon, Bohan, and the rest dance, sing, and moralise by the retired stoic's country box, the Tomb.

In the play, King Henry VII. of England has given his daughter Dorothea to be wife to James IV. of Scotland. Now Dorothea was a gift of God by reason of great faithfulness. King James was unfaithful to her and sought to possess Ida, daughter of a widowed countess. He took to him an evil counsellor, Ateukin, adventurer and flatterer, who led him on to the attempted murder of his wife. But Ateukin had hired Slipper and Nano as his servants. When he had obtained the king's order for the murder of Dorothea, Slipper happened to be paid by a loyal knight, Sir Bartram, for stealing from his master a lease

unjustly withheld. Among the papers taken from Ateukin's pocket, Slipper brought the warrant for Queen Dorothea's death. Sir Bartram took it to the queen. In all Greene's work there are scattered touches of true human interest, and in this play the fantastic setting may be said to throw into relief the simple womanliness of the character of Dorothea. Sinned against, she is patient and always slow to believe evil, ready to forgive. The scene in which she sees her husband's warrant for her murder is an example of this. To the first suggestions of his practice against her she replies—

" Suspicion without cause deserveth blame.
Sir Bartram. Who see and shun not harms deserve the same.
Behold the tenor of this traitorous plot.
[*Gives warrant.*
Dorothea. What should I read? Perhaps he wrote it not.
Bartram. Here is his warrant, under seal and sign
To Jacqués, born in France, to murther you.
Dorothea. Ah, careless king, would God this were not thine!
What though I read? Ah, should I think it true?
Rosse. The hand and seal confirms the deed as his.
Dorothea. What know I though, if now he thinketh this?
Nano. Madame, Lucretius saith that to repent
Is childish, wisdom to prevent.
Dorothea. What though?"

With touches as true to life, Greene represents Dorothea seeking escape in male attire, while woman still in every thought and word; pursued by the murderer, wounded, and left for dead. But she is found, and taken to a good knight's home. There a kind woman brings her back to health, not knowing who the sufferer is. The fair Ida, meanwhile, who is true as fair, escapes the toils, and when married to a worthy gentleman is entertained with the songs of noble huntsmen at her wedding. All goes wrong with Ateukin. The King of England invades Scotland to avenge his daughter's death, and the play ends with Dorothea's reappearance to reconcile father and husband, and to bind King James to her by the chain of her unbroken kindness and fidelity.

This romance, that paid honour to women in the midst of great variety of incident, of song and dance, with Oberon to add a touch of fancy to the clown play, and with the humours of Slipper, who was long regarded as a choice clown

among clowns, could not fail to be popular. Greene's "James the Fourth" had a success that we see was well deserved, although we now can only read the play as it was spoilt by many errors in the copying and printing.

Greene's two remaining plays were based, one on an old popular legend, and the other on a ballad.

"Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay."

The legend of "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay" Greene found in a pamphlet-book possibly suggested by the popularity of "Faustus." No dated edition is known of it earlier than 1627, when it was printed for Francis Grove, by the Saracen's Head at the upper end of Snow Hill, as "The famous Historie of Fryer Bacon, containing the wonderfull things he did in his life: also the manner of his death, with the liues and the deaths of the two Conjurers, Bungye and Vandermast. Very pleasant and delightfull to be read." Robert Greene took from the story, besides the watching by Miles of the Brazen Head that said, "Time Is," "Time Was," and "Time is Past," also the trial of skill in which Bacon overcame the famous conjurer Vandermast, and sent him off to his own country again on the back of a devil he himself had raised, but whom the English friar overawed. The play reproduces also the incident in which two sons are shown in a mirror how their fathers do, when, seeing their fathers fight and kill each other, the sons fight and kill each other too. But this, and another incident, seen in the same mirror, of Friar Bungay on the point of marrying a couple, when Bacon strikes Bungay dumb and otherwise breaks off the ceremony, Greene works into a love story of his own invention. The love story tells how Prince Edward, hunting in Suffolk, became enamoured of fair Margaret, the keeper's daughter of Fressingfield, and sent Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, in rustic guise to woo her for him, but he won her for himself. Returned to Court, Lacy tried the maid with a letter that professed to break his troth. She was about to become a nun,

and had put on nun's clothes, when Lacy returned and recovered her. Prince Edward being plighted to a royal bride, Lacy has Margaret, and all goes well with him, notwithstanding the disclosure of his marriage in Friar Bacon's magic mirror. A play with three conjurers in it—Bacon, Bungay, Vandermast—who show their skill to amuse King Henry of England, the King of Castile, and the Emperor, must needs amuse also the people. There is much variety of conjuring tricks in which devils are kept busy fetching and carrying, while human interest is added by the interwoven story of the prince, the earl, and a couple of Suffolk neighbours, who are all suitors for the love of the keeper's daughter of Fressingfield. The interweaving of fair Margaret's love story with the friar's magic, although clever, is not close. The inevitable scene of the watching of the Brazen Head, for example, has no relation whatever to the story of Prince Edward, Margaret, and Lacy. Of the real Roger Bacon no knowledge is shown, either in tale or play, and history is not concerned in earl or prince or king or emperor that takes part in the pleasant show.

"George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield."

George a Greene—George of the Green—was another hero of the tales and ballads current in the land. They sought to give him importance by association of his story with that of Robin Hood, whose name Robert Greene interpreted as Robin of the Wood.

George a Greene,

Pinner or Pinder—that is, keeper of the public pound—of Wakefield was bold when the Earl of Kendal, rebellious against his king, levied war and sent his warrant for a claim of provision for his army from the town of Wakefield. The mayor refused, but George a Greene added defiance to refusal. He tore the warrant, took its bringer by the shoulder, and with dagger at his breast forced him to swallow as three pills the three seals of the document, then wash them down by drinking to the confusion of traitors. George a Greene has a faithful

Bettris (Beatrice), who is denied to him by Grime, her father. But she escapes to him by help of Wily, a disguised boy of George a Greene's, whom Grime, her father, takes for a maid and falls in love with. Troops march and trumpet. A lady, Jane a Barley, whose husband is not at home, defies the King of Scots and his men from her castle wall. His majesty of Scotland is enamoured of her, and has her son in his hands. She must yield, or see her boy slain. But at the critical moment—

"*Alarum within: enter a* Messenger.

Messenger. My Lord, Musgrove is at hand.
K. James. Who, Musgrove? The devil he is.
Come, my horse! [*Exeunt omnes.*"

This Musgrove, terrible to the Scots as Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury was to the French, is an old man of a hundred and three; for, says his son to King Edward, when old Musgrove has taken the Scottish King James and brought him prisoner to the English Edward—no matter what James or what Edward; indeed, Edward is Richard in the ballad—

"An it please your grace my father was
Five score and three at Midsummer last past;
Yet had King Jamie been as good as George a Greene
Yet Billy Musgrove would have fought with him."

In an early scene this game old gentleman had wholly declined his son Cuddy's invitation to cease from fighting. "As good as George a Greene" had been a proverb in the land. Robert Greene's play justifies it. George a Greene boxes the ears of the Earl of Kendal, and, when told that he is a villain who has struck an earl, replies, to the sure satisfaction of the playhouse audience—

"Why, what care I? A poor man that is true
Is better than an earl if he be false."

When the earl wants to know whether his rebellion will prosper, George a Greene tells him there is a very old blind man in a cave in the wood near by, whose prophecies are to be trusted. If the earl and his two noble friends will go to that old man in the morning he will let him know his fortune. George a Greene personates the old blind man, and after prophesying that the Earl of Kendal will be the

king's prisoner, asks for his walking staff, that will enable him to prove the truth of his prediction. His staff having been given to him, he is himself again, and stoutly lays about him. He kills one of the earl's two companions, and makes the other with the earl himself his prisoner, to be sent to King Edward as a present from George a Greene. What more? The kings of England and Scotland travel north to see the famous pinder. Robin Hood, Scarlet, and Much the Miller's son resolve to try his strength, and go to Wakefield with Maid Marian. George a Greene is too strong for the shoemakers of Bradford, whose custom is that all strangers who come must fight with them or trail their staves while passing through the town. The disguised kings of Scotland and England trail staves to save trouble. George a Greene, Robin Hood, shoemakers, and George's man Jenkin, who is the clown of the play, drink to King Edward round a stand of ale. King Edward then discloses himself, puts on his robes, and confirms to the shoemakers their right of distinguishing their calling as the gentle craft, since they have drunk with the king and the king hath pledged them. Old Musgrove makes his English majesty a present of the King of Scotland's sword. Grime, at King Edward's request, gives his daughter Bettris to George a Greene, but asks that there may be given to him in return the damsel, who then proves to be Wily, the boy. George a Greene is asked to kneel down—

"*George.* What will your majesty do?
Edward. Dub thee a knight, George.
George. I beseech your grace, grant me one thing.
Edward. What is that?
George. Then let me live and die a yeoman still:
So was my father, so must live his son.
For 'tis more credit to men of base degree
To do great deeds, than men of dignity.
Edward. Well, be it so, George."

George a Greene then, at the king's wish, fixes the ransom of the King of Scots; after which the King of England goes to sup with the pinner, leaving with the Bradford shoemakers their right to the old custom of "vail staff"—

"If any ask a reason, why? or how?
Say English Edward vailed his staff to you."

Greene's "Mourning Garment," registered at Stationers'

Hall on the second of November, 1590, is a paraphrase of the parable of the Prodigal Son. That parable had been shaped for school-boys into a Latin comedy after the manner of Terence, *Acolastus*, first printed in 1529,* and now it takes the form of an Elizabethan novel.

Greene's "Mourning Garment."

The Mourning Garment

is Repentance, in sign of which the returned Prodigal was covered by his father "in a new robe, but with a garment of black, as a man mourning at his high faults and low fortunes." The piece, probably, was written soon after the "Looking Glass for London and England." Greene begins his dedication of it to the Earl of Cumberland with reference to the wantonness of the Ninevites, and their garments of gold, changed to sackcloth after Jonas called them to repentance. The sackcloth of the Ninevites is mentioned again in the "Conclusion." Greene in the dedication also professes that he has with the ears of his heart heard Jonas crying, "Except thou repent," and he says, "As I have changed the inward affects of my mind, so I have turned my wanton works to effectual labours, and pulling off their vainglorious titles have called this my *Mourning Garment.*"

Greene's earlier tales had been sound in morals, planned to teach while they delighted. If he failed in his own management of life, he still sought, pen in hand, to maintain only the right. But in "The Mourning Garment," and in some later pieces, not only is the didactic purpose more avowed, but Robert Greene dwells heavily upon his own misdeeds, and holds up his own past life as an example by which others may be warned.

The father of the Prodigal is one Rabbi Bilessi, "in the City of Callipolis seated in the land of Avilath, compassed with Gihon and Euphrates, two rivers that flow from Eden." The Rabbi's younger son, Philador, desires to see the world. He sets advice aside, receives his portion, and goes into Thessaly with a following of servants. Seeking some town, he finds a shepherd and his wife, who are described in a song ending—

> "If country loves such sweet desires gain,
> What lady would not love a shepherd swain?"

The shepherd swain guides Philador to a town, telling love-tales on the way associated with some tombs by which they pass. In one of the

* "E. W." viii. 89-95.

tales an Alexis praises Rosamond in English hexameters, and Rosamond, in the same measure, before she dies for love, laments her loss. Alexis has forsaken her to marry Phillida.

"Once was she liked, and once was she loved of wanton Alexis,
Now is she loathed, and now is she left of trothless Alexis:
Here did he clip and kiss Rosamond, and vow by Diana,
None so dear to the swain as I, nor none so belovéd,
Here did he deeply swear, and call great Pan for a witness,
That Rosamond was only the rose beloved of Alexis,
That Thessaly had not such another Nymph to delight him."

When the shepherd swain has brought Philador within sight of a town, he warns him against lodging at the sign of *The Unicorn*, where be three sisters beautiful and witty, but of small honesty. Philador does lodge with those sisters. He spends with them his substance in repeating the experience of Acolastus, and is beaten out by them, stripped to his shirt. Then, in time of famine, he minds the swine of a farmer, and is glad to share the husks that the swine eat. All dialogue and monologue in the piece is euphuistic, even when the Prodigal has returned to his father. But words of the parable as told in Scripture are now and then interwoven, as in the reasoning of Rabbi Bilessi with the discontent shown by his eldest son: "Ah, Sophonos, and art thou angry then with thine old father for entertaining his son that was lost and is found, that was dead and is alive again?"

Greene's "Farewell to Folly."

Greene's "Farewell to Folly: sent to Courtiers and Schollars as a president to warne them from the vaine delights that drawes youth on to repentance," seems to be the first part of an unfinished design to thread upon a very simple narrative a set of tales upon the Seven Deadly Sins. The connecting narrative is less ingenious than John Gower's in the *Confessio Amantis*.*

Greene's "Farewell to Folly."

At Florence, in the days of feud between the Guelphs and Ghibellines, Jeronimo Farnese sought peace in a retired country-house, taking with himself and his wife three daughters and four young gentlemen. These seven young ladies and gentlemen had their own several

* "E. W." iv. 201-238.

characters, and held arguments after dinner, and illustrated each argument with a tale told by one of them.

The first discussion was of Pride, first of the Deadly Sins, and Peratio told his tale of Johannes Vadislaus, a proud king in the city of Buda, who expelled Selides, a faithful noble, for warning him against effects of pride. But Vadislaus was at last cast out by his subjects, who elected Selides as his successor. Vadislaus in his beggary came to a country cottage in which Mœsia, the daughter of Selides, had taken service as a country maid. There Vadislaus hears her singing at the cottage door—

> "Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content,
> The quiet mind is richer than a crown."

They know each other presently, and the tale ends with a dialogue between them.

From Pride the discussion passes to another of the sins—Lust—which another of the four gentlemen, Cosimo, illustrates with a story of Ninus, who, through desire for Semiramis, the honest wife of Mœnon, a poor man in Babylon, killed Mœnon. Semiramis, in revenge, so gratified Ninus that he agreed to her wish to be made for three days sole and absolute sovereign. Her first act was to send him to execution, after which she entombed him royally and ruled till her son Ninus was of age to govern.

Greene's seven young gentlemen and ladies then are drawn to the discussion of Gluttony, and Bernardino tells a short tale of a gluttonous Duke of Augsburg who ruined Rustico by a wrong decision given when he was not sober, for which Rustico, by device, exhibited him to his people, besmeared with his own vomit, drunk, upon a scaffold, made a speech over him, and was chosen to be governor in his place.

Three of the Seven Sins having been thus dealt with by three of the company of seven young debaters, they all went in to dinner; "and so," Greene ends, "for this time we will leave them." The phrase, "for this time," leads us to infer that there would have been four more tales in a second part of the "Farewell to Folly" which Greene then intended.

In the years 1591 and 1592—the two last years of his life—Greene, urged, perhaps, by the need of money, produced, among other pieces, a series of five pamphlets professing to expose the tricks of all rogues, male and female, who made it their business to prey on the unwary. The first of these pamphlets,

Pamphlets on Cosenage.

published in 1591, was called "A Notable Discouery of Coosnage. Now daily practised by sundry lewd persons, called Connie-catchers, and Crosse-biters. Plainely laying open those pernitious sleights that hath brought many ignorant men to confusion. Written for the general benefit of all Gentlemen, Citizens, Apprentises, Countrey Farmers and yeomen, that may hap to fall into the company of such coosening companions. With a delightful discourse of the coosnage of Colliers. *Nascimur pro patria.* By R. Greene, Maister of Arts." There were two parts of this, and in 1592 followed "The Thirde and last Part of Conny-catching. With the new devised knauish Art of Foole-taking. The like Cosenages and Villenies neuer before discouered. By R. G." Then followed, in 1592, "A Disputation betweene a Hee Conny-catcher and a Shee Conny-catcher." Last came, under the name of "The Blacke Booke's Messenger," "The Life and Death of Ned Browne, a notorious Cut-purse and Conny-catcher." In the Black Book that was promised as the closing piece of the series, Greene undertook to give what we should call a London Thieves' Directory. Death stayed his hand.

There was nothing new in the design of these books. Thirty years before they appeared, John Awdelay—a member of the Stationers' Company who wrote some of the little books that he sought profit in publishing, and who was a zealous Protestant—had written and published, in 1561, a little pamphlet called "The Fraternitye of Vacabondes, as wel of ruflying Vacabondes, as of begerly, of women as of men, of Gyrles as of Boyes, with their proper names and qualities. With a description of Couseners and Shifters. Whereunto also is adjoyned the xxv Order of Knaves, otherwyse called a Quartern of Knaves, Confirmed for ever by Cocke Lorell." This was reprinted in 1565, and again in 1575. In Germany Luther himself had written a preface to such a book

Awdelay's "Fraternitye of Vacabondes."

—a *Liber Vagatorum*, first published about 1514. But the previous book that especially led Greene and other men to the production of this kind of literature was "A Caveat or Warning for Commen Cursetors, vulgarely called Vagabones, by Thomas Harman Esquiere," first published in 1567. This book was very popular, and much subject to piracies. The greater part of a pamphlet, published in 1592 as "The groundworke of Conny-catching," and often ascribed to Robert Greene, was a reprint from Thomas Harman's "Caveat."

Harman's "Caveat for Cursetors."

Thomas Harman was a gentleman of Kent who lived at Crayford, and had Kentish estates at Ellam, Maystreet, and Maxton. When his book was published, in 1567, he had kept, he says, for twenty years a house "where vnto pouerty dayely hath and doth repayre," and took interest in talking daily with the "wyly wanderers." At last he began to set down notes of their knavish tricks and of their ways of speech. In London, when his book was being printed, he lived at Whitefriars, within the cloister, among vagabonds who there sought freedom from arrest. Harman's discrimination of the several sorts of vagabonds under their own names—as "the Ruffler," "an Upright Man," "a Hooker or Angler," "a Frater," "an Abraham Man"—is given in little characters that may be taken for rough early examples of the character-writing that we shall soon find coming into fashion. Harman's "Caveat" also contains little stories of tricks played. It closes with a list of the names "of the upright men, rogues, and pallyards," and a small glossary of "their pelting speech"—their slang.

Robert Greene in his books on Cosenage does not attempt character-writing, but takes some pains with the telling of his stories. One story he tells twice over, the second time with new seasoning, said to have sprung out of more accurate information. Greene spiced his book with occasional suggestion of peril to

Greene's Books on Cosenage.

himself from his disclosures. In the "Dispute betweene a He and a She Cony-catcher"—where the He Cony-catcher is Lawrence Pickering, who is several times named as brother-in-law to Bull, the hangman—Greene says that he was once "beleagured" about by some of the crew that had protested his death, "in the Saint John's Head, within Ludgate. Being at supper there were some fourteen or fifteen of them met, and thought to have made that the fatal night of my overthrow, but that the courteous citizens and apprentices took my part, and so two or three of them were carried to the counter, although a gentleman in my company was sore hurt." We are reminded in these books more than once of the countryman in Lydgate's "London Lickpenny," who came to Westminster Hall for justice and fell among thieves. The law courts at Westminster Hall in term time, the middle aisle of St. Paul's, the Exchange, and the crowd at the annual tilting on the day of Elizabeth's accession to the throne, were regarded by the London thieves as their best places of business. Their chief harvest was in term time. Again and again we are told of the coming in of farmers from the country, with law papers in their bags, on business of litigation. They came with filled purses, and often lost them to the thieves before their coin went to the lawyers. Greene tells us that the thieves knew by the country mud upon his boots when a farmer had just come in with a purse for them. A "coney-catcher" was a card-sharper; "cross-biters" were those who plundered the unwary with the assistance of loose women. "Cosenage of colliers" was by buying charcoal on its way to London from the country, transferring it to fraudulent sacks, and selling short weight to the householders.

In these books of Cosenage, Greene made no use of his skill as a euphuist. In the "Epistle Dedicatorie" to the second of them he said: "Heere by the way, giue me leaue to answere an obiection that some inferred against me,

which was, that I shewed no eloquent phrases, nor fine figuratiue conuenience in my first booke as I had done in other of my workes: to which I reply that *το πρεπον*, a certaine decorum is to bee kept in euerie thing, and not to applie a high stile in a base subiect: beside the facultie is so odious, and the men so seruile and slauish minded, that I should dishonor that high misterie of eloquence, and derogate from the dignitie of our English toonge, eyther to employ any figure or bestow one choyce English word vpon such disdained rakehels as these Conny-catchers." So let us leave them; but a few years later in our story we shall meet them again when Thomas Dekker seeks his profit in the writing of books upon Cosenage, and makes more use than he should of the work of Thomas Harman.

"The Black Book's Messenger."

Of the life and death of Ned Browne, called "The Blacke Booke's Messenger," published in the year of his own death, Greene says that it was written before he fell sick, and that he issued it while the finishing of "The Black Book" was being hindered by his sickness. Of "The Black Book" he said, "nevertheless, be assured it is the first thing I mean to publish after I am recovered."

Ned Browne, in France, caught robbing a church near Aix, was condemned to be hanged, and "having no gallows by, they hanged him out of a window, fastening the rope about the bar." In Greene's pamphlet he is supposed to tell some of his tricks, and to glory in his past career, before he himself jumps out of window with the rope about his neck. His dead body was buried outside the town, but the wolves dug it up and ate it.

Rogues' Wit.

It is not too much to say that in the last months of his life Greene was part Puritan. He wrote like a Puritan in condemnation of his own graceful and honest love tales, regarded them as works that he could wish destroyed, and ascribed chief value to these

books written to make known the ingenious frauds of coney-catchers and their evil lives. They have little to teach us about fraud, but in Elizabeth's days there were no newspapers; the ways of coney-catchers were not to be learnt then, as now, from daily law and police reports, and books of the type of Harman's "Caveat" had a real use when they were published.

There was delight also in the ingenuities of roguery. Dishonest tricks and ancient jokes, that seemed to their compilers clever, were made into little pamphlets that brought pence to their producers all the more readily if they were fathered upon men known for wit. There were "Merie Tales of Skelton," and there were "Merrie Conceited Jests of George Peele," but these were not published until 1627. There was even a wretched book of "The Witty and Entertaining Exploits of George Buchanan."

"Philomela."

Robert Greene's "Philomela, The Lady Fitzwater's Nightingale," owed its second title to the fact that it was dedicated to "the Lady Bridget Ratliffe, Lady Fitzwaters"—that is, to the wife of Henry Ratcliffe, Viscount Fitzwalter and Earl of Sussex, who had property at Norwich—as from "one born his, who, wishing to discover his affectionate duty to him by some scholar-like labours, began to toss over the first-fruits of his wit and at last lighted upon this fiction of Venetian Philomela, which he had written long since and kept charily, being penned, at the request of a countess in this land, to approve women's chastity."

"Assoone as I had red it ouer and reduced it into forme, licking it a lyttle as the beares do their whelpes to bring them to perfection, I haue resolved to make good my duty to his Lordship in doing homage with my simple labours to your Ladiship (knowing seruice don to the wife is gratefied in the husband): whervpon I presume to present the dedication of chast Philomela to your honor and to christen in your Ladiship's name, calling it the Ladye Fitzwaters Nightingalle as if I should insinuate a comparison twixt you and him of equall and honorable

vertues. Imitating heerein Maister *Abraham France*, who titled the Lamentations of *Aminta* vnder the name of the Countesse of Pembrooke's *Iuie Church*."

To the Gentlemen Readers Greene excused himself for printing a novel, when he had promised, both in his "Mourning Garment" and in his "Farewell to Follies," never to busy himself about any wanton pamphlets again. "Philomela" had been written before his vow, and he would not have put his name to it now but for the earnest entreaty of the printer, and his duty to an honourable lady. This love-tale Greene printed, in the time of his last illness, for the necessary money it would earn. It was a piece of far more value than those pamphlets upon coney-catchers which he then thought, or professed to think, more serviceable to the world.

"*Philomela*"

is an Italian tale of jealousy. Count Philip of Medici married in Venice a young gentlewoman, not older than seventeen, Philomela Celii, daughter of the Duke of Milan. There was none so fair in Italy, her dowry was great, and she was a pattern of all womanly excellence. Her very perfections having made her husband jealous, he sent his friend Lutesio to tempt her and report how he should prosper. She came pure out of all trial, sang innocent songs of love, and loved her husband after she had found that he was doubting her and tempting her. The first half of the tale is diffusely euphuistic, with soliloquies, inserted verses, dialogues, and letters; but in the second half the action becomes brisk, and a well-invented story runs on to its end with little or no waste of words. The jealous passion obtains mastery. The husband, sure that he is wronged, suborns false witnesses for the condemnation of his wife and friend. Lutesio is banished. Philomela sails in disguise to Palermo, with a blackened character. She makes an honest friend of the master of the ship, who had first looked with lust upon her. She lives at Palermo under a feigned name, as Abstemia, with the shipmaster and his wife. Meanwhile Lutesio makes the truth known to the Duke of Milan, Philomela's father. To avenge his daughter, the duke levies war on Venice. One of the bribed witnesses confesses, and the tale proceeds then through a series of revolutions and discoveries as quick with action as a play.

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Robert Greene published also, in 1592, a recast of an old metrical "Debate between Pride and Lowliness," "A Quip for an Upstart Courtier: or a quaint dispute between Velvet-breeches and Cloth-breeches, wherein is plainly set down the disorders in all Estates and Trades." There were three impressions of it in 1592, and it was reprinted in 1606, 1620, and 1635. The Quip satirises pride of courtiers, and upholds the yeoman in his homespun cloth, through dream of a contest between Velvet-breeches and Cloth-breeches, who have no bodies in them, but walk with their own legs and argue together. The dreamer calls a jury of passers-by to decide the question between them. The passers-by are of many trades, and the ways of the trades are discussed in challenging the jurors, of whom some are accepted and some set aside. Cloth-breeches is found most in accord with the customs of England *in diebus illis*, the phrase that stood then for the good old times. It is found that he is

"A Quip for an Upstart Courtier."

"A companion to kings, an equal with the nobility, a friend to gentlemen and yeomen, and patron of the poor, a true subject, a good housekeeper, and general as honest as he is ancient; whereas Velvet-breeches is an Upstart come out of Italy, begot of Pride, nursed up by Self Love, and brought into this country by his companion Newfangleness: that he is but of late times a raiser of rents, and an enemy to the commonwealth, and one that is not in any way to be preferred in equity before Cloth-breeches."

No individual was pointed out in this piece. The upstart courtier was an old object of satire, with his newfangled fashions brought from Italy. No extant copy of the book contains an attack upon the Harveys. The rope-maker is challenged as a juryman, among men of other trades, without any visible glance at Gabriel Harvey's father. An offensive passage had been thrust in, and was expunged from an edition of which no copy is known to remain. More will be

said on this point when we come again to Nash and Harvey.

Robert Greene's life is now closing. In its last year, 1592, besides the publications already recorded, he wrote three pamphlets that especially contained his last words to his readers. If in his past life he had suffered himself weakly to be led astray, there had always been in him a warning conscience that would not sleep, and there is no reason to doubt that in the last months of his life he laboured hard to earn the bread he needed, while endeavouring to live a godly, righteous, and sober life. His self-condemnation was extreme, and we have seen that he wrote like a puritan of his vocation as novelist and poet, although he had never in his worst days set his art under his feet, but had looked up to it, and sought through it to lift other men's eyes and give them ears for the true music of life. But if his zeal at the last was somewhat puritan, his place was not with those whom he thought innovators in religion. In the "Quip for an Upstart Courtier," Cloth-breeches says to the Vicar—

Greene's latest Writings.

"Are you not some puritane M. parson, or some fellow that raiseth vp new scismes and herisies amongst your people? A plague on them all quoth I sir, for the world was neuer in quiet deuotion, neighbourhoode nor hospitality neuer flourished in this land, since such vpstart boies and shittle witted fooles became of the ministry: I cannot tel, they preach faith, faith, and say that doing of almes is papistry, but they haue taught so long *Fides solum justificat*, that they haue preached good workes quit out of our Parish: a poore man shal as soon breake his necke as his fast at a rich man's doore: for my frend, I am indeed none of the best schollars, yet I can read an Homily euery Sunday and holiday, and keepe company with my neighbours, and goe to the ale-house with them, and if they be fallen out, spende my money to make them friends, and on the Sundaies sometime if good fellowship call me away, I say both morning & euening praier at once, and so let them haue a whole afternoone to play in. This is my life, I spende my liuing with my parishioners, I seek to do al good, and I offer no man harm. Well qod (Cloth-breeches) I warrant thou art an honest Vicar, and therefore stand by, thou shalt be one of the quest."

It has been suggested that Robert Greene himself was at one time a vicar. He could not have been the Robert Greene who was, in 1576, one of the queen's chaplains, and was presented by the queen to the rectory of Walkington, in the diocese of York. But might he not have been the Robert Greene who was presented on the nineteenth of June, 1584, to the vicarage of Tollesbury, in Essex, and who resigned it on the seventeenth of February, 1586? Robert is not an uncommon Christian name; Greene is not an uncommon surname. Our Robert Greene, M.A. of Cambridge in 1583, was incorporated at Oxford in June, 1588. On the title-page of his "Planetomachia" he wrote himself, in 1585, "Master of Arts and student in Phisicke," within the time when some have supposed him to have been the Robert Greene who was vicar of Tollesbury. Neither he himself nor any contemporary ever refers to Greene, the poet, as having been in orders. There is nothing to support the suggestion that these two Robert Greenes were the same man but two scrawls of handwriting on the title-page of a copy of "George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield," printed in 1599. One says, "written by . . . . a minister who acted the pinders pt in it himself. Teste W. Shakespeare." The other, written lower down, says "Ed. Juby saith that this play was made by Ro. Greene," which seems to have been meant for a different identification of the author. There is no good evidence that Robert Greene, the poet, ever was a clergyman. If he had been ordained, we could not have been left without some clear allusions to the fact.

Was Greene ever a Clergyman?

"*A Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*"

was prefaced "to the Gentlemen Readers" with the suggestion that "Greene though able enough to write, yet deeplier searched with sickness than heretofore, sends you his swan-like song, for that he fears he shall neuer again carol to you wonted love-lays, neuer again discover

to you youth's pleasure. However yet sickness, riot, incontinence, have at once shown their extremity, yet if I recouer you shall all see more fresh spring than euer sprang from me, directing you how to live, yet not dissuading you from love. This is the last I have writ, and, I fear me, the last I shall write." It is a tale of a usurer, Gorinius, who had two sons. One of them, Lucanio, was a chip of the old block; the other son, Roberto, was a scholar, who disdained his father's way of life. The old man left, when he died, his fortune to Lucanio, reserving only to Roberto, his well-read brother, "an old Groat (being the stock I first began with) wherewith I wish him to buy a groats-worth of wit: for he in my life hath reproved my manner of life, and therefore at my death shall not be contaminated with corrupt gain." Roberto planned with a courtesan, Lamilia, to fleece Lucanio and share the spoils. Lamilia fleeced Lucanio, but kept the spoil all to herself and turned Roberto out of doors. Roberto was then led to join the players as their poet. He earned well for a time, but spent his gains in shameful revelry and grew hardened in wickedness. When "his immeasurable drinking had made him the perfect image of the dropsy, and the loathsome scourge of lust tyrannized in his bones: living in extreme poverty, and having nothing to pay but chalk which now his host accepted not for current, this miserable man lay comfortlessly languishing, having but one groat left (the just proportion of his father's legacy) which looking on, he cried: 'O now it is too late, too late to buy wit with thee: and therefore will I see if I can sell to careless youth what I negligently forgot to buy.'

"Here, gentlemen, break I off Roberto's speech; whose life in most parts agreeing with mine, found one self punishment as I have done. Hereafter suppose me the said Roberto, and I will go on with that he promised: Greene will send you now his groats-worth of wit, that never showed a mites-worth in his life: and though no man now be by to do me good, yet ere I die I will by my repentance endeavour to do all men good.

"Deceiving world, that with alluring toys
Hast made my life the subject of thy scorn,
And scornest now to lend thy fading joys
T' outlength my life, whom friends have left forlorn;
How well are they that die ere they be born,
And never see thy sleights, which few men shun
Till unawares they helpless are undone!

"Oft have I sung of Love, and of his fire;
But now I find that poet was advised

Which made full feasts increasers of desire,
And proves weak love was with thé poor despised;
For when the life with food is not sufficed,
What thoughts of love, what motion of delight,
What pleasaunce can proceed from such a wight?

"Witness my want, the murderer of my wit:
My ravished sense, of wonted fury reft,
Wants such conceit as should in poems fit
Set down the sorrow wherein I am left;
But therefore have high heavens their gifts bereft,
Because so long they lent them me to use,
And I so long their bounty did abuse.

"Oh, that a year were granted me to live,
And for that year my former wits restored!
What rules of life, what counsel would I give,
How should my sin with sorrow be deplored!
But I must die, of every man abhorred:
Time loosely spent will not again be won;
My time is loosely spent, and I undone."

Religious admonition follows, with ten rules of life, then there come counsels addressed to Greene's fellow-dramatists. They contain a reference to Shakespeare presently to be set forth, and are followed by a fable of the prudent ant and the improvident grasshopper. The grasshopper, after lament in verse, "died comfortless without remedy. Like him myself: like me shall all that trust to friends' or time's inconstancy. Now faint of my last infirmity, beseeching them that shall bury my body to publish this last farewell, written with my wretched hand—" Here the piece ended, and it was published after its writer's death with an appended "letter written to his wife, found with this book after his death."

"The Repentance of Robert Greene."

Greene began also to write, in his last days, "The Repentance of Robert Greene." It was published after he was dead by Cuthbert Burbie, with an added account of the end of his life. This pamphlet contains one or two biographical passages, besides a dwelling on experiences in religion, which is the main object of these few pages of his writing.

He recalls how he was moved once by a sermon in Saint Andrew's Church at Norwich, and he ascribes the first great influence of religious thought upon his mind to a book called "Resolution." This was a work first published in 1583, of which there were editions also in 1584 and 1585, as "A Christian Directorie guiding men to Eternal Salvation, commonly called Resolutions, deuided into three Bookes." It was, and it long continued to be, widely used by Protestants as well as Catholics, although its author was the Jesuit Robert Parsons, who came into England with Edmund Campion, but had left England before December, 1581, when Campion was executed. Parsons published also, in 1584, a little "Booke of Christian Exercises appertaining to Resolution; by R. P. with a Treatise tending to Pacification," and this Book of Exercises, being also read by Protestants, was promptly altered for their use. The Christian life was, indeed, one life for Elizabethan churchmen, Catholic or Puritan—a truth that few men then had light enough to see.

"Resolutions," by Robert Parsons.

Another of Greene's posthumous books was called by its publisher—Thomas Newman, in St. Dunstan's Churchyard—"Greene's Vision: Written at the instant of his death. Contayning a penitent passion for the folly of his Pen." This is a piece of prose intermixed with verse, wherein Greene, troubled by the vanity of wanton writings, sleeps and dreams that he is in a meadow, where two old men come to him—Chaucer and Gower—with *in diebus illis* written on their garments. He tells them his trouble and gets their opinions. Chaucer justifies Greene's use of his genius in writing pleasant tales. John Gower's opinion is that he has applied his wit ill, has sowed chaff, and shall reap no harvest. Chaucer defends him, and tells a merry tale of Tomkins, a jealous wheelwright at Grandchester, near Cambridge, and Catherine, his

"Greene's Vision."

wife. Gower objects to this, and tells another tale of the jealousy of Alexander Vandermast, a citizen of Antwerp, and of the trials of his excellent wife, Theodora, to show how, in his opinion, stories should be moralised. King Solomon then comes into the field. Chaucer and Gower bow to him, and he sums up the argument. King Solomon declares there is no wisdom but the knowledge of the law of the Lord, and decides with Gower against Chaucer's view of wit. The two tales in this piece were no doubt written by Greene, but perhaps at an earlier time, their setting only being among the industries of his last weeks or months, when he sought wisdom, but was too much in the buzz of Puritan misapprehension to know fairly what Chaucer stood for *in diebus illis*.

Greene's Death.

Greene died of dropsy, which was thought to be not cardiac, and probably was renal. We are told that during the whole of his sickness he continually called upon God. About nine o'clock on the night before he died, "a friend of his told him that his wife had sent him commendations and that she was in good health: whereat he greatly rejoiced, confessed that he had mightily wronged her, and wished that he might see her before he departed. Whereupon, feeling his time was but short, he took pen and ink, and wrote her a letter to this effect:—

"Sweet Wife, as euer there was any good will or friendship between thee and me, see this bearer, my Host, satisfied of his debt: I owe him ten pound, and but for him I had perished in the streets. Forget and forgive my wrongs done unto thee, and Almighty God have mercy on my soul. Farewell till we meet in Heauen, for on earth thou shalt neuer see me more. This 2 of September 1592. Written by thy dying Husband,

"ROBERT GREENE."

He died next day at the house of his host, a poor shoemaker near Dowgate, and when his body was laid out the

shoemaker's wife placed on its brows a wreath of laurel. "For pity renneth sone in gentle harte," saith Chaucer.

We turn now to Greene's letter in the "Groats-worth of Wit," written in his last days to fellow-dramatists: "To those Gentlemen his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making Plays, R. G. wisheth a better exercise and wisdom to prevent his extremities." His address is especially to three dramatists to whom he might join, he says, two more. The three are, first, Marlowe, "famous gracer of Tragedians," who is called upon to give glory to God: "Defer not, with me, till this last point of extremity; for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited." Next Nash, "young Juvenal, that biting satirist that lastly with me together writ a comedy. Sweet boy, might I advise thee, be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words." It is true that Lodge had written with Greene the "Looking Glass for London and England," but Lodge was not given, as Nash was, to bitter words. Others called Nash, but none called Lodge, a Juvenal. Lodge was a little older than Greene, and would not have been addressed by him as "Sweet boy." Nash had first taken his place among writers of the day within the cover of a book by his friend Greene, and among the heap of lost Elizabethan plays, if they could revisit the light, there might be found the lost comedy by Nash and Greene. The third of the dramatists addressed was Peele, "no less deserving than the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferior, driven as myself to extreme shifts." He warns Peele to cherish the true life, and to seek better masters than the players. When they soothe you with terms of mastership, "remember Robert Greene, whom they have so often flattered, perishes now for want of comfort." Greene's expression, in this letter, of irritation against the freedoms taken by the players with the poets includes his important reference to Shakespeare:—

Greene to his Fellow-Dramatists.

Shakespeare in 1592.

"Unto none of you, like me, sought those burrs to cleave; those puppets, I mean, that speak from our mouths, those antics garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I to whom they all have been beholding—is it not like that you to whom they all have been beholding—shall, were ye in that case that I am now, be both at once of them forsaken! Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his *Tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute Johannes-fac-totum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country. O, that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses, and let those apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with admired inventions!"

Greene's quotation is from the "Third Part of King Henry VI.," of which the old form in the play Shakespeare altered—the "True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York"—contained in the fourth scene of the first act a line of York's speech to Queen Margaret, preserved by Shakespeare and turned against him by Greene, "O tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide." The original line may have been Greene's own, but rather Marlowe's, for it occurs in a part of the "True Tragedy" that Shakespeare left untouched.

Here, then, about six years after his coming to London, is, in 1592, the first evidence that William Shakespeare has worked his way up to success. It is the first and last unkind word spoken of him, spoken in bitterness of spirit and in sickness, by a fallen man. A few weeks after the appearance of this, Henry Chettle took occasion, in a publication of his own, called "Kind-Hart's Dream," to regret that he had not erased what Greene wrote about Shakespeare. "I am so sorry," he said, "as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art."

CHAPTER IV.

EXIT MARLOWE.

GREENE died at the age of thirty-two, on the third of September, 1592. Marlowe died when he was not yet thirty, on the sixteenth of June, 1593, stabbed in the eye by Francis Archer, who was defending himself in a brawl after a feast at Deptford.

"The Massacre at Paris, with the death of the Duke of Guise. As it was plaide by the right honourable the Lord high Admirall his Seruants. Written by Christopher Marlowe," remains to us only in one undated early edition, printed—not very carefully—about 1594. The piece expresses English Protestant feeling, and seems to have been written hastily to catch the tide of current opinion at the full, upon suggestion of the dramatic character of recent events in the history of France. The assassination of Henry III. by the monk Clement, on the first of August, 1589, following the assassination of the Duke of Guise and his brother, the Cardinal, on the twenty-third and twenty-fourth of December, 1588, meant sweeping of the Valois from the throne of France, as sequel to their crime against the Protestants. With that crime,

"The Massacre at Paris."

The Massacre at Paris,

on Bartholomew's Day, 1572, in treacherous and sudden breach of alliance, Marlowe's play begins. The Duke of Guise plots cruelly, "contrives, imagines, fully executes," leagued with the Pope and with the King

of Spain. He seeks succession to the throne. He hires an apothecary to poison the old Queen of Navarre, with the scent of gloves presented to her. He directs the murder of the Lord High Admiral. He is shown with his companions, while the bell tolls for the Massacre, chasing the Protestants, with the cry, "*Tuez, tuez, tuez!*" Individual murders are made prominent amidst the general slaughter, including that of Ramus, the philosopher. Charles IX.'s brother, the Duke of Anjou, is invited to be King of Poland, and accepts that crown, saving his right of succession to the crown of France. King Charles, lamenting for the Massacre, dies poisoned by his mother, Catherine de' Medici. Henry of Anjou then is called from Poland to become King Henry III., with "*Vive le Roi!*" and flourish of trumpets. The King of Navarre withdraws to gather forces for his claim on France. The Duke of Guise "hath gathered a power of men which are, he saith, to kill the Puritans." It is to be noted that Puritan and Huguenot are equivalent words in Marlowe's play. The Duke of Guise finds his wife writing a love-letter to one of the king's favourites, and has him shot down. The king mocks and makes horns at him. This Guise resents. Navarre is victorious in battle. King Henry, warned that the force raised by Guise aims at the throne—Paris having revolted—goes to Blois. Navarre offers him aid. The king aids himself by calling Guise to the palace, speaking false friendly words to him, and then leaving him to be despatched by three murderers, one of whom relents and warns the victim when it is too late. Guise's brother, the Cardinal of Lorraine, is presently strangled on the stage. Catherine of Medici, hearing of Guise's murder, wishes she had killed her son Henry before he became king. Revenge comes through the Friar, who, for conscience sake, stabs Henry III. with a poisoned dagger. Before the king's death the English agent enters, through whom Henry tells Elizabeth that if he lives he will fire Rome and wreck the Papacy. He protests eternal love to the King of Navarre "and to the Queen of England specially." He dies. Navarre is king, and he too vows revenge on Rome. When Marlowe wrote, the Bourbon had not changed his shield.*

"The Jew of Malta."

Of Marlowe's "Jew of Malta," there is evidence that it was first produced after the end of the year 1588; for the Prologue was in the character of Machiavell, who, "now the Guise is dead," was come from France to view this land. We have just seen

* "E. W." ix. 310, 402.

that Henry Duke of Guise—le Balafré, planner of the Massacre of Paris—was assassinated with connivance of the King of France, last of the House of Valois, two days before Christmas, 1588. Philip Henslowe's Diary does not begin till the nineteenth of February, 1592, and it notes, seven days after that date, fifty shillings taken at the acting of "The Jew of Malta." The piece was popular, for it was acted thirty-six times in the first four years covered by Henslowe's Diary, during which time it brought to the players twelve hundred and forty-four shillings and sixpence. The reference to the death of the Duke of Guise, as leaving the spirit of Machiavelli free to seek new fields, would probably have been made when the event was recent. As the prologue for the theatre might have been written after the play, it is just possible that the date of the writing might be in the latter part of 1588, at earliest.

The purpose of the play was, not to paint character, but to please an audience with the popular presentment of a Jew, rich, avaricious, pitiless, hater of Christians, skilled in drugs and poisons—a Jew physician was the poisoner in "Selimus"*—ambitious, but at last caught in his own trap, a cruel trap set visibly with board and cord.

"*The Jew of Malta.*"

Barabas is in his counting-house counting out his money. Coins are so small that it is tedious to reckon them. Wedges of gold, pearls heaped like pebble stones—

> "Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
> Jacints, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
> Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
> And seld-seen costly stones of so great price
> As one of them, indifferently rated
> And of a carat of this quantity,
> May serve in peril of calamity
> To ransom great kings from captivity,
> This is the ware wherein consists my wealth."

* "E. W." x. 86.

The wind blows favourably for his argosies. Captains come in to tell him of the safe arrival of ships containing merchandise of his, whose

> "Very customs barely come to more
> Than many merchants of the town are worth."

The second captain's ship was sheltered by a Spanish fleet "that had the galleys of the Turks in chase." He exults in the wealth that is the blessing promised to the Jews. They grow wealthier than Christians, though they come not to be kings. Let Christians be kings—

> "I have no charge, nor many children,
> But one sole daughter, whom I hold as dear
> As Agamemnon did his Iphigen:
> And all I have is hers."

Her age is scarce fourteen. The other Jews then come for counsel to Barabas. A Turkish fleet is in the roadstead. There is a meeting in the senate house, and all the Jews of Malta must be there. The Turks claim of the Knights of Malta ten years' arrears of tribute. The Knights decree that it shall all be levied from the Jews. A month's time is allowed for payment of the Turks. Money enough can be obtained by taking half the possessions of every Jew. Because Barabas demurs, his all is seized and his house made into a nunnery.

Under a plank in his house, for safeguard against such ruin as now threatens to overwhelm him, Barabas has concealed great treasure of gold and jewels. Now he persuades his daughter Abigail to profess herself a nun, and, being inside the house, get opportunity to lift the treasure at night and pass it out to him. He helps her by professing wrath at her apostasy—

> "Child of perdition, and thy father's shame!
> What wilt thou do among those hateful fiends?
> I charge thee on my blessing that thou leave
> Those devils and their damnéd heresy.
> *Abigail.* Father, forgive me—
> *Barabas.* Nay, back, Abigail!
> (*Aside.*] And think upon the jewels and the gold,
> The board is markéd thus that covers it.)
> Away, accurséd, from thy father's sight.
> *Friar.* Barabas, although thou art in misbelief
> And wilt not see thine own afflictions,
> Yet let thy daughter be no longer blind.

Barabas. Blind Friar, I reck not thy persuasions!
(The board is markéd thus that covers it.)
For I had rather die than see her thus.
Wilt thou forsake me too in my distress,
Seducéd daughter! (Go, forget it not.)
Becomes it Jews to be so credulous?
(To morrow early I'll be at the door.)
No, come not at me; if thou wilt be damned,
Forget me, see me not, and so be gone.
(Farewell. Remember—to morrow morning.)
Out, out, thou wretch!"

Barabas was represented on the stage with a large Jewish nose, the actor being Edward Alleyn, who had played also Marlowe's Tamburlaine and Greene's Orlando. Mathias, a widow's son, who loves Abigail, is sad at seeing her become a nun. He sounds her praises in the ear of Lodowick, son to the Governor of Malta, who desires, therefore, to see her. So the First Act ends, without any remarkable extravagance of incident.

In the Second Act Abigail has found, and throws out at night to Barabas, the hidden bags of wealth. Martin del Bosco, Vice-Admiral of the King of Spain, now lands at Malta, his ships laden with prisoners from the Turkish galleys to be sold as slaves. He persuades the Governor against obedience to the Turks, whom the Knights of St. John, when driven from Rhodes, were placed at Malta to resist. The Governor then keeps the money taken from the Jews, resolves to refuse tribute to the Turks, will be allied with Spain. The prisoners taken from the Turks are sold in the market-place. Barabas comes to the market-place. There Lodowick, the Governor's son, seeks him out that he may have a sight of Abigail, for Don Mathias tells him she is fair. Mathias enters afterwards. The Jew of Malta feeds them both with hopes, entices them by fair words to his house for their destruction. Barabas buys a Moorish villain, Ithimore, for slave, who is to assist him in all evil deeds. When he comes home, Lodowick is at the street door. Within is Abigail, who left the nunnery when she had done her errand there. Barabas bids his daughter give encouragement to Lodowick, although she pleads love for Mathias. Ithimore admires the design of his new master for the destruction of the two young men by raising enmity between them.

The Third Act opens with a courtesan and her bully, Pi(g)lia-borsa, pick-purse, who has found his way to the bags of Barabas, but has been disturbed in rifling them—has brought only some silver. Ithimore, as

he returns from carrying forged challenges to Mathias from Lodowick and to Lodowick from Mathias, catches the eye of the courtesan. The young men fight, and Barabas, with exultation, sees them kill each other. The widowed mother of Mathias joins in lament with the Governor of Malta, Lodowick's father. The lament of Abigail for her Mathias is touched by the brutal laughter of Ithimore at the issue of her father's trick. When Abigail thus learns how the deaths of the young men were caused, she sends for a friar from the nunnery. She will forsake her father and her faith, and be a nun indeed.

After Abigail is gone, Barabas turns his love from her. He invokes death upon her while he stirs a subtle poison into the pot of rice prepared for supper. Ithimore is bidden take the poisoned rice to the dark entry where each offering to the nuns is laid, and whence they take it without seeing the messenger or asking whence it came.

The Turks send for their tribute. It is denied them, and they threaten to turn Malta into a wilderness. War is prepared. The Third Act then ends with outcry of the friars that the nuns are dead. Among them Abigail, in shrift when dying—having been first assured that secrets of confession never are betrayed—tells a friar of her father's practice against the lives of Mathias and Lodowick.

In the Fourth Act Barabas finds two friars, of different houses, who cannot conceal the fact that one of them has learnt something, in confession, of the Jew's practice against the lives of the young men. He angers the two friars against each other by setting them in competition for his gift as a repentant man who will leave all his wealth to a religious house. Friar Bernardine sleeps in the Jew's house, and is strangled on the stage by Barabas and Ithimore. They set up the dead body by the door of the house, as if alive and watching. Friar Jocomo comes later by appointment, thinks that he sees his rival watching, strikes hard, and the body falls. Barabas then delivers Friar Jocomo to justice as Bernardine's murderer, and gets him hanged.

Ithimore, enticed into the house of the courtesan, is flattered, feasted, and tells tales. He sends Pilia-borsa, the bully, to demand money again and again of Barabas, who thereby knows himself to be betrayed. Barabas goes with a lute to the house of the courtesan, disguised as a French musician, with a posy of flowers in his hat, so drugged that it is death to smell them. While he beguiles Ithimore, the courtesan, and Pilia-borsa, they rejoice together in their power over Barabas; they smell the flowers.

In the Fifth Act the Turks besiege the Governor in Malta. The courtesan and Pilia-borsa live long enough to bear witness against Barabas and Ithimore. Ithimore himself, while tortured by the poison,

confesses and confirms their evidence. Fires, irons, racks are sent for. The Widow enters with lament, wishing to see that murderer of her son. Then comes an officer to tell that the courtesan and her man and the Moor, Ithimore, are dead. So is the Jew. The body of Barabas, only seeming dead, is thrown over the walls. He had but drunk "of poppy and cold mandrake juice"—mandragora. When he wakes among the Turks, he offers to their leader, Selim Calymath, possession of the citadel—

> "for here against the sluice
> The rock is hollow, and of purpose digged
> To make a passage for the running streams
> And common channels of the citadel.
> Now, whilst you give assault unto the walls,
> I'll lead five hundred soldiers through this vault,
> And rise with them i' th' middle of the town,
> Open the gates for you to enter in;
> And by this means the city is your own.
> *Calymath.* If this be true, I'll make thee governor."

The plot succeeds, and Barabas is Governor of Malta. He offers to feast Selim Calymath and his chief Bassas at his house, and feast their soldiers in a large monastery outside the walls. Arrangements are made for a gunpowder plot. The monastery and the Turkish soldiers in it, at a given signal, actually are destroyed, before the other part of the Jew's plot is turned against himself. He had arranged a floor with cranes and pulleys that would fall when a cord was cut, and would throw those who stood on it into a boiling cauldron placed below. He showed his contrivance to the old governor for Spain, Fernese, after bargain of his price—a hundred thousand pounds—for getting rid of Selim and the Turks. In the hands of the old governor himself Barabas placed the knife that was to cut the cord when Selim and his bashaws had come to the feast and stood on the trap-floor. But Fernese sees his opportunity. He cuts the cord when no one stands upon the floor but Barabas, whose last cries of hatred against "damned Christian dogs and Turkish infidels" are uttered from the boiling cauldron. But the Turkish men have been destroyed. Selim, their leader, is therefore a prisoner in Malta till the Ottomans have ceased to claim their tribute from the Christian knights.

It was of the essence of this play to be extravagant in setting forth the hateful image of a Jew. There was an

older play of "The Jew," named by Stephen Gosson in his "School of Abuse" as setting forth "the greediness of worldly choosers and the bloody minds of usurers," which seems to have been a treatment in one play of the two fables which form the groundwork of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." Some years after the death of Marlowe we find evidence in Germany of the existence of a play in which Barabas of "The Jew of Malta" is made one with the Jew of the other play. It has, therefore, some rough features of resemblance to "The Merchant of Venice," and in the course of this piece it is to be observed that Barabas changes his name to Joseph. But if Marlowe's story of "The Jew of Malta" was based, as belike it was, upon some lost legend that turned acts of a real person into myth, as in the play of "Doctor Faustus," a real person may perhaps be found in the Spaniard, Juan Miguez, who changed his name to Joseph Nassi when he took service under the Turks and first openly professed himself to be a Jew.*

Source of "The Jew of Malta."

Juan Miguez, having lost his parents, came with his aunt, Donna Gracia, in the year 1520 from Portugal to Antwerp, where there was then more toleration of differences in religion. The family was very wealthy; Juan Miguez by marrying a great heiress, the daughter of Gracia Mendosa, added to his wealth. He felt his goods to be in danger under Christian government, removed to Venice, was accused of Judaism, and recommended by the French ambassador, De Lausac, to the great Sultan Soliman. He then settled with all his kindred in Constantinople, where he had a following of several hundred Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian Jews. In Constantinople Juan Miguez openly

* First pointed out and discussed, with valuable fulness of detail, by Leon Kellner of Vienna in a paper on "Die Quelle von Marlowe's Jew of Malta," *Englische Studien*, vol. x., 1887, pp. 80-111.

professed himself a Jew, taking the Jewish name of Josef Nassi, and in friendship with the Turks greatly enriched himself and showed his hatred of the Christians. His Jewish correspondents in all lands enabled him to give political information that was very useful to Soliman. Soliman's sons, Selim and Bajazet, were rivals for succession. Josef Nassi openly took sides with Selim, who joined his father in supporting Nassi. The King of France owed Nassi money, which he sought to escape paying because Nassi was a Jew. Soliman and his son Selim gave Josef Nassi power to levy the money due to him by Charles IX. from the ships of France in Turkish ports. Thus, in 1569, he seized goods upon French ships in the port of Alexandria, and sent to exact payments even from the French ships in Algiers. This produced differences between France and Turkey, while the rich Jew at Constantinople still had his own way. In 1565 Soliman attacked Malta, which had been held by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem since Soliman took Rhodes in 1522. Malta, however, was successfully defended by the knights, under their Grand Master, John de Valetta. After Soliman's death, in 1566, Selim, who succeeded him as Selim II., made Josef Nassi Duke of Naxos and the Cyclades.

On the seventh of October, 1571, the power of the Turks at sea was broken by the battle of Lepanto. Among tales of the Turks which then abounded there may very probably have been some legend based on the wealth and enmity to Christians of the strong Jew, Josef Nassi. Marlowe's Turkish Prince in "The Jew of Malta" is a Selim. Josef Nassi, when Duke of Naxos, urged Selim II. to break peace with Venice and attempt the conquest of the Venetian island of Cyprus. While this enterprise was in progress, the arsenal at Venice was destroyed by an explosion of gunpowder. This was, of course, said to be a contrivance of the Jews under the influence of Joseph Nassi. Therefore, a decree

was passed for the banishment of Jews from Venice, which the Venetians, through fear of their enemy, did not enforce. Historical record of this formidable Jew was in a work by Uberto Folieta, of Geneva, "*In Selimum, Libri IV.*," published at Genoa in 1587.

Marlowe's "Edward II." is the only play from English history written in Elizabeth's reign that approaches Shakespeare's level, and it was produced, probably, in 1590, some years before Shakespeare's "Richard II.," with which it has been frequently compared. Marlowe wrote "Edward II." when Shakespeare, at most, was a reviser of old plays for his fellow-actors. The piece was not printed till 1598, five years after its author's death, when it appeared as "The troublesome reigne and lamentable death of Edward the second, King of England: with the tragicall fall of proud Mortimer: And also the life and death of Peirs Gaueston, the great Earle of Cornewall, and mighty favorite of King Edward the second, as it was publiquely acted by the right honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruantes." In the shaping of his art as a writer of chronicle plays Shakespeare was much aided by the example of Marlowe, who in "Edward II." first brought this kind of play within the limits of true art. Again it is to be noted that the theme is civil war. Marlowe shaped his tale with skill from the material to be found in Fabian's Chronicle and Holinshed, with a touch or two from Stow, one being the washing of the fallen king with puddle water.

Marlowe's "Edward II."

"*Edward II.*"

The action of the play begins in 1307, at the accession of the young king, with the recall from banishment of Gaveston, his favourite. Edward I. died on the seventh of August in that year, and his son succeeded at the age of twenty-three. Edward II.'s mother, Eleanor of Castile, had died when he was seven years old, and crosses were erected on the line of march in bringing her body from Grantham to Westminster, where Charing Cross was built to mark the completion of

the journey. Fabyan records, under the year 1300, that Edward the king's son, then sixteen years old, and Piers Gaveston were imprisoned by Edward I. for breaking the park of the Bishop of Chester and riotously destroying the game in it. Piers Gaveston became the companion of Edward II. because the Gascon, his father, was good friend to Edward I.; but in the last year of Edward I., in February, 1307, a Parliament held at Lanercost banished Piers Gaveston for ever, as a corrupter of the Prince of Wales. Marlowe opens his tale of the sorrows brought by the misguided life of Edward II. with Gaveston, lately back from France, on his way to the Court, reading the new king's letter of recall—

> "My father is deceased. Come, Gaveston,
> And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend."

Gaveston's comment upon this shows his character. He will bow to the king only, and care nothing for his lords or for his people. Three poor men seek his service, one a horseman, but he has no horse; one a traveller—yes, he can serve to entertain him with lies at a feast, for Gaveston has good skill at the trencher; one a soldier, but Gaveston has no war, "and there are hospitals for such as these." By a skilful touch we are informed that Gaveston came lately out of France, and yet he has not viewed my lord the king. As for the horseman and the soldier, he says to himself—

> "These are not men for me;
> I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,
> Musicians, that with touching of a string
> May draw the pliant king which way I please."

The young king then enters with his barons. Piers Gaveston stands aside unseen by them. Their question is of Gaveston's recall, which the barons oppose, and the first words strike the note of coming conflict. When they are gone Gaveston comes forward to be welcomed by his comrade the king, and loaded with offices. Edward and Gaveston insult the Bishop of Coventry—the bishop that had been the cause of Gaveston's exile, who passes on his way to the obsequies of Edward I. He is sent by them to the Tower. The barons are then shown in resentment. The bishop's goods and the revenues of his see have been given to Gaveston, who is made an earl. The Archbishop of Canterbury sends the news to the Pope, and joins in the rebellion. Queen Isabella mourns that Edward has transferred his love for her to Gaveston. But she would have no arms levied. When young Mortimer goes with the rest of the barons and the archbishop to confirm Gaveston's banishment,

and revolt from the king if he frustrate their act, he says farewell to the queen, who replies—

> "Farewell, sweet Mortimer, and, for my sake,
> Forbear to levy arms against the king.
> *Y. Mor.* Ay, if words will serve; if not, I must."

After a touch of Gaveston's light scorn, the play shows the archbishop and the barons carrying out their purpose, forcing Gaveston from the king's side with the king's brother, Kent, who had defended him. They compel Edward to sign the decree of banishment by threat of the Archbishop of Canterbury that, as legate of the Pope, he will absolve the lords of their allegiance and depose the king. Weak passion of lament follows from Edward, who makes Gaveston governor of Ireland and will see him on his way. As they pass out, they both insult Queen Isabella grossly, tread on her tenderness towards the king, and cast her back upon young Mortimer. Until she obtains Gaveston's recall, King Edward will not again see her. By varying touches the king's weakness of character is shown, and his dependence on his minion.

The barons, entering, then find the queen in grief. They will not, for her pleading, recall Gaveston; but she talks with young Mortimer apart, and persuades him with arguments that are heard only when Mortimer repeats them. Gaveston may, with his gold, win force in Ireland. Recall him, and if his actions do not show that he knows and fears the power of the barons, who will then have the people on their side, he can be struck down. The lords assent. King Edward enters, passionate with grief. The queen, who loves him more than he can Gaveston, tells of her success in winning the repeal of Gaveston. Edward is high in delight, embraces all, kisses his queen —"O, how a kiss revives poor Isabel!"—and makes young Mortimer Lord Marshal of the Realm, and the Lord Mortimer, his uncle, general against the Scots. Gaveston shall be wedded to the Earl of Gloucester's daughter. There shall be tilt and tournament, with no cost spared: "Let's in and revel."

The weakness of Edward is shown in many ways, one being his quick passage from dejection to elation. The elder Mortimer, left with his nephew, is going to Scotland, but first counsels the younger Mortimer to cease from opposition to the king, seeing by nature he is mild and calm; his youth is flexible, and promises as much as they can wish. Let him enjoy the vain, light-headed earl till Time shall wean him from such toys. Young Mortimer is not grieved by the king, but is impatient of the upstart favourite. He gives, he says, to the changed king his service—

"But whiles I have a sword, a hand, a heart,
I will not yield to any such upstart.
You know my mind: come, uncle, let's away."

The First Act ends here, and the Second Act carries the tale on, with like smoothness in the succession of events as of a single action, from the return of Gaveston in July, 1309. The Act opens with the younger Spenser and Baldock, servants of Gloucester newly dead, prepared to serve Gaveston upon his coming; with Gloucester's daughter, who is King Edward's niece, expectant of her promised husband; and King Edward at Tynemouth eager for the landing of his minion. Edward II. puts aside the danger of attack by France on Normandy as a trifle, asks the lords their devices for the shows that shall greet Gaveston, and sees their hate of Gaveston. The king defies them. Gaveston enters, to be fondled by the king. Scorned by the barons, he returns their scorn. Lancaster offering to stab Gaveston, the king cries, "Treason! treason! Where's the traitor?" Pembroke takes Gaveston by the throat and says, "Here, here!" While men come forward at the king's command to carry the favourite away in safety, Gaveston is wounded by young Mortimer. The scene ends in civil war afoot. Old Mortimer is taken by the Scots. Young Mortimer and Lancaster, in alternation of reproach, speak their minds to the king boldly, and quote to him the disgrace of England in the jig made by the Scots on Bannockburn, that battle of June, 1314, being ante-dated a few years that it may be cited as a climax to the tale of ruin.

Left in impotent wrath, Edward is urged by his brother Kent, who has thus far steadily befriended him, to banish Gaveston. For Gaveston he casts away his brother's friendship, and Kent joins the barons. Edward defames and thrusts away the queen, but takes Spenser and Baldock into his service. Gaveston, escaped to Scarborough, is followed, taken prisoner, and condemned to death. King Edward sends the Earl of Arundel to beg that he may see Gaveston before he dies. The barons refuse till Pembroke offers to conduct him to the king and give him back. He is trusted to Pembroke's hands, but in the Third Act the Earl of Warwick seizes Gaveston. The elder Spenser brings four hundred men-at-arms to Edward, and young Spenser urges on the weak king counsels of defiance to the barons. Queen Isabel brings news to the king of the loss of Normandy, and is despatched to France with her son, Prince Edward. Arundel brings tidings of the death of Gaveston, seized by Warwick and beheaded (June 19, 1312). Edward vows vengeance, and adopts "Spenser, sweet Spenser" in Gaveston's place.

A herald from the barons in arms demands the removal of this new favourite as the price of peace. Edward embraces Spenser, and then follows the great fight at Boroughbridge that sums up the results of omitted incidents in the Barons' War, and brings the date of action in the play to the sixteenth of March, 1322. The king is victorious, Warwick and Lancaster are sent to execution, and young Mortimer to the Tower.

Queen Isabel with her son in France is seeking help for the deposition of Edward II., and Levune is sent with gold to bribe the lords of France and thwart her policy.

At the beginning of the Fourth Act Edward's brother, the Earl of Kent, with the young Mortimer, escaped from the Tower, departs for France. They find Queen Isabella mourning for the failure of her efforts. There is no hope but in the sword: "The king will ne'er forsake his flatterers." In London Edward exults. He receives letters from Levune reporting that Queen Isabella, failing with the King of France, has gone with Sir John of Hainault, Edmund of Kent, and Mortimer to Flanders, "and as constant report goeth, they intend to give King Edward battle in England, sooner than he can look for them."

Edward is ready for the fight, grieved only that his little boy is thus misled. The queen's force is at Orwell, with young Mortimer. It is victorious near Bristol. King Edward flies. His brother Edmund's heart turns back to him. The King's son is made Lord Warden of the realm. Edward, Spenser, and Baldock are taken from shelter in the abbey of Neath. King Edward must to Killingworth; his favourites, to prison and to death.

The Fifth Act opens at Killingworth with the conflicting passions of Edward at his forced resignation of the crown. The discrowned king is then removed to Berkeley; the crown is taken away from Killingworth to Mortimer and Isabel; and the young prince, made king, is taken from the kindly care of his uncle Edmund, Earl of Kent, that Isabel and Mortimer may rule through him. The discrowned king, carried across country by rude attendants, is washed with puddle water, and has his beard shaven that he may not be known. His brother Edmund finds and pities him, and is taken prisoner that he may be carried to the court, which is where Mortimer and Isabel abide. Edward II.'s murder is planned by Mortimer, now at the height of his power.

Edmund of Kent, brought before young Mortimer, is sent to execution, notwithstanding the pleading of his nephew, the fourteen-year-old King Edward III. Then follows the cruel murder of Edward II., after imprisonment for ten days in a dungeon that was the sink to which all filth of the castle ran. This brings the action

to September, 1327. The vengeance of Edward III. is then represented as immediately following the flight and confession of one of the murderers, and the head of Mortimer is brought to the royal mourner, who has it placed upon the hearse of the dead king.

In history, it was not until October, 1330, that Mortimer was seized at Nottingham Castle by Edward III. Parliament met on the twenty-sixth of November, Mortimer was impeached for misleading Queen Isabel and for the murder of the late king, for execution of the Earl of Kent, and for embezzlement of public money, and was hanged at Tyburn on the twenty-ninth of the same month. The action of the play required also that the execution of the Earl of Kent should come before the murder of the king. The kindly character of Edmund, Earl of Kent, who is alienated for a time only by his brother's infatuation for Gaveston, is all of Marlowe's shaping. The play is natural and consistent throughout in variety of circumstance. The levity of the French favourite is tempered by a real affection for King Edward. A few more touches were required to complete the indication of the character of Queen Isabel. It is clear that Marlowe meant to show the alienation of a wife's love when its fidelity was slighted, and the growth of an honest liking for young Mortimer to closer intimacy through their alliance against Gaveston, by whom the king's love was engrossed. But there is some want of gradation in that part of the character-painting. Throughout there is an artistic treatment of this tale of twenty years which gives to it the oneness of a day. There is throughout also a sense of nature in the light and shade of character that lifts Marlowe's "Edward II." high above all earlier plays of its kind. There is advance even in the diction and in the handling of the verse. All trace is gone of the extravagance of "Tamburlaine." The blank verse has gained in ease, has more variety of power, and many a passage of pure English in this play is so modulated that it is in tune with the best

music of a later generation that had built on the foundations Marlowe laid.

"Edward II." comes to us as Marlowe wrote it, free from those interpolations which clouded the design in "Faustus;" and it may be said that Marlowe gave by it his second impulse to the forward movement of the English drama. "Tamburlaine" led the way to a vigorous use of blank verse. Throughout "Edward II."—in blank verse, in shaping of the lines, the plot, the characters—art was based on nature, and Shakespeare, watching with an artist's eye the work of the dramatists about him, received from this play of Marlowe's his most fruitful lesson. Marlowe would have gone forward had he lived—far forward, had he cared to make the best use of his powers. But his age was only twenty-nine years, three months, and some days, when he was killed in the drunken brawl at Deptford. Then there lived none but Shakespeare who could carry on his work, and, starting from the vantage-ground that Marlowe reached, advance the player's imagery to the floor of heaven.

Other Works of Marlowe.

There are two works in which Marlowe had part, both of the finest touch, "The Tragedy of Dido, Queen of Carthage," written with Thomas Nash; and the poem of "Hero and Leander," finished by George Chapman. There are many lost plays of the early dramatists. Some of them are wholly lost, and some are extant without clear evidence to show who were their authors. Opinion is not evidence. Various and mutable, it is worth little regard, and is usually of least value when most confident, because confidence in doubtful things means want of judgment. But in the two parts of "Tamburlaine," in "Faustus," "The Jew of Malta," "The Massacre of Paris," and "Edward II.," we have six plays, and in "Dido" part of a seventh, to represent for Marlowe six years' work about the theatre. If his rate of production was like Shakespeare's, of about two plays in a year, he might possibly have

written five more pieces than are here accounted for. Some think that Shakespeare wrought on Marlowe's work in "Titus Andronicus." It is suggested, also, that Marlowe was author, or chief author, of the plays upon which Shakespeare worked in the final shaping of the Three Parts of "King Henry VI." I share that opinion, but it is opinion only. Of all the dramatists who supplied the London stage during Shakespeare's prentice years, Marlowe alone had that in him which could have found fellowship with the yet undiscovered genius of Shakespeare. The two young men were within a few weeks of like age, and there may very possibly have been friendship between them that made Shakespeare, the player, at first half colleague with the poet in laying down the lines of each of these three plays. It may be, also, that in the last of them he took more part as a writer, and he may then have completed his collaboration by revision of them all. If the two poets worked also together —as I think they did—upon the play of "Edward III.," hereafter to be considered, Marlowe's time will be sufficiently accounted for. There are no other known plays that we feel strongly impelled to ascribe to him; but the number is great of the lost plays eaten up by time or dispersed in the smoke of the fire of London.

"The Tragedy of Dido, Queen of Carthage."

"The Tragedy of Dido, Queen of Carthage," was first printed, in the year after Marlowe's death, as "played by the Children of her Maiesties Chappell. Written by Christopher Marlowe and Thomas Nash, Gent." It was a dainty setting of Virgil's story in the first four books of the "Æneid," and was first presented to the queen and court. Not printed until 1594, it may have been acted in 1591, at earliest, as the joint work of Nash and Marlowe. It was a joint work, not a piece that Marlowe left at his death unfinished for Nash to complete. There is no sign of a completion different in style from the beginning. Except

by the rough process of ascribing all that we regard as the best passages to Marlowe, and all that we think faulty to Nash, it is not easy to find in the texture of the piece any sure way of knowing where it is Marlowe who speaks, where it is Nash.

"*The Tragedy of Dido, Queen of Carthage*"

opens with Jupiter dandling Ganymede upon his knee, and Hermes asleep at his feet. Jove toys with the boy, is reproached by Venus with want of care for her Æneas, who wanders on the seas, and replies as in the first book of Virgil's "Æneid"—

> "Content thee Cytherea in thy care,
> Since thy Æneas' wandering fate is firm,
> Whose weary limbs shall shortly make repose
> In those fair walls I promised him of yore."

Jupiter prophesies of the new Troy, and departs with Hermes to bind the wind god, while Venus invokes the pity of Oceanus towards Æneas for her sake,

> "That erstwhile issued from thy watery loins
> And had my being from thy bubbling froth.
> Triton, I know, hath filled his trump with Troy,
> And therefore will take pity on his toil,
> And call both Thetis and Cymothoë
> To succour him in his extremity."

The scene changes to Æneas on the shore of Africa, the hunger of Ascanius, the lighting of a fire by Achates to roast the meat they find. Venus, in shape of a Tyrian maid, comes to her son, who feels a goddess in her through all mortal shroud. She tells him where he is, he tells her who he is. She bids him hasten to the court of Dido, and as she departs Æneas knows her—

> "Achates, 'tis my mother that is fled;
> I know her by the movings of her feet."

The act ends with Iarbas leading to the court of Dido other Trojans who had been cast, apart from their chief, upon the Punic shore.

In the Second Act Æneas, with Ascanius and Achates, is before the walls of Carthage, that recall to mind lost Troy. They are received hospitably, clothed and feasted. Æneas, by the side of Dido, tells the

story of the fall of Troy as in the second book of the "Æneid," while "*conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant.*" The tale is told in the play with hurrying force that suggests the energies of Marlowe; and when the deaths of Hecuba and Priam come to be told, and to Æneas "*sævus circumstitit horror,*" it is not beside a poet's purpose to represent excitement rising into words of passionate exaggeration, where reason is for a time swept on the storm. I do not think we are to see Nash, with a cool sense of burlesque, interpolating the description of the killing of Priam, while Hecuba, the frantic queen, leapt on the face of the murderer—

> "And in his eyelids hanging by the nails,
> A little while prolonged her husband's life.
> At last the soldiers pulled her by the heels
> And swung her howling in the empty air."

At the close of the Second Act of the English play, Venus brings Cupid to become a changeling for Ascanius, that Dido may nurse Cupid unawares, and have her breast touched with his arrow-head. The lines in which this fancy is developed are akin to the lines of Marlowe's poem of the "Passionate Shepherd to his Love"; "*Exeunt all except* Ascanius, *whom* Venus, *entering with* Cupid *at another door, takes by the sleeve as he is going off*—

"*Venus.* Fair child, stay thou with Dido's waiting maid;
I'll give thee sugar-almonds, sweet conserves,
A silver girdle and a golden purse,
And this young prince shall be thy playfellow.
Ascanius. Are you Queen Dido's son?
Cupid. Ay, and my mother gave me this fine bow.
Ascanius. Shall I have such a quiver and a bow?
Venus. Such bow, such quiver, and such golden shafts,
Will Dido give to sweet Ascanius.
For Dido's sake I take thee in my arms,
And stick these spangled feathers in thy hat;
Eat comfits in mine arms, and I will sing. [*Sings.*
Now is he fast asleep; and in this grove,
Amongst green brakes, I'll lay Ascanius,
And strew him with sweet-smelling violets,
With blushing roses, purple hyacinth:
These milk-white doves shall be his sentronels,
Who, if that any seek to do him hurt,
Will quickly fly to Cytherea's fist."

In the Third Act Dido fondles Cupid, whom she thinks to be Ascanius. He works his charm. Iarbas loves Dido in vain, Anna loves Iarbas in vain, and Dido, touched in the breast by Cupid, is troubled by love-passion for Æneas. Venus and Juno, over Ascanius asleep among the roses, dispute, and then agree to join endeavours to hold Æneas in Carthage, bound by love of Dido. Juno will help with a drenching storm, when Dido and Æneas ride a-hunting in the woods. In the company of the hunters, Iarbas is vexed by the neglect of Dido. Dido and her sister, Anna, delight themselves with the pomp of Cupid, whom they take to be the child Ascanius, with his hunt-spear in his hand. The storm breaks, and Æneas, sharing with Dido shelter of the cave, binds himself,

> "While Dido lives and rules in Juno's town,
> Never to like or love any but her."

The Fourth Act begins after the sudden clearing of the storm. Æneas and Dido, leaving the cave, meet Iarbas, who desires to be rid of his rival. Iarbas sacrifices to Jove. He prays Jove to redress his wrongs and warn Æneas to his ships. Anna tries in vain to suggest to Iarbas that she can give him honey for her sister's gall. Æneas, warned in dreams, will sail to Italy. Dido sends Anna to call him back. He returns, and is reconquered. The Queen of Carthage gives Æneas crown and sceptre, and, to make more sure, causes his oars to be broken and the tackling taken from his ships. Then an old nurse, bidden take the child Ascanius (changeling Cupid) to her home, tells him—

> "I have an orchard that hath store of plums,
> Brown almonds, services, ripe figs, and dates,
> Dewberries, apples, yellow oranges;
> A garden where are bee-hives full of honey,
> Musk-roses, and a thousand sort of flowers;
> And in the midst doth run a silver stream,
> Where thou shalt see the red-gilled fishes leap,
> White swans, and many lovely water flowers."

The child will go, but he is weary; will nurse carry him? Then the old woman takes Cupid in her arms, and has the magic touch upon her bosom. With its effect upon her the Act ends. She will have a husband—

> "*Cupid.* A husband, and no teeth!
> *Nurse.* O what mean I to have such foolish thoughts!
> Foolish is love, a toy.—O sacred love!
> If there be any heaven in earth, 'tis love—

Especially in women of your years,
Blush, blush for shame! Why shouldst thou think of love?
A grave and not a lover fits thy age.—
A grave! Why I may live a hundred years;
Fourscore is but a girl's age; love is sweet.—
My veins are withered, and my sinews dry:
Why do I think of love, now I should die?

Cupid. Come, nurse.

Nurse. Well, if he come a-wooing, he shall speed:
O how unwise was I to say him nay! [*Exeunt.*"

The Fifth Act begins with Æneas planning to make Carthage a new Troy, when Hermes brings to him the awakened Ascanius and reminds him that by Jove's command he must to Italy. Iarbas meets the difficulty of the loss of tackle; he will find magnificently all that is desired to speed the parting guest. Then Dido fears. She pleads in vain against the bidding of the gods. In spite of her lament, Æneas is aboard. The nurse comes to report that the child given into her charge has vanished. Dido interprets this disappearance of the changeling Cupid, as a taking away of Ascanius to the ships. Anna describes to her sister the departure of Æneas. Then Dido prepares her funeral pile. When she has thrown herself into the flames, Iarbas stabs himself and dies to expiate the grief that tires upon his inward soul: "Dido, I come to thee!—Ay me, Æneas!" Anna then mixes her blood with his: "Now, sweet Iarbas, stay! I come to thee. [*Stabs herself and dies.*"] So ends "The Tragedy of Dido."

"Hero and Leander."

Marlowe's dainty love-poem of "Hero and Leander," based on the poem ascribed to Musæus, has no equal in our literature as expression of the honest mind of youth stirred by the bodily delights of love. It is a piece of exquisite embroidery that shows in successive pictures the first coming of love between two fair creatures, and its growth to full fruition. So much of Marlowe's poem is complete, and there it ends. Only the fatal issue of the love remained untold. Marlowe's poem is not a translation. It weaves new work on the old web. The blank verse in "The Tragedy of Queen Dido" was so delicately handled in the manner of lines written for rhyme that

it had much of the effect of rhyme. In "Hero and Leander" rhyme is added, and the musical couplets follow one another with an easy grace, all jewelled. Happy conceits representing all forms of the lover's fancy, shrewd mottoes of love, and rhymes that would make posies worth more than the ring that bore them; sweet words that fall as music on a lover's ear, and golden phrases carrying Apollo's image to pass current as the true coin of the realm of love, make this fragment of "Hero and Leander" a perpetual feast of nectared sweets, from a philosophy but half divine, confined to the ideal of an earthly love. Marlowe had written the larger half of his work, and it was published five years after his death, without any suggestion of division into parts, as "Hero and Leander, by Christopher Marloe. Printed by Adam Islip for Edward Blunt." But in the same year, 1598, it was issued again as "Hero and Leander: Begun by Christopher Marloe; and finished by George Chapman. *Ut Nectar, Ingenium.* Printed by Felix Kingston for Paule Linley." Chapman's additions will be considered afterwards when Chapman has come into the story. It is only to be said now that he arranged the work, as prolonged by him, in six parts, which he called "Sestiads," and that of his six sestiads Marlowe's work formed the first two.

Chapman's style swayed in the direction of the later euphuism, laboured and clouded, which, towards the close of Elizabeth's reign, began to show itself in English poetry. But in Marlowe there is no obscurity. His boldest flights of fancy are at once clear to the reader; for they are not thought out abstrusely, but spring freshly and naturally as the living thoughts of a true poet's mind.

Love-fancies in "Hero and Leander" first set forth how "lovely-fair was Hero, Venus' nun," and next there is described, in the same strain, "amorous Leander, beautiful and young." At the yearly feast of Adonis kept by the men

of Sestos, Hero, sacrificing turtles' blood to Venus on a silver altar, was first seen by Leander in the temple. He ventured speech with her, reasoned of love to willing ears, and stirred within her a confusion of first love with maidenly reserve—

> "So having paused a while at last she said,
> 'Who taught thee rhetoric to deceive a maid?
> Ay me, such words as these should I abhor,
> And yet I like them for the orator.'
> With that Leander stooped to have embraced her,
> But from his spreading arms away she cast her,
> And thus bespake him, 'Gentle youth, forbear
> To touch the sacred garments which I wear.
> Upon a rock, and underneath a hill,
> Far from the town (where all is whist and still,
> Save that the sea, playing on yellow sand,
> Sends forth a rattling murmur to the land,
> Whose sound allures the golden Morpheus
> In silence of the night to visit us),
> My turret stands; and there, God knows, I play
> With Venus' swans and sparrows all the day.
> A dwarfish beldam bears me company,
> That hops about the chamber where I lie,
> And spends the night, that might be better spent,
> In vain discourse and apish merriment:—
> Come thither.' As she spake this, her tongue tripped,
> For unawares 'Come thither' from her slipped;
> And suddenly her former colour changed
> And here and there her eyes through anger ranged;
> And, like a planet moving several ways
> At one self instant, she, poor soul, assays,
> Loving, not to love at all, and every part
> Strove to resist the motions of her heart;
> And hands so pure, so innocent, nay such
> As might have made Heaven stoop to have a touch,
> Did she uphold to Venus."

In the last six or seven lines of that passage we see very distinctly an approach towards the style of which Donne, in the reign of James I., was the favourite exemplar.

A little earlier in the poem, when it describes Leander first enamoured suddenly, there comes the line quoted by Shakespeare in "As You Like It," written between 1598 and 1600—

> "Dead shepherd, now I know thy saw of might,
> Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?"

This is its context—

> "It lies not in our power to love or hate,
> For will in us is over ruled by fate,
> When two are stript, long ere the course begin
> We wish that one should lose, the other win:
> And one especially do we affect
> Of two gold ingots, like in each respect:
> The reason no man knows, let it suffice,
> What we behold is censured by our eyes.
> Where both deliberate, the love is slight;
> Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?"

First Book of Lucan.

A translation by Christopher Marlowe of the first book of Lucan into blank verse was printed in the year 1600, uniform with that year's edition of "Hero and Leander," and meant to be sold with it.

"The Passionate Shepherd to his Love."

Shakespeare quoted Marlowe, also, in the beginning of the Third Act of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," when Sir Hugh Evans, full of cholers and trembling of mind and melancholies, awaits a duel, and quavers, with confusion of memory, lines from "The Passionate Shepherd to his Love." This piece was first printed, in 1599, as "The Passionate Pilgrim," without the fourth and sixth stanzas, and then printed complete, with Marlowe's name attached, in "England's Helicon":—

> "Come live with me and be my love,
> And we will all the pleasures prove
> That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
> Woods or steepy mountain yields.

"And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

"And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cup of flowers and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

"A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

"A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
An if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

"The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love." *

In the burial register of the parish church of St. Nicholas, Deptford, is this entry: "Christopher Marlow, slain by ffrancis Archer, the 1 of June 1593." Several differing accounts bring theologic hate into imagined details of the slaying of young Marlowe. There seems to be no room for doubt that Marlowe yielded to the temptations of tavern life, when taverns were the common meeting-places of the wits; and that he was accused of blasphemy because he wrote or spoke—Sir William Vaughan said he had written a book—against the doctrine of the Trinity. This was the account given of Marlowe's

The Death of Marlowe.

* Sharing the spell upon the mind that is in every familiar word of this old song, I feel like a dunce when suggesting that there may be two original misprints in it, of "cup" for "cap," and of "fair-lined" for "fur-lined."

death by Sir William Vaughan in "The Golden Grove, moralized in three Bookes," and first published in 1600—

"Not inferiour to these was one Christopher Marlow, by profession a play-maker, who, as is reported, about 14 yeres ago wrote a booke against the Trinitie. But see the effects of God's justice! It so happened that at Detford, a little village about three miles distant from London, as he meant to stab with his ponyard one named Ingram that had inuited him thither to a feast and was then playing at tables, hee quickly perceyving it, so avoyded the thrust, that withall drawing out his dagger for his defence, hee stabd this Marlow into the eye, in such sort that his braynes comming out at the dagger's point, hee shortly after dyed. Thus did God, the true executioner of diuine iustice, worke the end of impious atheists."

This way of taking God's name in vain used to be very common. The only particular in which we have means of testing the accuracy of Sir William Vaughan's record is the name of the person who killed Marlowe, and he gives it wrong. To one who knew the poet better, he was "kynde Kit Marloe." And I must think that Shakespeare knew Kit Marlowe as a friend, looking only to the nature of the men, the fact that they were brought often together by their duties at the theatre, and the indications of joint work upon "King Henry VI."

Another poet-friend of Shakespeare's—Michael Drayton—who had fire in his own verse and sweetness too, thus defined Marlowe's rare genius when a generation had passed since his death:

"Next Marlowe, bathéd in the Thespian springs,
Had in him those brave translunary things
That the first poets had; his raptures were
All air and fire, which made his verses clear;
For that fine madness did he still retain
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

CHAPTER V.

SHAKESPEARE'S "KING RICHARD III." AND "KING JOHN."

"KING RICHARD III." completes the Civil War series of the Three Parts of "King Henry VI.," and is probably the earliest historical play of which Shakespeare alone was the author. There was an older play of which Shakespeare made no use, entitled "The True Tragedy of Richard the Third: wherein is shown the death of Edward the Fourth, with the smothering of the two young Princes in the Tower: with a lamentable end of Shore's wife, an example for all wicked women. And lastly, the conjunction and joining of the two noble houses, Lancaster and York. As it was played by the Queen's Majesty's Players." This old piece was first printed in 1594, and was then evidently of older date. It has been suggested that, as it includes references to contemporary events, and does not refer to the Spanish Armada, the play must have been written before 1588. Its form certainly indicates an undeveloped state of the drama, and it has interest of its own as one of the earliest historical plays in our printed literature. There was also a Latin play on "Richard III." by Dr. Legge, acted at Cambridge before 1583, which has no likeness to Shakespeare's.

Shakespeare's "King Richard III."

Of Shakespeare's "Richard III." there are four quartos, each giving it "as it hath been lately acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his servants." The title in each is the same: "The Tragedy of King Richard the

Third. Containing, His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pitiful murther of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death." The first quarto, dated in 1597, was printed by Valentine Sims for Andrew Wise. The second quarto, dated in 1598, was printed by Thomas Creede for Andrew Wise. So was the third quarto, dated in 1602. The fourth quarto, dated in 1605, was printed by Thomas Creede and sold by Matthew Lowe, to whom the play had been assigned on the twenty-seventh of June, 1603. The next edition was that of the first folio of 1623. But there were afterwards at least three more reprints of the quartos—namely, in 1624, 1629, and 1634.

The first actor of the part of Richard III. was Richard, one of the two sons of James Burbage. An elegy upon Burbage's death—which was two years later than Shakespeare's—speaks of his Richard III., his Hamlet, Romeo, Macbeth, Shylock. He was small of stature, but, says the elegy—

> "What a wide world was in that little space!
> Thyself a world—the Globe thy fittest place.
> Thy stature small, but every thought and mood
> Might throughly from thy face be understood;
> And his whole action he could change with ease
> From ancient Lear to youthful Pericles."

Corbet tells in his "*Iter Boreale*" how his host at Leicester turned Richard III. into Richard Burbage, for

> "When he would have said 'King Richard' died,
> And called, 'A horse! a horse!' he 'Burbage' cried."

The great success of the play was in part due, no doubt, to Burbage's acting; and the character of Richard gives such wide range for the illustration of an actor's power that "Richard III." has had special vitality upon the stage.

A play is to an actor welcome or unwelcome as it does or does not enable him to show the glory of his art. Richard III., who is the nearest approach made by Shakespeare to the suggestion of an incarnate spirit of evil, is gifted in large measure with that which Spenser made the chief attribute of Archimago—the Devil, Father of Wiles,—Hypocrisy. Shakespeare's Richard wears many masks, and every change makes a new call on the powers of the actor.

Although much in the general aspect of this play allies it to the earlier Elizabethan drama, the clearness with which Shakespeare shows all its parts from his own chosen point of sight at once brings it within the range of Shakespeare's higher work. If he did not himself write some lines of the last speech of Gloster in the Third Part of "King Henry VI."—as I believe he did, although the lines occur in "The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York"—he fastened upon them, and drew from them the main idea of his tragedy of "Richard III.," that was to close the sequence of these Civil War plays with the union of the White Rose and the Red.

"I have no brother," said Richard—

> "I have no brother; I am like no brother;
> And this word 'Love,' which grey-beards call divine,
> Be resident in men like one another,
> And not in me: I AM MYSELF ALONE."

In the play of

"*Richard III.*"

Shakespeare works out the conception of a life where no compunctious visitings of nature, no regard for God or one's neighbour, stays the course of action in a man entirely bent on the aggrandisement of self. Richard's one object of desire is to attain the crown. Whatever may to other men be dear or sacred is to him nothing, if it be not matter to his purpose. If it concern him, then he plays upon it with hypocrisy to gain some step towards his end, or makes his way over its ruin.

Of the First Act, Richard's murder of his brother Clarence is the theme. In asides and soliloquies we hear him thinking. In them he

triumphs over those whom he betrays, and we have disclosed to us the hard features beneath his mask. Contrasted changes in the form of his hypocrisy show him first false to his brother, then false in his courtship to the Lady Anne, whom he wins by soft flattery, and mocks within himself, when he has won her, with a devil's scorn. Then in the scene at the palace the mask of the smooth suitor has a new form of hypocrisy; he takes the voice and face of the bluff, honest, ill-used man, "too childish-foolish for this world." Use is then made of Queen Margaret as a Cassandra, and her prophecies of ill for ill, in fullest retribution, are as a Fate that dominates throughout the later action of the play. Then follows, in the murder of his brother, the destruction of one bar between Richard and the throne.

The Second Act has for chief theme the death of Edward IV., which brings Richard closer to his single object of desire—the crown. False peace, with malice in its words, falsehood in other forms, cloaked with hypocrisy—to the children, to his mother, to Buckingham, his friend,—show Richard full of danger, as the citizens believe who speak of Edward's death. Says one of them—

> "By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
> Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
> The water swell before a boist'rous storm.—
> But leave it all to God."

In the Third Act the throne is won by murder and hypocrisy. Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan are swept away. Hastings, triumphing in their fate, blindly meets his own. Religion is the last mask worn to win the crown.

In the Fourth Act, since Edward's children live, the cup of iniquity is filled full by the usurper's murder of the children. The Act is opened with the tender wail of women, and there comes with it an indication that even Richard, who has shut out of his heart regard for God and man, cannot shut out the thoughts by which his dreams are tortured. Hard cruelty, false friendship, that throws Buckingham aside when he is no more helpful to selfish ends, precede the joining in one thought the murder of the children in the Tower with the marrying of their sister Elizabeth. The marriage may make sure the holding of the crown, for which end, therefore, he is also preparing to destroy his wife Anne. The reader's mind is filled with the pity of the murder of the children. Then Margaret is again upon the scene, the wail of women is renewed, the day of retribution is at hand. As Richard marches to meet

Richmond the wail of the women rises to a curse, and the close of it is the curse of his mother.

When Richard, after this, uses his cloak of hypocrisy to secure his desired union with the young Princess Elizabeth, and succeeds in the temptation of her mother, he can swear to his sincerity by nothing that he had not dishonoured and profaned—

"*K. Rich.* Now, by the world——
Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
K. Rich. My father's death——
Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonoured.
K. Rich. Then, by MYSELF.
Q. Eliz. THYSELF IS SELF MISUSED."

In the Fifth Act, which fulfils Margaret's curse and brings home full retribution, when the two tents of Richard and Richmond are shown side by side (Richard committing himself to his earthly guards, and Richmond committing himself, before he sleeps, in prayer to God), again the motive of the play has vigorous expression. Richard, awaking in fear from his tortured sleep, exclaims—

"What, do I fear myself? There's none else by.
RICHARD LOVES RICHARD, THAT IS, I AM I."

Richmond, in exhorting his men before the fight, says—

"God and our good cause fight upon our side."

Richard has no such note in exhortation. He says—

"Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law."

Grant that there can be a man dead to all sympathies and sense of kin, whose only creed is "I am I"—whose actions are absolutely selfish, unrestrained by pity, love, or fear—and Shakespeare's "King Richard III." sets forth the tragedy of such a death in life.

Shakespeare's play of "King John" was first published in the folio of 1623. It was written certainly before 1598, as it is in the list of Shakespeare's plays given that year in Meres's "*Palladis Tamia*." There is no internal evidence that can be relied upon for a determination of the year in which

Shakespeare's "King John."

"King John" was written; but in attempting to arrange the plays in Meres's list in the order of production, "King John" falls most readily into the earlier half of the time to be accounted for.

The placing of other plays written before 1598, so far as it can be inferred from any facts, does, I believe, corroborate the conjecture that in course of production of the plays founded on English history "King John" followed "Richard III." and preceded "Richard II." Allowance having been made for other plays that were among the earliest, we might reasonably suppose "King John" to have been written in 1594 or 1595. But this is a guess.

Shakespeare's "King John" was founded upon a preceding play that was first printed in 1591, and as its Prologue refers to the popularity of Marlowe's "Tamburlaine," it may possibly have been written in 1587 or 1588. That was the time of the great struggle against Spain. The year 1588 was the year of the Spanish Armada. The old play was very strong in its antagonism to the Catholic cause for which Spain battled, and strong in expression of the sense that nothing but division among its people could make England fear a foreign power. In 1588 Shakespeare was twenty-four years old, and had been for a year or two learning his art among the players. There was a strong popular element in the old play of "King John," and Shakespeare had seen how it was received. The year of its first printing was the year in which Shakespeare was on the point of advancing to the free use of his powers. Shakespeare, as he now lives among us, may be said to have begun work in 1591-2, from which date his time of production was extended over about twenty years. "King John" may belong, perhaps, to the third or fourth year in the twenty, when Shakespeare's age was about thirty-one.

The old play of "The Troublesome Reign of King John" remains to us. It was popular enough to be

printed again in 1611 and in 1622; thus it was three times published before the first printing of Shakespeare's "King John" in the folio of 1623. If Shakespeare did not write his own play with the book of the old play before him, he wrote with the old play, as it had been acted, fully present to his mind. He follows it in his own way from first to last. The old play is not bad. It has energy, has in it the temper of an English patriot in the days of the Armada, and abounds in rhetoric of passion. It passes through the mind of Shakespeare, and its metal is transmuted.

Here, then, we have Shakespeare with his own method so far developed that a comparison of his "King John" with the old lines on which it was distinctly built is one of the best possible aids to a study of the strong foundations of his power.

One source of strength in the play is the harmony produced by a clear reference of all its parts to the point of view from which the whole picture is taken. The point of view in every play of Shakespeare's is some strength or weakness of our common humanity that lies at the heart of life, and helps or hinders in the battle we have all to fight. He never founds a play upon a mere philosophical subtlety, or a historical theory, or anything that is not common to the humanity of rich and poor, gentle and simple—that cannot, in short, speak to us all. His are the truths of life that speak to us who live. In the story of

"*King John*,"

the point upon which Shakespeare fixed attention was expediency as a motive of action; there moves throughout the play

> "That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,
> Commodity, the bias of the world."

The play begins, in its old form as in Shakespeare, with a son who finds it expedient to defame his mother that he may obtain possession

of his father's lands; and in the old form, as in Shakespeare, there are two cases of solemn swearing, followed in half an hour by solemn counter-swearing, each at the bidding of expediency and not of right. Shakespeare, observing this, drew from it the keynote of his play. The writer of the older play had not observed this, and had no such keynote. When we have learned the harmonies of Shakespeare's "King John," no force of a strained ingenuity can help us to read them into the earlier play. Its author only felt that he had good scope for action and passion in a play that would give occasion for much battering at the Pope and the monks, and much assertion of the strength of England if all Englishmen would hold together. Now, it is not one of the fundamental truths of life that the Pope is a "Pagan full of pride," or that a monk is treacherous, or that an Englishman is a great creature. Shakespeare silences the whole battery of class hatred. But he loved his country, and often emphatically spoke his love, and he did not remove his hand from the suggestion of strength in union that arose incidentally from the last part of the story of the play; indeed, he summed it all up in its closing lines, which said—

> "Come the three corners of the world in arms
> And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
> If England to itself remain but true."

England true to itself—a life true to itself: does that mean following the whisper of the smooth-faced gentleman, Commodity, Expediency, when he rounds us in the ear, or does it mean God and the Right —Right for its own sake only? In "Julius Cæsar," Shakespeare takes the noblest example in all history of evil done that good may follow, and shows the tragedy of that mistake in the first principles of human action.

In "King John" there is first the defiance of France in the maintenance of an unjust claim. Shakespeare marks clearly, at the first, his intention to represent John as the false royalty, as afterwards in Arthur he as clearly represents the true. "Our strong possession and our right for us," says John. To which his mother replies—

> "Your strong possession, much more than your right,
> Or else it must go wrong with you and me.
> So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
> Which none but Heaven and you and I shall hear."

Shakespeare then follows the older play in representing the claim of Robert Faulconbridge, who shames his mother for a gain of land; and

Philip Faulconbridge, as bastard son of Cœur-de-Lion, takes his place among the followers of John. His place in the old play was a large one; the poet dwelt upon his antagonism to the Arch-Duke of Austria, whose captive Cœur-de-Lion had been, and who wears the dead Cœur-de-Lion's lion-hide. This, which was part of the substance of the earlier play, Shakespeare treats with a few touches, confined to a dozen scattered sentences. Shakespeare's Faulconbridge is a blunt soldier, faithful and fearless, with no nice conscience, but a rough natural sense of what is firm and square. Such a man, in whom there are no turnings and windings, Shakespeare uses as a person of the story who serves as a foil to the men of low and secret policy;—as Fortinbras, the man of action without thought, is foil to Hamlet, the man of thought without action;—and the Bastard, by his comments upon their tortuous ways, becomes now and then a sort of chorus to the play.

In the Second Act, before the walls of Angiers, France and Austria come with Arthur and his mother, Constance, as protectors of the right of the true king. Austria will not return till Arthur's right has been made good, and declares—

> "The peace of Heaven is theirs that lift their swords
> In such a just and charitable war."

The King of France, when asked by John from whom he has his commission, answers solemnly—

> "From the supernal Judge, that stirs good thoughts
> In any breast of strong authority
> To look into the blots and stains of right,
> That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy."

To the citizens of Angiers the King of France also declares that he is champion sworn to defend Arthur's rights:—

> "Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
> Is most divinely vowed upon the right
> Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
> Son to the elder brother of this man,
> And king o'er him and all that he enjoys:
> For this down-trodden equity, we tread
> In warlike march these greens before your town."

The last words of the king at the close of the scene are "God and our right!"

The citizens of Angiers, summoned to yield to each antagonist, and keeping their gates barred until they know which can make good his claim, are in danger of being attacked by both :—

> "France, shall we knit our powers,
> And lay this Angiers level with the ground,
> Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?"

Then appears that smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity, on the town walls, in the form of a citizen of Angiers, who suggests a compromise by which either side may win a personal advantage. Let the Dauphin Lewis marry Blanche, who is niece to England, and let provinces that are part of the heritage of Arthur pass again to France as dower. That is an expedient arrangement. In a few minutes "God and our right" are forgotten, the compact that shuts Arthur out is made, and all haste to the wedding, leaving Faulconbridge to sum up as chorus :—

> "Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
> John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
> Hath willingly departed with a part;
> And France, whose armour Conscience buckled on,
> Whom Zeal and Charity brought to the field
> As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
> With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
> That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,
> Commodity, the bias of the world;
> The world, who of itself is peiséd well
> Made to run even, upon even ground,
> Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
> This sway of motion, this Commodity,
> Makes it——"

and so forth.

The Third Act begins with the curse of Constance on the marriage vows :—

> "A widow cries: be husband to me, heavens:
> Let not the hours of this ungodly day
> Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
> Set armèd discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
> Hear me! O, hear me!"

Discord enters in the person of Cardinal Pandulph. For his plunder of the Church, John is threatened with excommunication. He defies

the Pope's authority over a king of England in stout words. But Shakespeare, while he puts them in his mouth, has mainly in view a reversal to come, at the bidding of expediency, when John will be shown humbly taking his crown from the Pope at Pandulph's hands. It is not in the strong defiance of the Pope that the thought of the play here lies, but in the fact that all these brave words are to be eaten abjectly, as soon as it appears to John that he can get for himself by submission to the Pope what he is afraid he shall lose by resistance. The more emphatic and earnest his protest, the more his heart goes with his defiance, the more complete the illustration of the power of that smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity. King John is not true to himself.

Pandulph's demand that, on pain of excommunication, Philip of France let go the hand of John, is supported by the Dauphin's plea of expediency—

> "Bethink you, father; for the difference
> Is purchase of the heavy curse from Rome,
> Or the light loss of England for a friend;
> Forego the easier."

The vows are broken almost as soon as sworn. War becomes peace, peace becomes war, at each new turn of the weathercock that points to private gain. The chance of renewed war gives John the advantage. Arthur becomes his prisoner, and the smooth-faced gentleman suggests at once the expediency of murder. Arthur in the old play reasons out his right in set terms. In Shakespeare's play he is the opposite to John. John's is the false royalty that seeks ill gains by following, without regard to right, at every point the way that seems to lead to earthly profit. Arthur's is the true royalty of life, that lies in simple, childlike innocence and the strong spirit of unselfish love. Almost the first words of Arthur in the play are of flinching from the feuds and hatreds that surround him—

> "Good my mother, peace!
> I would that I were low laid in my grave:
> I am not worth this coil that's made for me."

When he is made prisoner in the battle, his thought is not for himself, but

> "O, this will make my mother die with grief!"

Yet, fresh from sight of the mother's grief, Pandulph suggests to France the great commodity there is in the child's murder. John will certainly murder Arthur. That is a good thing for them. England will turn

from John, and then will come to France the opportunity of gain. So the Act ends with the murder of Arthur, who represents the cause of right and the true spirit of love and innocence, planned by John, and anticipated by those who had called themselves his champions, with equal relish, there being on each side arguments of Commodity.

In the Fourth Act the touching scene between Hubert and Arthur brings into clearest light the true royalty of life, as it is in every soul that can enter the kingdom of God as one of these little ones. The words of Arthur breathe still a childlike innocence and the pure spirit of love.

When the nobles ask liberty for Arthur, are told of his death, and turn from John to become rebels, inviting aid from France, Commodity has tempted them to bring the common enemy into their country for their own advantage in domestic feud. John repents of a murder that has not brought him the expected gain; but when he learns that Arthur lives, his first thought is not of a conscience relieved. Commodity points instantly to the advantage to be got, and his cry is—

> "Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers:
> Throw this report on their incenséd rage,
> And make them tame to their obedience."

Arthur falls in attempting his escape from prison walls, and the true royalty lies bleeding on the stones. He is found dead by the peers, who are deaf, therefore, to John's plea.

In the Fifth Act, Commodity brings John to humble yielding of his crown into the Pope's hand, that he may receive it again from Pandulph, and gain thereby the influence of Pandulph in staying the invasion by the French, in league with the rebellious English lords. The breath that blew the coal wants power to quench the fire. War is a-foot. The Dauphin and the French join with the English nobles, and swear league before the altar at Bury St. Edmunds. Their battle is half won, when the English learn that the oath was, for commodity, unsworn by the French within the hour when it was sworn. Before they left that altar, the French had vowed that the rebellious nobles should not live a day beyond the victory they helped to win, since traitors to one sovereign could not be trusted by another. The nobles change their side, and change the issue of the conflict. But Commodity had suggested to a monk a great advantage to the Church in putting out of the way a monarch who found it expedient to plunder churches. At last, therefore, in the person of a monk, Commodity destroys King John.

Thus it is that unity of design is to be found in the main structure and

in every detail of Shakespeare's work. Men false to their country make ill compacts with the enemy, looking only to the moment's fair show of expediency. So do men false to their conscience, in which the true self speaks. Right, for its own sake, is the aim of life, whatever the smooth-faced gentleman may say. And we may very easily translate the last lines of "King John" from the general into the particular; for

> "Nought shall make him rue,
> If Quivis to himself remain but true."

CHAPTER VI.

"THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA," "THE COMEDY OF ERRORS," "LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST."

"THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA" may have been Shakespeare's first original comedy. It is the first named in the list given by Meres, who follows it with "The Comedy of Errors" and "Love's Labour's Lost." These three certainly were earlier than the other comedies named in 1598. One or two of them, produced in 1591-92, would answer well to Henry Chettle's phrase, "facetious grace," associated with the writing of Shakespeare when, in his "Kind-hart's Dream," he expressed regret for having allowed, as Robert Greene's literary executor, a sneer against Shakespeare to be printed.

"The Two Gentlemen of Verona."

"The Two Gentlemen of Verona," which was among the first, if not the first, of Shakespeare's original plays, was first printed in the folio of 1623, the first edition of Shakespeare's collected works. It is there given as the second comedy in the collection, which does not attempt chronological order, and places "The Tempest" first. Theories have been formed that associate changes in the character of Shakespeare's plays with changes in the poet's temperament during the course of life. But there is no real change in the character of the plays except such as arises from the growth of power. In that respect the difference is very great between "King

Lear" and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." Shakespeare's view of life is the same throughout, and his method as a dramatist, from first to last, differs only by advance in thoroughness. Every play represents some problem of life and its solution. All through his plays we learn the spiritual rule of three, by which alone the problems of life can be solved: Love God; love your neighbour; do your work. All through his plays we have evil shown as only overcome by good. When, as in "Romeo and Juliet," in "The Merchant of Venice," in "As You Like It," discords of human life are especially set forth, it is always to show Love as the healing power. Some suppose that "The Tempest" was Shakespeare's last play. Certainly, it was written after 1603. In "The Tempest" Prospero, robbed of his rule in Milan, and cast adrift upon the sea by his own brother in league with his inveterate enemy the King of Naples, uses magic power that would have sufficed to keep him independent of the world to reconcile it to himself. When he might revenge himself upon those who have done him wrong by sending them all to the bottom of the sea, he uses his art only to conquer hate with love, unite his daughter to the heir of Naples, and bring the king and others who had done him wrong to the repentance that is at once followed by full reconciliation. In that late, if not last, play, Prospero says of those who had done ill to him—

> "Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
> Yet with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
> Do I take part. The rarer action is
> In virtue, than in vengeance: they being penitent,
> The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
> Not a frown farther."

In this early, if not first, play, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," Proteus is unfaithful. He is false to his mistress and false to his friend. At the close of the play, when he

has sunk lowest, he repents, and full forgiveness follows instantly :

"*Proteus.* My shame and guilt confound me.—
Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender 't here : I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.
Valentine. Then I am paid ;
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of Heaven nor earth ; for these are pleased ;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeased."

The unity preserved by Shakespeare in artistic treatment of each play is of a kind that also makes each play a part of a great whole. In Shakespeare's works we have the life of man set to right music. All the variety of life is there, and Shakespeare's music follows everywhere those laws of the best science of harmony which were set forth in the Sermon on the Mount.

The method is the same in Shakespeare's earlier and later plays, although with time and experience it gathers force. In "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" the theme is Constancy, Fidelity.

"O Heaven, were man
But constant, he were perfect : that one error
Fills him with faults ; makes him run through all sins :
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins."

Use is made even of the dog as a type of fidelity in fitting the clown's part to the play; but as the dog's fidelity to Launce could not be shown in the story, Shakespeare has put in place of it Launce's unflinching fidelity to his dog. He takes a whipping that should have gone to the dog : "How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed ; I have stood on

the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for 't: thou think'st not of this now." Shakespeare did not, like Marlowe, put away the clown in which his public delighted, but he bade him speak the words set down for him, and gave him words that brought him within bounds of the thought and action of the play.

"*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*"

(friends, named—one, from association with an old February custom, Valentine, for he is a faithful lover; the other, from the old god who could take many shapes, Proteus, for he is unfaithful), are set in a story that grows out of the unfaithfulness of Proteus. Proteus is the one unfaithful person in the story, and he is met everywhere by examples of fidelity. He plays false, and hears the right note struck constantly by those about him.

In the First Act the friendship is shown, with the love of Proteus for Julia. Valentine, not pledged yet to any lady, is sent by his father to the Court at Milan. The father of Proteus resolves that he also shall go to the Court at Milan.

The Second Act shows at Milan Valentine's love for the duke's daughter, Silvia. Proteus, following to Milan, breaking faith with Valentine his friend and Julia his mistress, plots to win Silvia; while faithful Julia, disguised as a page, will seek Proteus in Milan. Proteus hopes to succeed by a perfidious plot, and marks the selfishness of infidelity by the excuse to himself: "I to myself am dearer than a friend."

The Third Act sets forth the treachery of Proteus, who betrays Valentine's secret to the duke, and offers to belie him to Silvia. Valentine is banished.

In the Fourth Act Valentine is taken by outlaws and becomes their captain. Julia has joined Proteus. There is set forth the fidelity of Silvia and Julia to their loves, also the fidelity of Launce to his dog and to his master. He was ready to give even Crab away in his master's service. Proteus finds that

> "Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
> To be corrupted with my worthless gifts."

And Julia, when the host brings her in her boy's dress to hear the music

below Silvia's window, in which Proteus takes chief part, causes the host to say—

"How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Julia. You mistake: the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Julia. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Julia. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Julia. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.

Julia. Not when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music.

Julia. Ay, that change is the spite."

Silvia resolves to go in search of banished Valentine, and chooses for companion and protector in her enterprise the faithful Eglamour.

"Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose."

In the Fifth Act, which, through adventures in the forest, brings the story to an end, it should be noted not only that repentance instantly restores his friend to Proteus, but that the true friendship is distinguished from the false by a large spirit of self-sacrifice. Opposed to the former reasoning of Proteus, "I to myself am dearer than a friend," is the addition made by Valentine of a deed to the words of full reconciliation—

"And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee."

Thus he releases Silvia of all pledges that might restrain her from taking Proteus if she will, and Shakespeare marks decisively the self-

denying character of a true friend. "All that was mine in Silvia" was all he had to give. He could not give what was hers, which Proteus must win from her if he would win her. But the infidelity of Proteus is conquered also by the fidelity of Julia, and the last line of the play promises to the marriage-day of Proteus and Julia, Valentine and Silvia,

"One feast, one house, one mutual happiness."

The story of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" seems to have been chiefly of Shakespeare's own fashioning. The laying of the scene in Italy, and the romance material, followed, of course, the fashion of the day. It has been thought that Valentine among the outlaws might have been suggested by that part of the first book of Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" which tells of Pyrocles among the Helots. The book was written in 1580-81, and first published in 1590, four years after Sidney's death. But there is no resemblance in the incidents, except their association with a tale of friendship. Musidorus finds the chief of the Helots to be his friend Pyrocles, whom he had supposed to be drowned. We may take for granted, also, that Shakespeare was in 1590 among the first readers of Sidney's "Arcadia," and remember that "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" was written in 1591 or 1592.

There is clearer indication of an influence upon the matter of the play from a pastoral romance in prose mixed with verse—"Diana Enamorada"—by George of Montemayor. He was a Portuguese of Montemayor, near Coimbra. He began the tale in his youth, following the example set by the "Arcadia" of Sannazaro, and it was first printed at Valencia in 1542. A second part, in eight books, written by Alonzo Perez, was published in 1564; but even then the work was incomplete. Its fame caused it to be translated by Bartholomew Yonge, and although his translation was not printed until 1598, six or seven years after the production

of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," he says of it "that it had lyen by him finished Horaces ten and sixe yeeres more." There is, however, upon record, as produced in the year 1584, "The History of Felix and Philismena, shewed and enacted before her highnes by her Ma^ts^ servaunts on the sondaie nexte after newyeares daie, at night at Greenwiche." This play is lost, but it seems to have been founded upon incidents in the "Diana" which are given in Bartholomew Yonge's translation. The incidents of the maid and the love-letter and of the serenade are clearly the source of like incidents in Shakespeare's story of Julia and Proteus.

The German collection of "English Comedies and Tragedies," published in 1620, includes a "Tragedy of Julius and Hippolyta." This has been printed in Albert Cohn's "Shakespeare in Germany" as probably derived from the old play that suggested the part of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" which sets forth the treachery of Proteus. In the German version of this piece two Romans, Romulus and Julius, are friends. Julius betrays Romulus in his love. When Romulus goes abroad, Julius gives to the Princess Hippolyta forged letters designed to incense her and her father, the prince, against Romulus, from whom they are supposed to come. There is a clown, Grobianus Pickelhering, who may stand for Launce, and Romulus has also a servant. Those are the characters. Romulus learns how he has been deceived—as much, he supposes, by Hippolyta as by his friend. He comes masked to their wedding, dances, then draws a dagger and kills Julius. Hippolyta takes up the dagger and stabs herself. Romulus then stabs himself. If Shakespeare owed anything to the lost English original of this very poor piece, we may note what he substituted for a dagger and three deaths,—repentance followed by the instant flash of a complete forgiveness.

"The Comedy of Errors," like "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," was first printed in 1623, in the first folio of Shakespeare's works. It is named in Meres's list between "The Two Gentlemen of Verona and "Love's Labour's Lost," Shakespeare's earliest original comedies. "The Comedy of Errors."

A play called "The Historie of Error" was acted at Hampton Court by the Children of Paul's on New Year's Day, 1576-77, some ten years before Shakespeare came to London; and on Twelfth Night, in 1583 (new style), there was acted before Queen Elizabeth a "Historie of Ferrar," which may have been the same play incorrectly entered. Although the use at Court of classical themes might make it likely enough that this play—which is not preserved—may have been an early version in English of the "Menæchmi," it is quite as likely to have been some allegorical piece, and we cannot lay much stress upon the possibility that Shakespeare may have used it as the groundwork of his "Comedy of Errors."

There is one passage in "The Comedy of Errors" which raises almost to certainty the great probability that it is, like "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "Love's Labour's Lost," one of Shakespeare's earliest pieces. When, in the second scene of the Third Act, Dromio is making out the geography of the globe of Nell the kitchen wench, he finds France "in her forehead, armed and reverted, making war against her heir." The play on the words hair and heir here must refer to the civil war against the succession of Henri IV., who became heir to the throne in August, 1589, and secured his crown by becoming a Roman Catholic in July, 1593.

In December, 1594, a piece, which probably was Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors," was acted at Gray's Inn, as told in a volume of "*Gesta Greyorum*" relating to that year: "After such sports a 'Comedy of Errors' (like to

Plautus his Menechmus) was played by the players, so that night was begun, and continued to the end, in nothing but confusion and errors; whereupon it was ever afterwards called the Night of Errors."

In 1595 there was published a translation of the "Menæchmi" by W. W.—that is to say, William Warner—of whose place in our literature something will be said in another chapter. Though published in 1595, the printer's advertisement tells that the MS. of this play had been for some time handed about among friends. It may, therefore, have been the translation that made the old Latin play known to Shakespeare, and caused him to write his own variation upon it. But that is a question of no importance. Any other version of Plautus in English, French, or Italian would have done as well, and it is very likely that Shakespeare, as an old grammar-school boy, knew the play in the original.

Plautus was full of fun. His plots were farcical, his dialogues diffusely whimsical. He has a kindly feeling for the slaves in his pieces—gives them wit and sense. It is a slave who solves the riddle at the end of the "Menæchmi." His plays, of course, reflect the condition of the early Roman civilisation, which in many points was wanting in refinement, as may be inferred from the fact that the wife's place in it had little honour. In the "Menæchmi" the husband is carrying away a dress of his wife's (Warner makes it a "riding habit") to give to a courtesan, and offers it to the courtesan as *Induviæ tuæ, atque uxoris exuviæ, rosa.*

Not only is all this put away by Shakespeare, but the reader who takes the trouble to compare the matter of the Latin play with Shakespeare's variation on it will find "The Comedy of Errors" to be really an original piece founded upon Plautus. Shakespeare follows Plautus in all the fun of the cross-purposes, but doubles them by giving the twin brothers twin slaves equally resembling one another. The

fun of the two Dromios is all Shakespeare's. The comedy of Plautus was a farce, and Shakespeare's is yet more farcical in its confusion, while it is a great deal more poetical. The chain that takes place of the dress was a chain ordered by the husband for the wife, that is only diverted for a time towards the courtesan when the husband resents having his own doors locked against him by his wife, as it seemed. But the chain goes to the wife, and the wife herself is represented full of love and tenderness in her jealousy. There is no honour lost to womanhood by Shakespeare's treatment of the story. The wife's sister, who becomes wife to the other Antipholus, is added by Shakespeare to the completeness and the charm of the whole story. The father and mother appear on the scene in Ægeon and Æmilia with poetical effect, and help also to lift the play above the level of Plautus. Shakespeare, like Plautus, is writing a farce that shall run merrily. There is mirth in his action. Full of the high spirits of eight-and-twenty, he heaps jest upon jest, high above the good measure of the "Menæchmi" as Plautus wrote it; and he puts into it all that finer touch of the poet's sense of life which is in the "Menæchmi" absent. Plautus, too, had his humanities; witness his fellow-feeling for the slave. But there is a wide difference between Shakespeare's Adriana and Plautus's *Mulier Uxor*. There is the Shakespeare of the future in his "Comedy of Errors," though it is no more than a merry jest, like the original by which it was suggested. Let anyone observe the raising of the tone of the old Latin comedy, the wealth of new invention that makes "The Comedy of Errors" virtually an original play, and the heaping up of gay extravagance that is nevertheless set to the true music of life, and he will find much profit in the comparison of what Shakespeare wrote in the full flush of his young life with what Plautus, probably, had written in his age.

"Love's Labour's Lost" was first printed in quarto in

1598, said to be then newly augmented, and to have been presented before Queen Elizabeth "this last Christmas." We have it, therefore, as an early play revised. It may contain passages that were added when Shakespeare was shaping Falstaff, or the comedy of "Much Ado about Nothing."

"Love's Labour's Lost."

When Shakespeare wrote this play there was the dainty fashion of ingenious speech that had been introduced from Italy, whither young gentlemen then went to rub off the rust of college manners. It had been developed in literature even to the extent of having a name given to it from the "Euphues" of John Lyly, who won praise in the novel of that name by saying earnest things in a way that represented the new style in its perfection. Its own world called this fashion "Euphuism," and to be able to "parley Euphuism" was the sign of proper training in a courtier. We have seen that Lyly himself, acknowledged master of this style, knew its defect, and indicated it when he said of himself, "I have ever thought so superstitiously of wit, that I fear I have committed idolatry against wisdom." It will be remembered that, in the dedication of his book to Lord de la Warre, Lyly spoke of "the dainty ear of the curious sifter," the use of "superfluous eloquence," the "search after those which sift the finest meal and bear the whitest mouths." He said, "It is a world to see how Englishmen desire to hear finer speech than their language will allow, to eat finer bread than is made of wheat, or wear finer cloth than is made of wool but I let pass their fineness, which can no way excuse my folly." *

Shakespeare plays with the fashion, and gives it happiest expression in the wit-combats of youth. In the princess and her ladies we have, as no grey-headed poet could have represented them, the light hearts of the young. Frolic with

* "E. W." viii. 307, 308.

> "Jest and youthful jollity,
> Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
> Nods, and becks, and wreathéd smiles,"

they sport with the affectations covering the dear affections of the love-lorn lords who have sworn a vow against Nature and are forced to break it. The weakness of phrase-making is shown, with all its grace, in the light-hearted thrust and parry of happy youth right-minded and well-cultured. It is also caricatured in the language of the schoolmaster Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel the curate, and the Spanish Don, Adriano de Armado,

> "A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
> That hath a mint of phrases in his brain."

His show of words, with little wit beneath, is like his outward show of fine clothes that he cannot strip off to fight with Costard, because he has no shirt under them.

The notion of the King of Navarre that he will withdraw for three years from his active duties in the world, for study; and will, for the same end, deny himself some part of the food and sleep that life requires; will break also his allegiance to other ties of nature; is made playfully to illustrate what Shakespeare shows more seriously in some of his later plays—that we live to do the duties of our lives, not to spend all our years in preparation for them, die, and leave nothing done. Biron asks, "What is the end of study, let me know?" He points playfully to the error of his friends, in telling them that—

> "You, to study now it is too late,
> Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate."

He tells them euphuistically that their "light seeking light would light of light deprive," by putting it to no real use, while endeavouring to make it more.

" So study evermore is overshot.
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to DO the thing it should."

The time of immaturity for action is the time for sole devotion to the forging of the armour to be used in action. Once on the field, there is the battle to be won; and study then is no more than the constant care to keep the armour bright and sound, and add what may be added, in the pauses between action and action, to the means of victory in the next struggle for the doing of whatever we have come into the world to do. It is not insignificant of the disproportion between outside show and inside worth in the men who had lived too long on the almsbasket of words wanting in deeds to match them, that in the pageant of the Nine Worthies little Moth plays Hercules.

The close of the light-hearted play, without changing its character, delivers Shakespeare's mind. Death breaks in upon the sport. Tidings of the death of the princess's father brings all to plain speaking at the close. The king, withdrawn out of the reach of idle tongues, must search into and learn to know himself. Biron, the pleasant mocker without malice, is required to win his love by coming first into close contact with the hard realities of life—

" You shall, this twelvemonth term, from day to day,
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.
Rosaline. Why, that's the way to choke a jibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools."

So; afterwards, the light wit-combats of "Much Ado About Nothing" pass into plain sincerity of word and deed when

the wrong done to Hero brings Benedick and Beatrice in contact with a stern reality of life. So here even Don Adriano de Armado,

> "One whom the music of his own vain tongue
> Doth ravish like enchanting harmony,"

ends by announcing that he has "vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years." In the closing songs we have presentments of the Owl and the Cuckoo, one on each side of the stage—visible symbols of the pedant's empty show of wisdom and the idle iteration of the hander-on of phrases, who have more care for the words than for the thoughts they speak.

CHAPTER VII.

PLAYWRIGHTS AND PAMPHLETEERS.

THE death of Marlowe, in the year 1593, closed that period in the history of the English drama during which Shakespeare was mastering his art in London, with a group of dramatists about him who were really poets, and whose plays live in our literature. Of this group Christopher Marlowe was the greatest, and the last. Robert Greene was dead. George Peele was falling into sickness and poverty. Those of his plays that are known to us had all been acted. Among those unknown to us, his lost play of "The Hunting of Cupid" was entered at Stationers' Hall on the twenty-sixth of July, 1591, and was, no doubt, printed; but no copy of it has been found. The letter to Lord Burleigh from Peele's sick-chamber * was sent in January, 1596, and Meres speaks of him as dead in 1598. Thomas Lodge was quitting, or had quitted, the stage in 1593,† and, though there was no want of new plays after that date, there was a want of new poets to write them until 1598. In or about that year there began to come into our literature a new company of dramatic poets, among whom Ben Jonson was the greatest, and of whom all rose to their highest powers in the reign of James I. During the six years from 1592 to 1598, when Shakespeare was pouring out his earlier plays at the rate of

Dramatists between 1592 and 1598.

* "E. W." x. 78. † "E. W." x. 78, 85.

about two a year, there was no dramatist whom the play-goers could regard as in any way his rival. He may almost be said to have had, during those five or six years, a clear field and all favour.

The First Use of Literature as a Profession.

It was especially among the dramatists that literature in Elizabeth's reign was first followed as a profession. The first Englishman who earned from the public at large by the use of his pen a competence on which he could retire, was William Shakespeare.

All writers in former times had been dependent upon patronage. This was true also in Elizabeth's time of nearly all writers except those who laboured for the public stage, and looked for their reward to the main body of the people. Ready money was also to be earned by writing ballads and short pamphlets that were of a kind to win public attention. There were no newspapers, but there was the natural hunger and thirst for news of all kinds. This was satisfied by ready writers with small pamphlets, that satisfied in return, for a few days at least, their own hunger for beef and thirst for sack. Battles and conspiracies, and horrid murders recently committed; cunning tricks of the thieves, told for instruction and protection of the public, in the fashion of merry tales, with frequent reference by name to the more notorious impostors; little collections, also, of what professed to be no more than merry tales, told about somebody whose name would help the sale of the pamphlet; old and new stories; lively controversies between friends or foes, sometimes each beating furiously on the other with resounding bangs of an air-bladder, sometimes each passionate and combating in earnest with a solid quarterstaff,—the untaught public likes to look on at a fray,—these things, with more of the same temper, furnished safe material for pamphlets that a bookseller would buy. The payment for such writings came as money earned without dependence on a great man's patronage.

The pulpit also brought home to the eyes and ears of the whole body of the people its themes of religion. A very strong religious feeling has always had its part in the rough energy of the English people. The Church also was militant, and its spiritual wars were represented in outpourings of the pamphleteers.

The Plague in London, 1592-93.

The years 1592 and 1593 were plague years in London. Before the end of the year 1592 two thousand died in London, where the highest mortality was near the Fleet Ditch. On the seventh of September, 1592, soldiers coming from the north to embark at Southampton were marched round London to avoid the infection, which was much spread abroad in the city. The plague clung to London through the winter of 1592-93. In mid-winter, those who could afford to do so were still leaving for country places. This time of plague in London grew to its worst in the summer of 1593. By the close of that year its season of great danger had passed away. From the twentieth of December, 1592, to the twenty-third of December, 1593, twenty-five thousand eight hundred and eighty-six persons died in and about London, of whom fifteen thousand and three died of the plague.

Nash's "Pierce Penilesse."

Among those who left London in 1592 to avoid the plague was Thomas Nash. He was sheltered in the country house of a patron, probably Sir George Carey, to whose wife and daughter he dedicated pieces, and in whose house in the Isle of Wight he says that he had lived, and learnt the beauty of that island. But he may have been in Whitgift's household at Croydon, for we know that in 1593 he was there producing "Summer's Last Will and Testament" in the Archbishop's house. While Nash was thus in shelter from the plague, there appeared in London, imprinted by Richard Jhones, dwelling at the Signe of the Rose and Crowne, nere Holburne Bridge, "Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the

Deuill. Describing the ouerspreading of Vice, and the Suppression of Vertue. Pleasantly interlac'd with variable delights: and pathetically intermixed with conceipted reproofes. Written by Thomas Nash, Gentleman." There was also an address from "The Printer to the Gentlemen Readers," in which the printer began by saying that, in the author's absence, he had been bold to publish this pleasant and witty discourse. Later in the same year there was a second impression printed at London by Abel Ieffes, for Iohn Burbie, with the simpler title-page, "Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Diuell. *Barbaria grandis habere nihil.* Written by Tho. Nash, Gent." This was preceded by a letter to the Printer from the Author, who did not know of his book's appearance till it had been abroad a fortnight, and, now that a second edition was wanted, said he would have the printer "first cut off that long-tailed title, and let me not in the fore front of my book make a tedious mountebank's oration to the reader, when in the whole there is nothing praiseworthy."

In the whole there is much praiseworthy. Desire to be continuously witty makes the book diverting in two senses. The reader is amused; his attention also is diverted from the fact that the whole piece is meant for a lay sermon against the vices of society. In that respect Nash's "Supplication to the Devil" entitled him to be described as a young Juvenal; for Juvenal attacked the vices of a most corrupt age of the Roman Empire, and wasted no time upon trivial personalities. Thomas Nash was not a Juvenal in his attacks upon Gabriel Harvey. These also began in the year 1592, and will be presently considered. But there is a touch of Juvenal in his "Pierce Penilesse"—a pamphlet meant as honestly as the "Anatomie of Absurditie"* to lift his readers from low thoughts and fix their minds upon the higher life of man.

* "E. W." ix. 286–288.

In the prefixed "Epistle of the Author to the Printer of Pierce Penilesse," Nash refers to "obscure imitators that go about to frame a second part to it, and offer it to sell in Paul's Churchyard and elsewhere as from me." He says that there is no such piece by him: "Indeed if my leisure were such as I could wish, I might 'haps (half a year hence) write the return of the Knight of the Post from Hell, with the Devil's answer to the Supplication: but as for a second part of Pierce Penilesse, it is a most ridiculous roguery." Nash emphatically denies that he wrote a line, or was in any way privy to the writing, of "a scald trivial lying pamphlet, called 'Greene's Groatsworth of Wit,'"—Alas, poor Greene!—which was given out to be of his doing. He is weary, also, of the misinterpreters, and says: "In one place of my book Pierce Penilesse saith but to the Knight of the Post, 'I pray how might I call you?' and they say I meant one Howe, a knave of that trade, that I never heard of before." There is a passage in the book upon the follies among antiquaries. This was taken as against an excellent profession that Nash said he reverenced as much as any among them all; but "I hope they will give me leave to think there be fools of that art as well as of all other. . . . I am the Plague's prisoner in the country as yet: if the sickness cease before the third impression, I will come and alter whatsoeuer may be offensive to any man, and bring you the latter end." Of this pamphlet, written in his twenty-fifth year, there were six impressions before Nash's early death at the age of about thirty-three. It was translated also into French and Dutch.

"*Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Devil.*"

His labours having turned to loss, and he, in prime of his best wit, laid open to poverty, Piers Penilesse accused fortune, bit his pen, and rent his papers. When his rage turned to a milder discontent he put his complaint into four stanzas of verse, and then, considering of ways

to relieve his estate, he concluded that the world was uncharitable and he ordained to be miserable. Many base men and ignorant had wealth at command. "Have I more wit than all these (thought I to myself)? am I better born? am I better brought up? yea, and better favoured? and yet am I a beggar? What is the cause? How am I crost, or whence is this curse?" Gentle Sir Philip Sidney knew what belonged to a scholar, knew what pains, what toil, what travail conduct to perfection. Well could he give every Virtue his encouragement, every Art his due, every writer his desert, because there was none more virtuous, witty, or learned than himself. But Sidney is dead in his grave, and has left too few successors of his glory. The artist now seeks alms of cormorants, and those that deserve best are kept under by dunces who rate learning after the value of the ink and paper, and will buy up thick and three-fold any gross-brained idiot's pamphlet of the praise of pudding-pricks or Treatise of Tom Thumb. Carterly upstarts outface town and country in their velvets, wasting what their fathers by hard toil have scraped together. "Where other men turn over many leaves to get bread and cheese in their old age, and study twenty years to distil gold out of ink, our young masters do nothing but devise how to spend, and ask counsel of the wine and capons how they may quickliest consume their patrimonies." As they who have God always in their mouths will give nothing for God's sake, I have clapt up, says Pierce, a handsome Supplication to the Devil, and sent it by a good fellow that I know will deliver it. Pierce had heard of the devil as a blind retailer, used to lend money upon pawns or anything. He would let one, for a need, have a thousand pounds upon a Statute-Merchant of his soul, or if a man plied him thoroughly, would trust him upon a bill of his hand without any more circumstance. He was noted for a privy benefactor to traitors and parasites, and to advance fools and asses far sooner than any: to be a greedy pursuer of news, and so famous a politician in purchasing, that Hell, which at the beginning was but an obscure village, is now become a huge city whereunto all countries are tributary. These manifest conjectures of plenty determined Pierce to claw Avarice by the elbow and to write his Supplication to the Devil. But written and all, said Pierce, here lies the question, Where shall I find this old Ass, that I may deliver it? Pierce went first too look for him among the lawyers in Westminster Hall. Inquiries bringing him cold comfort, he retired to walk in Paul's and seek his dinner with Duke Humphrey, who was not up when Pierce came there. He is long in rising, thought Pierce; but that's all one, for he that hath no money in his purse must go dine with Sir John Best-betrust, at the sign of the Chalk and the Post.

Pierce had scarcely fetched two hungry turns in Paul's before he was encountered by a neat, pedantical fellow in form of a citizen, who, thrusting himself abruptly into his company like an intelligencer, began very earnestly to question him about the cause of his discontent, or what made him so sad that seemed too young to be acquainted with sorrow. Pierce told his case, and the pains he had taken in searching for him that would not be heard of.

"Why, sir," quoth he, "had I been privy to your purpose before, I could have eased you of this travail; for if it be the devil you seek for, know I am his man."

"I pray, sir, how might I call you?"

"A knight of the post," quoth he, "for so I am termed: a fellow that will swear you anything for twelve pence: but indeed I am a spirit in nature and essence, that take upon me this human shape only to set men together by the ears and send souls by millions to hell."

"Now, trust me, a substantial trade: but when do you think you could send next to your master?"

"Why, every day: for there is not a cormorant that dies, or a cut-purse that is hanged, but I despatch letters by his soul to him and to all my friends in the Low Countries: wherefore, if you have anything that you would have transported, give it me, and I will see it delivered."

"Yes, marry, have I," quoth I, "a certain Supplication here unto your Master, which you may peruse if it please you."

With that he opened, and read as followeth:—

"To the high and mighty Prince of Darkness, Donsell dell Lucifer, King of Acheron, Styx and Phlegethon, Duke of Tartary, Marquis of Cocytus, and Lord high Regent of Limbo: his distressed Orator Pierce Penilesse wisheth increase of damnation and malediction eternal, *per* Jesum Christum, *Dominum nostrum.*"

The suit to his "impious excellence" is that it may please him to take for his own the vices that meddle with matters more proper to himself than to men living amongst men, and incorporate them in the society of devils, whereby all hindrances to the right use of gold may be removed, and so that poor man's god will be at liberty to help those who have need of him. Hunger and poverty get no relief where *Avarice* dwells—he is set forth in emblematic guise—and Niggardize, who sits on the other side of the hearth. Then follows the complaint of hindrances through *Pride* in many forms—pride of the upstart, of the counterfeit politician, of the prodigal young master; pride of the learned, pride of artificers; pride of merchants' wives, of peasants, of

sycophants and panders; pride of the Spaniard, the Italian, the Frenchman, the Dane, of each according to his kind. Nash's censure here falls hardest on the Danes—for their spirit of caste that kept the low-born from advancement; their small regard for learning where none rose by merit; and for that heavy-headed revel of which Hamlet said that, east and west, it made the Danes traduced of other nations. But why fetch colours from other countries to paint the ugly visage of Pride, since her picture is set forth in so many painted faces here at home? The last suggestion of Pride is that of the antiquary who dotes on worm-eaten eld because it is worm-eaten, which argueth a very rusty wit. Avarice and Pride have passed; next *Envy* comes as hinderer of the just gains of those who earn them worthily. Here we find Nash's reference to the scattering of the Spanish Armada. Envy

"will endure any paines to endamage another: wast his body with vndertaking exploites that would require ten mens strengths, rather than any should get a penny but himselfe, bleare his eyes to stand in his neighbors light, and to conclude, like Atlas vnderproppe heauen, rather than any should be in heauen that he likte not of, or come vnto heauen by any other meanes but by him.

"You goodman wandrer about the world, how doe ye spende your time, that you do not rid vs of these pestilent members? You are vnworthy to haue an office, if you can execute it no better. Behold another enemy of mankind, besides thyselfe, exalted in the South, Philip of Spain: who not contented to be the God of gold, and chiefest commander of content that Europe affords, but now he doth nothing but thirst after humane bloud, when his foot is on the threshold of the graue: and as a woolfe, beeing about to deuoure a horse, doth balist his belly with earth, that he may hang the heauier vppon him, and then forcibly flies in his face, neuer leauing his hold till he hath eaten him vp: so this woluish vnnatural vsurper, being about to deuoure all Christendome by inuasion, doth cramme his treasures with Indian earth to make his malice more forcible, and then flyes in the bosome of *France* and *Belgia*, neuer withdrawing his forces (as the Wolfe his fastning) till he hath deuoured their welfare, and made the war-wasted carcases of both kingdoms a pray for his tyrannie. Onely poor *England* giues him bread for his cake, and holds him out at the arms end. His Armados (that like a high wood ouer-shadowed the shrubbes of our low ships) fledde from the breath of our cannons as vapors before the sunne, or as the elephant flies from the ramme, or as the sea-whale from the noise of parched bones. The winds, enuying that the aire should be dimmed with such a *Chaos* of wodden clowds, raised vp high bulwarks

of bellowing waues, where Death shotte at their disordered nauy: and the rocks with their ouer-hanging iawes, eat vp all the fragments of oake that they left. So perisht our foes, so the Heauens did fight for vs. *Præterit Hippomenes, resonant spectacula plausu.*"

Murder is the companion of Envy, "Italy the academy of manslaughter, the sporting-place of murder, the apothecary-shop of poison for all nations." Nash passes next to *Wrath*—another of the Seven Deadly Sins—and tells some stories of blind anger, as that of a wise justice who, when the queen's players came into his town, and among them Tarleton, was angered that the people at the play "began exceedingly to laugh when Tarleton first peeped out his head. Whereat the Justice, not a little moved, and seeing with his becks and nods he could not make them cease, he went with his staff and beat them round about unmercifully on their bare pates, in that they, being but farmers and poor country hinds, would presume to laugh at the Queen's men, and make no more account of her cloth in his presence." The chief spur to Wrath is drunkenness, says Thomas Nash, and reasons here against it, presently turning to intemperance of narrow judgments that inveigh against Poetry. Nash here defends the poets, with high sense of their vocation. He points to Henry Smith, a divine lately dead, whose power of persuasion was the greater because he had prepared his wings as a theologian with study and with practice of sweet poetry. The poets help all good, and haunt evil with infamy. "Poetry is the honey of all flowers, the quintessence of all sciences, the marrow of wit, and the very phrase of angels." Poets raise worth to honour. "If any Maecenas," says Nash, "bind me to him by his bounty, or extend some round liberality to me worth the speaking of, I will do him as much honour as any Poet of my beardless years shall in England. Not that I am so confident what I can do, but I attribute so much to my thankful mind above others, which I am persuaded would enable me to work miracles." But if I be evil entreated I can rail. "Put case (since I am not yet out of the theme of Wrath) that some tired jade belonging to the Press, whom I never wronged in my life, hath named me expressly in print (as I will not do him), and accused me of want of learning, upbraiding me for reviving, in an Epistle of mine, the reverend memory of Sir Thomas More, Sir John Cheke, Doctor Watson, Doctor Haddon, Doctor Carr, Master Ascham, as if they were no meat but for his Mastership's mouth, or none but some such as the son of a ropemaker were worthy to mention them. To show how I can rail, thus would I begin to rail on him." Nash then pours out a short comic diatribe against Gabriel Harvey and his brother the astrologer, without

naming them, and ending with the addition to his hearers: "I would not have you think that all this that is set down here is in good earnest, for then you go, by St. Giles, the wrong way to Westminster: but only to shew how, for a need, I could rail if I were throughly fired."

From Wrath Pierce Penilesse goes on to *Gluttony*, tells anecdotes about it, and when he has descended from gluttony in meats to superfluity in drink, he dilates upon this vice at length and earnestly. Its nurse, he says, is idleness or Sloth, and so comes *Sloth* in for discussion, with *Lechery*, his child, the seventh of the Deadly Sins. In discussing Sloth, Pierce Penilesse looks to the accusations against plays and players as encouragers of idleness, upholds their worth to the community, and answers some of the most usual objections against them, in the spirit of a playwright whose regard is to the best life of his calling.

This is the gist of Pierce's Supplication, that the devil would help good men by taking to himself that which is his.

"A Supplication call'st thou this?" quoth the Knight of the Post. "It is the maddest Supplication that euer I saw; methinks thou hast handled all the Seven Deadly Sins in it, and spared none that exceeds his limits in any of them. It is well done to practice thy wit, but I believe our Lord will con thee little thank for it."

"The worse for me," quoth I, "if my destiny be such, to lose my labour everywhere; but I mean to take my chance, be it good or bad."

"Well, hast thou any more that thou wouldst have me to do?"

"Only one suit," quoth I, "which is this, that sith opportunity so serves, you would acquaint me with the state of your infernal regiment."

In the rest of the pamphlet Pierce Penilesse is like Faust questioning Mephistopheles, and he gets out of the Knight of the Post much information in accordance with the current notions of demonology.

Nash's "Pierce Penilesse" was soon followed by Henry Chettle's "Kind-hart's Dream." This seems to have been Chettle's first work, preceded only by his editing, earlier in the year, Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit." "Kind-hart's Dream" was entered at Stationers' Hall on the eighth of December, 1592, when its author, whose birth-year is not known, certainly was a young man. He was the son of Robert Chettle, a London dyer, and at Michaelmas, 1577, he was apprenticed for eight years

Henry Chettle.

to Thomas East, a stationer. But without having served eight years, in 1591 he entered into partnership as stationer and printer with William Hoskins and John Danter. He learnt to set up types; for in a letter to Nash, printed in 1596, he signs himself, "Your old Compositor, Henry Chettle." His part in the "Groatsworth of Wit" was, he says, no more than the transcribing from a difficult to a clear handwriting for use of the printers, and omitting a few passages by the way; as, he tells us, he used in printing other books his own discretion for moderating the heat of living writers. Then, having wits of his own, Chettle passed into the company of pamphleteers and playwrights, where he did not prosper greatly, though we learn that he was good-natured and grew fat. His first venture as an original writer, "Kind-hart's Dream," was written, perhaps, at the age of about five-and-twenty; for citizens, as traders, came of age at twenty-four, and Chettle began business as a stationer in 1591.

Chettle's Allusion to Shake-speare.

The preface of this pamphlet, "To the Gentlemen Readers," gives as a reason for coming to print that it is "not to seek praise but to crave pardon." It is for the way of asking pardon, in this introduction to the "Dream," that Chettle's pamphlet has a place of lasting interest in English literature—

"About three moneths since," says Chettle, "died M. Robert Greene, leauing many papers in sundry Booke sellers hands, among other his Groats-worth of wit, in which, a letter written to diuers playmakers, is offensiuely by one or two of them taken, and because on the dead they cannot be auenged, they wilfully forge in their conceites a liuing author: and after tossing it to and fro, no remedy but it must light on me. How I haue, all the time of my conuersing in printing, hindred the bitter inueying against schollers, it hath been uery well knowne, and how in that I dealt I can sufficiently prooue. With neither of them that take offence" [Marlowe and Shakespeare*] "was I acquainted, and with one of them" [Marlowe] "I care not if I neuer

* "E. W." x. 110.

be; the other" [Shakespeare] "whom at that time I did not so much spare, as since I wish I had, for that as I haue moderated the heate of liuing writers, and might haue vsde my owne discretion (especially in such a case) the author being dead, that I did not, I am as sory, as if the originall fault had been my fault" [then comes the instructive first allusion to Shakespeare after Greene's, designed for an immediate retractation of Greene's misunderstanding], "BECAUSE MYSELFE HAUE SEENE HIS DEMEANOR NO LESS CIUILL THAN HE EXCLENT IN THE QUALITIE HE PROFESSES: BESIDES DIUERS OF WORSHIP HAUE REPORTED HIS VPRIGHTNESS OF DEALING, WHICH ARGUES HIS HONESTY, AND HIS FACETIOUS GRACE IN WRITTING, THAT APPROUES HIS ART."

Finally, Chettle says of the "Groatsworth of Wit" that "it was M. Greenes, not mine nor Maister Nashes, as some vnjustly haue affirmed. Neither was he the writer of an Epistle to the second part of Gerileon, though by the workemans error, T. N. were set to the end: that I confess to be mine, and repent it not." The second part of "Gerileon" had been printed in the same year (1592) for Cuthbert Burbie, as translated by Anthony Munday. It had been written in French by Etienne de Maison Neuve Bordelois, and first translated, in 1583, as "The gallant delectable and pleasaunt Hystorie of Gerileon of England, contayning the haughtie feates of Armes, and Knightlie prouuesse of the same Gerileon, with his Loves and other memorable Adventures."

"Gerileon."

"*Kind-Hart's Dreame.*"

Kind-hart was, in those days, the popular name of an itinerant dentist. Chettle supposes him to have gone to sleep in an old tap-house at Finsbury, to have been put to bed there, and to have dreamt that he was visited by five persons, dead in this world, each of whom had a message to send by him to those who were yet living. The five persons were, first, Anthony Now-now, an itinerant fiddler, of whom it is said, in the second part of "The Gentle Craft," by Thomes Deleney (1598), that he earned his name by often singing to his fiddle a set of couplets, each followed by the same refrain, in this fashion—

"When should a man show himself gentle and kind?
When should a man comfort the sorrowful mind?
O Anthony, now, now, now,
O Anthony, now, now, now."

Next after this fiddler came the figure of Tarleton, the jester, known by his suit of russet, his buttoned cap, his tabor, and his turning on the toe. The third visitant was William Cuckoe, an itinerant juggler lately dead. The fourth was the physician, Doctor Burcot, with whom we have already met.* The fifth was Robert Greene, Master of Arts, "a man of indifferent yeares, of face amible, of body well-proportioned, his attire after the habite of a scholler-like gentleman, onely his haire was somewhat long." Nash, the same year, in his "Strange Newes," described Greene's beard as a "a iolly long red peake like a spire of a steeple hee cherisht continually without cutting, whereat a man might hang a jewell, it was so sharp and pendant." Gabriel Harvey, also, in his "Four Letters and Certain Sonnets," published in this year, objected to Greene's "fonde disguisinge of a Master of Arte with ruffianly haire."

When these five had appeared, by them in post passed the Knight of the Post, who had played the carrier of Pierce Penilesse's packet to Lucifer, and was now returning to contaminate the air with his perjuries—

"How Pierce his supplication pleased his patron I know not, but sure I take it this friend had a foule check for meddling in the matter: for when all these five before named had made profer of severall bills inuective against abuses raigning, this deuellish messenger repulsed them wrathfully, and bad them get some other to bee their packet bearer if they list, for he had almost hazarded his credit in hell by being a broker betweene Pierce Penilesse and his lord: and so without hearing their reply, flew from them like a whirle wind. With that (after a small pause) in a round ring they compassed my bed, and thrusting into my hand all their papers, they at once charged me to awake and publish them to the world."

Anthony Now-now sends his friendly admonition to Mopo and Pickering, arch-overseers of the ballad-singers in London and elsewhere, and condemns the vagrant singers and sellers of ballads and pamphlets, full of ribaldry and all scurrilous vanity, to the profanation of God's

* "E. W." ix. 228.

name and withdrawing people from Christian exercises, especially at fairs, markets, and such public meetings.

Doctor Burcot condemns ignorant quackery, with illustrations of its character; and his letter is followed by Kind-hart's own notes on the tricks of itinerant dentists.

Robert Greene, to Pierce Penilesse, asks Nash to defend him against harsh inveighings against the dead, and to defend himself while he is yet living against envy and slander.

Tarleton defends honest and seasonable mirth, and to all its maligners he wishes continual melancholy. Kind-hart adds to this letter his own condemnation of the exactions of landlords.

William Cuckoe condemns, with an illustration or two, the cozening of simple folk by the knavery of jugglers.

Kind-hart, awake, gives his conclusions on the apparitions severally, and ends with an additional anecdote of the cozeners, whose ill ways were exposed by William Cuckoe. It is a fairly good story of the beguiling and mocking of a farmer and his wife by a wise woman, who said one of them was fated to be possessed of so infinite a sum of hidden treasure as no man in England had ever seen the like.

Still in the year 1592, we return to Thomas Nash, and look to the story of his paper war with Gabriel Harvey. The war began with Gabriel Harvey's resentment of eight or ten lines of scornful attack by Robert Greene upon the Harvey family in "A Quip for an Upstart Courtier." The offensive passage was cancelled at once, and is not now to be found in a known copy of the "Quip." *

Nash and Harvey.

Gabriel Harvey had three brothers, of whom one probably followed his father's business, the other two—Richard and John, much younger than himself—became graduates of the University of Cambridge. Gabriel, who was entered at Christ's College, matriculated in June, 1566, was admitted B.A. in 1570, and in November of that year elected to a Fellowship in Pembroke Hall. Richard came to the university nine years later than his elder brother, entering as a pensioner at

Richard and John Harvey.

* "E. W." x. 102.

Pembroke Hall in June, 1575, and was admitted to his B.A. in 1578. We may guess, therefore, that he was some seven years younger than Gabriel. John, the youngest of the three, entered at Queen's College, and matriculated two or three years later than Richard, being some ten years younger than Gabriel. He graduated B.A. in 1580. Richard commenced M.A. in 1581, was elected Fellow of his college, and ordained a clergyman. John commenced M.A. in 1584. In 1587 he graduated at his university as Doctor of Medicine, and went to practise at King's Lynn, in Norfolk.

Richard Harvey, against the advice of his brother Gabriel, gave himself to astrology, and published in 1582-83, when his age was about twenty five, "An Astrological Discourse upon the Coniunction of Saturne and Iupiter, which shall happen the 28 Day of April 1583. With a Declaration of the Effects which the late Eclipse of the Sunne, 1582, is yet hereafter to woorke" (London, by H. Bynneman). A second edition followed in 1583, as "an Astrological Discourse upon the Great and notable Conjunction of the two superior planets," &c. It was dedicated to the Bishop of London, and was addressed to "My very good and most loving Brother, Master Gabriel Harvey at his chamber in Trinitie Hall" by his "loving brother ever at commandment," dated "from my father's house in Walden," the sixth of December, 1582. "Good Brother," said Richard Harvey here, "I have in some part done my endeavour to satisfie your late requeste wherein you advertise mee either not so much to addicte myselfe to the studie and contemplation of Iudiciall Astrologie, or else by some evident and sensible demonstration to make certain and infallible proof what general good I can do my country thereby, or what speciall fruite I can reap thereof myselfe." This kindly and judicious counsel from an elder brother who, as his letter on the earthquake of April 6, 1580, had

shown,* discouraged all such misinterpretations of the course of Nature, was replied to by the confident young Richard with an attempt to prove the use of the astrology in which he put his faith. Here was an opportunity.

"I confesse," he said to his brother Gabriel, "greater wittes can worke greater matters, and mine owne principall studie as yet is but Philosophie and Phisick, wherein I pray God I may speedily growe to any reasonable mediocritie that I may the sooner proceed to my final Profession." Gabriel had helped in the training of his younger brother, and is reminded now of one of his lessons—a very sound one though thus misapplied—"Yourself have often willed me to go roundly to the Matter, without either glorious insinuation by way of Preface, or pleasant and conceited flourishes by way of digression."

Richard did go roundly to the matter. His pamphlet attracted great attention. He boldly sought to prove by a test case that there was truth and sense in his astrology. Fierce and boisterous winds on Sunday, the twenty-eighth of April, 1583, were to break out about high noon, whereby the conjunction of the two superior planets was to be "manifested to the ignorant sort." The fierce winds were to cause great abundance of waters and much cold weather, much unwonted mischiefs and sorrow. The winds did not blow, the waters did not flow; much mischiefs and sorrow came, but they came chiefly to young Dr. Richard Harvey. Mischievous Cambridge wits made jests upon him. Tarleton, who became in that year one of the Queen's Players, mischievously included the astrologer among his butts. Thomas Heath, an Oxford graduate who lived in London—well esteemed as an astronomer and mathematician, and who, like Nash, had Sir George Carey for a patron—replied to Richard Harvey with a "Manifest and Apparent Confutation of an Astrological Discourse lately published to the discomfort (without cause) of the weak and simple sort."

* "E. W." ix. 59-61.

The youngest brother, John Harvey, who practised medicine at King's Lynn from 1587, in which year he graduated as M.D. at Cambridge, till his death in 1592, inscribed in 1583 to his very good and courteous friend, Thomas Meade, whose daughter he married, "Leap year, a compendious Prognostication for 1584." Also, "An Addition to the late Discourse upon the Great Conjunction of Saturne and Jupiter. Whereunto is adjoyned The learned Worke of Hermes Trismegistus, Intituled Iatromathematica, that is, his Phisical Mathmatiques, or Mathematical Phisickes, directed unto Ammon the Ægyptian. A Booke of especial great use for al Studentes in Astrologie and Phisicke. Lately englished by John Harvey, at the request of M. Charles P."

Richard Harvey published, in the same year 1583, "an Astrological Addition to the late Discourse upon the Great Conjunction of Saturne and Jupiter," also a piece, of which there is a copy in the Library of the University of Edinburgh, "*Ricardi Harveii Ephemeron, Sive Pæan in Gratiam perpurgatæ reformatæque Dialecticæ*," dedicated to Robert Earl of Essex, and printed by Robert Waldegrave. On the two last leaves of this pamphlet is a Latin poem, "*Alfordi Elegia Philosophica Prudentiæ nomine insignita.*"

In the year 1587, when he began practice of medicine in Norfolk, John Harvey dated from King's Lynn, and published in 1588 a pamphlet that condemned rash prophecy. This was "A Discoursive Probleme concerning Prophesies how far they are to be valued or credited according to the surest rules and directions in Divinitie, Philosophie, Astrologie and other learning: Devised especially in abatement of the terrible threatenings and menaces peremptorily denounced against the kingdoms and states of the world, this present famous yeere 1588, supposed the Great wonderfull and Fatall yeere of an age. By I. H. Physitian." The First Part of this pamphlet is against supposed oracles, pretended

prophecies, counterfeit predictions, fabulous traditions, forged devices, counterfeit tales, which have superseded testimonies and judgments grounded upon lawful art and improved by experience. The Second Part examines and rejects a special prophecy for 1588. Thus, of the three brothers, Gabriel Harvey had little or no faith in astrology, and sought to dissuade his credulous brother Richard from its study; Richard was a credulous believer; John a believer, but not credulous.

In 1591 Thomas Nash caricatured the prophet-astrologers, without any direct reference to Richard Harvey or to any other of their number, in "A Wonderfull strange and miraculous Astrologicall Prognostication for this yeer of our Lord God 1591. Discovering such wonders to happen this yeere as neuer chaunced since Noes floud. Wherein if there be found one lye, the Author will loose his credit for euer. By Adam Fouleweather, Student in Asse-tronomy." Nash may have written also against Martin Marprelate an undated pamphlet called "An Almond for a Parrot" (that is, the parrot-cry stopped with a nut to crack). Or was it by Lyly?

Thomas Nash.

In 1590 Richard Harvey published the book that gave rise to the Nash and Harvey controversy. It was especially directed against the violence of the pamphlets written on both sides in the Martin Marprelate controversy.* It was dedicated to the Earl of Essex as "A Theologicall discourse of the Lamb of God and his enemies. Containing a brief commentary of Christian faith, together with a detection of old and new Barbarisme, now called Martinisme." Richard Harvey seems, like his brother Gabriel, to have followed in religion the queen's *Via Media*, with friendly eyes upon the side-path of the Puritans. In the preface to "The Lamb of God," Richard Harvey, in condemning the unseemly

Richard Harvey's "Lamb of God."

* "E. W." ix. 292-310.

language both of the Marprelate pamphlets and of the players' pamphlets written against them, was of one mind therein with Francis Bacon.* But he used language that gave new offence to Nash, Lyly, and Greene. "Not me alone," says Nash,† "did he revile and dare to the combat, but glicked at Pap-hatchet once more, and mistermed all our other poets and writers about London, piperly make-plays and make-bates."

"Plaine Percevall."

Richard Harvey was credited—no doubt rightly—by Nash with the authorship of an undated contribution to the Marprelate controversy that appeared under the title of "Plaine Percevall, the Peace-maker of England, sweetly indevoring with his blunt persuasions to botch vp a Reconciliation between Mar-ton and Mar-tother." The dedication was "To the new vpstart Martin. . . . To all Whip Iohns and Whip Iackes; not forgetting the Caualiero Pasquill" [Nash] "or the Cooke Ruffian, that drest a dish for Martin's diet" [Lyly and his "Pap with a Hatchet"]. . . . : "Perceuall the Peace-Maker of England wisheth grace to the one party, of the other Parish: and peace stichd up in a gaberdine without pleat or wrinckle, to the other party of this Parish." The argument of the text to Martin's opposing pamphleteers might be summed up in one or two of its phrases: "I do not think, though Martin and you be of divers Parishes, but you be all of one Church, sail all in one ship, and dwell all in one Commonwealth. Nay, you are all good subjects, or else I would the worst were curbed with a check-thong as big as a twopenny halter, for halting with a Queen so good and gracious." And again, to the question, "If Martin snarl like a cur at us, why should not we provide a bastinado for him?" Plain Percevall answered, "Marry, sirs, for fear the

* "E. W." ix. 308-310.

† In "Foure Letters Confuted," Works ed. Grosart, Vol. II., p. 197.

cudgel fall down again on a man's own costard. If a swift-running stream have free passage along the kennel, farewell it, you shall never hear worse of it; but stop it, and Hercules-like where it finds no way it will make one, and so set the next neighbour's meadows all on a float."

Nash writes, therefore, to Gabriel Harvey :* "Somewhat I am privy to the cause of Greene's inveighing against the three brothers. Thy hot-spirited brother Richard (a notable ruffian with his pen) having first tooke upon him in his blundring *Persival* to play the Iacke of both sides twixt Martin and vs, and snarld priuily at Pap-hatchett, Pasquill, and others that opposde themselues against the open slaunder of that mightie platforme of Atheisme, presently after dribbed forth another fooles bolte, a booke I shoulde say which he christened the Lambe of God." I have not seen a copy of this book, and must take Nash's report, already quoted, of the passage that affronted the players. "Hence," says Nash, "Greene being chiefe agent for the companie (for hee writ more than foure other, how well I will not say: but *Sat cito, si sat bene*) tooke occasion to canuaze him a little in his 'Cloth-breeches and Veluet-breeches,' and because by some probable conjectures hee gest the elder brothers hand was in it, he coupled them both in one yoake, and, to fulfill the proverbe *Tria sunt omnia*, thrust in the third brother, who made a perfect parriall of Pamphleters. About some seaven or eight lines it was which hath pluckt on an invective of so many leaves."

Richard Harvey's "Lamb of God."

The invective of so many leaves was Gabriel Harvey's "Fovre Letters, and certaine Sonnets: Especially touching Robert Greene and other parties by him abused: But incidently of diuers excellent persons, and some matters of note. To all courteous mindes that will voutchsafe the reading." London: Imprinted by Iohn Wolfe, 1592.

* "Four Letters Confuted," Works, vol. ii. p. 196.

The last of these Four Letters was dated "London: this 11. and 12. of September." Greene had died on the third of that month, and Gabriel Harvey's much-loved youngest brother John, whose memory he cared most to save from reproach, had died only a few weeks earlier. Dr. John Harvey returned sick from Cambridge to his home at East Lynn in the preceding July, 1592.

Gabriel Harvey's "Four Letters and Certain Sonnets."

The first of the Four Letters, dated the twenty-ninth of August, 1592, is from Christopher Bird of Saffron Walden, with recommendation of Gabriel Harvey to the worshipful his very good friend M. Emmanuel Demetrius. There is a postscript by Mr. Bird introducing a sonnet of his own against Robert Greene—"now sick as a dog, and ever brain-sick"—who in his "Quip for an Upstart Courtier"

"most spitefully and villanously abuseth an auncient neighbour of mine, one M. Harvey, a right honest man of good reckoninge; and one that above twenty yeres since bare the chiefest office in Walden with good credite: and hath maintained foure sonnes, in Cambridge and elsewhere, with great charge: all sufficiently able to aunsweare for themselves; and three, (in spite of some few Greenes) vniversally well reputed in both Vniuersities and through the whole Realme. Whereof one returning sicke from Norwich to Linne in Iuly last, was past sence of any such malicious injury, before the publication of that vile Pamphlet."

The Second Letter, dated the fifth of September, from Gabriel Harvey to Christopher Bird, reports that "in the absence of M. Demetrius I delivered your letter vnto his wife, whome I found very courteous. My next business was to enquire after the famous Author: who was reported to lye dangerously sicke in a shoemaker's house near Dowgate." Harvey, who had intended to seek remedy by law, gives Greene no credit for the desire he had to cancel the offending lines from his "Quip for an Upstart Courtier." "In his extremest want he offered ten or, rather than faile,

twenty shillinges to the printer (a huge som with him at that instant) to leaue out the matter of the three brothers." As we have seen, Greene had his wish; the matter was left out, and there is no record to tell us what the words were that stung Harvey, and made him angry in defence of the good name of his father and his brothers—especially his young brother lately dead.

"I am not," he said, "to preiudice my Brother aliue, or to smoother the wrong offered to my Brother deceased, or to tollerate the least diffamation of my good Father, whome no illwiller could euer touch with any dishonesty, or discredite in any sort. Nothing more deere or inestimable then a man's good name: and albeit I contemn such pelting iniuries vainely deuised against my selfe, yet am I not to neglecte so intollerable a wrong so notoriously published against them."

Then Harvey says that he was

"suddenly certified that the king of the paper stage (so the Gentleman termed Greene) had played his last part, and was gone to Tarleton" [who had died in 1588]: "whereof, I protest, I was nothing glad, as was expected, but vnfainedly sory; as well because I could haue wished he had taken his leaue with a more charitable farewell, as also because I was depriued of that remedy in Law that I entended against him, in the behalfe of my Father, whose honest reputation I was in many dueties to tender."

Gabriel Harvey was at Greene's lodging the day after his burial, spoke with Mistress Isam, his landlady, "with teares in her eies and sighs from a deeper fountain, for she loved him dearly." He gathered some details of the distress in which Greene died, and tells them in this letter, "beside the charges of his winding sheete which was foure shillinges, and the charges of hys buriall yesterday, in the New-church-yard neere Bedlam, which was six shillinges and fourepence," the poor woman showed Harvey the bond for ten pounds left owing to her husband, with Greene's last letter to his wife written under it.* Harvey's anger is not dead, and it

* "E. W." x. 108. Harvey gives the sense from memory.

shuts his heart against the charity which he endeavours to set in its place.

In the Third Letter, "To euery Reader, fauorablie or indifferently affected," Harvey vindicates himself from accusation of having been imprisoned in the Fleet when he was accused of speaking ill of the University of Cambridge and of Dr. Perne, in the Four Letters published in 1582, which were read at the Queen's Council table. The issue of that accusation was not a detention in the Fleet, but friendly admonition that Doctor Perne was old enough to defend himself, yet that Harvey should proceed lovingly with the university, howsoever he dealt with that doctor.

"And that was all the Fleeting that ever I felt, saving that another company of speciall good fellows . . . would needs forsooth verye courtly perswade the Earle of Oxforde that some thing in those Letters, and, namely, the Mirrour of Tuscanismo, was palpably intended against him: whose noble Lordship I protest I neuer meante to dishonour with the least preiudicial word of my tongue or pen" (he was mindful of past kindness of the earl, who paid little heed to the accusation), "and that Fleeting also proued, like the other, a silly bullbeare, a sorry puffe of winde, a thing of nothing."

The only other accusation against himself was for his writing of English hexameters, whereon he still prided himself, and of which he considered himself the inventor. Gabriel Harvey recalls last words of his young brother John —can never forget the sweet voice of the dying cygnet: "O brother, Christ is the best Physician and my only Physician. Farewell, Galen, farewell human Arts: nothing on earth is divine but the soul's breathing towards Heaven." The thought of Greene's death, closely following, brings Harvey to adoption of the censures Greene passed on his own works, and others thoughtlessly adopted. "I will not," says Harvey, "condemn or censure his workes, which I never did so

much as superficially ouerrunne but as some fewe of them occursiuly presented themselves in stationers' shops, and some other houses of my acquaintance." Then Harvey falls upon Nash, and thereby causes Nash to fall upon him—

"Flourishing M. Greene is most wofully faded, and whilest I am bemoaning his ouerpitteous decay, and discoursing the vsuall successe of such rank witties, Loe all on the suddaine, his sworne brother, M. Pierce Pennilesse, (still more paltery, but what remedy? we are already ouer shoes, and must now go through) Loe his inwardest companion, that tasted of the fatal herringe" [at a drinking bout, to which Greene's death was by some persons wrongly ascribed], "cruelly pinched with want, vexed with discredite, tormented with other mens felicitie, and ouerwhelmed with his own misery, in a rauing and franticke moode, most desperately exhibiteth his Supplication to the Devil." [Harvey says that it follows the precedent of Tarleton's famous play of the Seven Deadly Sins], "which most deadly but most liuely play I might have seen in London, and was verie gently invited thereunto at Oxford, by Tarleton himself, of whome I merrily demaunding which of the seauen was his owne deadlie sinne, he bluntly aunswered after this manner: By God, the sinne of other Gentlemen, Lechery. Oh, but that, M. Tarleton, is not your part vpon the stage; you are to blame that dissemble with the world, and have one part for your frend's pleasure, an other for your owne. I am somewhat of Dr. Perne's religion, quoth he: and abruptlie tooke his leave."

There is more against the author of "Pierce Penilesse," who is called in the "Epistle Dedicatorie" to these Letters "the Diuels Oratour by profession, and his Dammes Poet by practise." Harvey asserts against idle depreciation his friendship with good poets—Spenser, Watson, Daniel, and others, with whom he joins Thomas Nash in affectionate thanks for their enrichment of their native tongue.

The Fourth and last of these Letters is philosophical, and includes wholesome reflections that, if they had sunk deep enough into the mind to serve as rules of action, would have kept our literature clear of the mean record of a miserable quarrel. Harvey's Fourth Letter was dated "this 11 and 12

of September." He added "Greene's Memoriall, or certaine Funerall Sonnets." This is a collection of two-and-twenty sonnets, in which Harvey declares his love for the true scholars and poets — Cheke, Smith, Haddon, Ascham, Spenser, Sidney, and the worthies of his time, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Sir Richard Sackville, and others. He says that he seeks peace—

> "Meanwhile I seek and seek and cannot find
> That jewel rare of preciousest worth:
> Gentle Accord and sovereign Repose,
> The Paradise of Earth and bliss of Heaven."

From such context he passes to the thought of Greene's death closely following his brother John's, and represents John Harvey's welcome from the grave to Robert Greene:

> "Come, fellow Greene, come to thy gaping grave:
> Bid Vanity and Foolery farewell:
> Thou over long hast played the madbrained knave,
> And over loud hast rung the bawdy bell.
> Vermin to vermin must repair at last,
> No fitter house for busy folk to dwell—
> Thy coney-catching pageants are past,
> Some other must those arrant stories tell;
> These hungry worms think long for their repast.
> Come on: I pardon thy offence to me,
> It was thy living: be not so aghast:
> A fool and a physician may agree,
> And for my Brothers, never vex thyself,
> They are not to dis-ease a buried elf."

Harvey then adds two sonnets in support of the family good name, from which, and from another passage, we may gather that in the lines now omitted from the "Quip for an Upstart Courtier" the author of "The Lamb of God" had been falsely accused of lewdness. Last comes the sonnet to Gabriel Harvey written in July, 1586, by Edmund Spenser, who was still living and still Harvey's friend.

Nash replied, in 1593, with "Foure Letters Confuted." That was the running headline to the pages of his pamphlet, which had for title "Strange Newes, of the intercepting certaine Letters, and a Conuoy of Verses, as they were going *Privilie* to victual the Low Countries"—to the lowest use of waste-paper. The Epistle Dedicatory is to Master William Beeston (Apis Lapis) a popular tavern keeper. There follows an epistle to the "Gentlemen Readers." Of the cancelling of the offensive passage that began the quarrel, Nash in his reply to Harvey gives this account—

Nash's "Foure Letters Confuted."

"There was a learned Doctour of Phisicke (to whom Greene in his sicknesse sent for counsaile) that hauing read ouer the booke of Veluet-breeches and Clothbreeches, and laughed merrilie at the three brothers legend, willed Green in any case either to mitigate it or leaue it out: not for any extraordinarie account hee made of the fraternitie of fooles, but for one of them was proceeded in the same facultie of phisicke hee profest, and wilinglie he would have none of that excellent calling ill spoken off. This was the cause of the altring of it, the feare of his Physitions displeasure, and not anie feare else."

Harvey, in praising Spenser, had excepted from praise "Mother Hubbard's Tale." Nash asks, in reply,

"Who publikely accusde or of late brought Mother Hubbard into question, that thou shouldst by rehearsall rekindle against him the sparkes of displeasure that were quenched? . . . If any man were vndeservedly toucht in it, thou hast reuiued his disgrace that was so toucht in it, by renaming it when it was worn out of al mens mouths and minds. . . . Immortall Spenser, no frailtie hath thy fame but the imputation of this idiot's friendship."

Of Greene Nash says: "In a night and a day would he haue yarkt vp a Pamphlet as well as in seauen yeare, and glad was that Printer that might bee so blest to pay him deare for the very dregs of his wit." Of English Hexameters Nash writes—

"The Hexamiter verse I grant to be a Gentleman of an auncient house (so is many an english begger), yet this Clyme of ours hee cannot thriue in; our speech is too craggy for him to set his plough in: hee goes twitching and hopping in our language like a man running vpon quagmiers, vp the hill in one Syllable, and down the dale in another, retaining no part of that stately smooth gait which he vaunts himselfe with amongst the Greeks and Latins. Homer and Virgil two valorous Authors, yet were they neuer knighted: they wrote in Hexameter verses: Ergo, Chaucer and Spenser, the Homer and Virgil of England, were farre ouerseene that they wrote not all their Poems in Hexamiter verse also. In many Countries veluet and satten is a commoner wear than cloth among vs: Ergo, wee must leaue wearing of cloth, and goe euerie one in veluet and satten, because other Countries vse so. The text will not beare it, good Gilgilis Hobberdehoy."

Nash ends his reply with a sonnet, of which the last lines are—

> "Somewhat I'll be reputed of mongst men
> By striking of this Dunce or dead or dumb.
> Await the world the Tragedy of wrath:
> What next I paint shall tread no common path."

This was Nash's first attack upon Gabriel Harvey. Harvey, he said, had drawn it upon himself by coming forward to defend his brother and falling upon "Pierce Penilesse." The battle thus begun had its rise, as we have seen, in the Marprelate controversy, and, as in that controversy, each side pelted the other with whatever mud lay in the kennels. Nobody comes with clean hands out of an argument so carried on for entertainment of the idlers in the street. The rough minds, with judgments little trained, are apt to rejoice in acceptance of the worse view of any character brought in question—as Chaucer said, "they demen gladly to the badder ende." So the result of the Nash and Harvey quarrel is, that Harvey comes down to us commonly regarded as a pedant, Nash as a railer. Thomas Nash first knew Gabriel Harvey at Cambridge as a College Don, a scholar and the companion of

scholars; not a poet, though companion also of poets. He took scholarly pride in the impulse he had given to experiments in writing English hexameters, and he was trusted as a critic setting forth the best opinions of University men who theorised upon the culture of their time and planted nothing for the future. Every generation has such well-taught, kindly scholars, who, without genius themselves, find men of genius welcoming their friendship and almost accepting them as guides. Gabriel Harvey was in this way a minor college Don. He thought a little too much of the dignity that really strong men never think about at all. He was also irritable, and could not rise above the small College feuds and jealousies that he may set up who will; the twitter of them wearied Roger Ascham at St. John's, although he lived apart in his own studious calm. Had there been no inkshed between Nash and Harvey, we should remember Harvey as he was, Nash as he was. Because they vilified each other, many have taken Gabriel Harvey for a ridiculous pedant upon the authority of Thomas Nash, and Thomas Nash for a railer, strong in personal attack, upon the authority of Gabriel Harvey—and of Nash himself in his writing against Harvey. Nash is the chief sufferer, because as an English Writer he had most to lose. He was a young man, with scholarship enough and wit abounding. His invectives against Harvey were in some degree half-playful exercises in pen-duel. They were for the amusement of the public after the manner of the "flytings" of the time of Dunbar and Kennedy, Skelton and Garnische. But they meant mischief, as those flytings did not. They were born of personal offence, and carried on with a real bitterness of feeling. If we could strike out of our literature all the tedious quarrel between Nash and Harvey, where the wit of the younger man and the rhetoric of the elder are much wasted upon matter trivial and low, how would the two stand? We should know Gabriel Harvey only as a

respectable friend of some of the best writers of the day, who loved good literature without adding to it; as an affectionate brother who showed sense in discouragement of superstitious notions about earthquakes and conjunctions of the planets; and as chief advocate of an experiment in writing English hexameters, which has its own place and meaning in our literary history.* We should have known Thomas Nash as a young wit and poet who cared for good literature and added to it; as one who wrote prose satire that looked mainly to the higher aims of life, a young Juvenal who struck heavily at the greater vices and more lightly at the follies of his age, without personal attack on any man, except so much as was incident to the general bad taste of the Marprelate controversy. All his other offence of that kind is against the Harveys. We should know him, too, as the sweet poet who, in the play of "Dido, Queen of Carthage," shared praise with Marlowe for good verse, good wit, and grace of invention.

Each combatant in the Nash and Harvey quarrel knew of praise due to the other, and a little of the due was paid on each side by a few words here and there in the first round of the fight. After the publishing of "Four Letters Confuted," Harvey sought to end the quarrel by a talk with Nash that might restore right understanding; but Nash refused to speak to him except through a third person. They lodged at one time in adjoining rooms of a Cambridge inn, but were none the nearer to free speech together. When, therefore, Nash, did make friendly concession in the Epistle to the Reader before his next book, "Christ's Tears over Jerusalem," Harvey's private offer of peace having been so rejected, he refused faith in the sincerity of printed words.

"Christ's Tears over Jerusalem."

"*Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*,"

dedicated to the Lady Elizabeth, wife of Nash's patron, Sir George Carey, was a serious book called forth by the plague ravaging London in 1593.

* "E. W." ix., 67, 68, 74-78, 83, 84.

It was a prose book that applied to London the lament of Christ over Jerusalem; a Looking Glass for London, like the play by Greene and Lodge that applied to London warnings of the prophets against sin in Nineveh. It is young Juvenal setting forth its greater sins to London, on whom God had sent a plague.

In his Address to the Reader, Nash takes leave of "fantasticall satirisme." He says: "Nothing is there now so much in my vowes as to be at peace with all men, and make submissive amends where I haue most displeased. Not basely feare-blasted, or constraintiuely ouer-ruſed, but purely pacyficatorie suppliant, for reconciliation and pardon doe I sue, to the principallest of them gainst whom I profest vtter enmity. Euen of Maister Doctor Haruey I hartily desire the like, whose fame and reputation (though through some precedent iniurious provocations, and feruent incitements of young heads) I rashly assailed: yet now better aduised, and of his perfections more confirmedly perswaded, vnfainedly I entreate of the whole worlde, from my penne his worths may receiue no impeachment. All acknowledgments of aboundant schollership, courteous well-governed behaviour, and ripe experienst iudgment, doe I attribute vnto him. Only with his mild gentle moderation heerunto hath he wonne me." Nash repents of all past vanities, and says: "Nothing so much do I retract as that wherein soeuer I scandaliz'd the meanest. Into some spleanatiue vaines of wantonnesse heretofore haue I foolishly relapsed, to supply my priuate wants: of them no lesse doe I desire to be absolued than the rest, and to God and man doe I promise an vnfained conuersion."

The book was, in time of heavy plague, a religious call to repentance from one who no doubt honestly believed himself to be repentant of his faults. But Harvey naturally, if unjustly, put no faith in this public profession from one who had refused him private speech. In "Christ's Tears over Jerusalem" there is very large amplification of Christ's words into Elizabethan form, though still put as if spoken by Christ himself. Nash follows what he calls "our Saviour's collachrimate oration" with a vigorous description of the horrors of the siege of Jerusalem.

Then he says: "Now to London must I turne me, London that turneth from none of thy left-hand impieties. As great a desolation as Ierusalem hath London deserued. Whatsoeuer of Ierusalem I haue written, was but to lend her a Looking-glass." He deals again with Pride and the children of Pride, whose sons are Ambition, Vainglory, Atheism, Discontent, Contention, and whose daughters are Disdain, Gorgeous Attire, and Delicacy. He dwells much upon Avarice as a

main branch of Ambition: "London, looke to thyselfe, for the woes that were pronounced to Ierusalem are pronounced to thee. Thou transgressing as grieuously as shee shall be punished as grieuously." Nash quotes the "Resolution" of Father Parsons* as convincing against Atheism. Under Delicacy, Nash ranges Gluttony, Luxury, Sloth, and Security. So, in change of form, there is the same warning against deadly sin that was in Pierce Penilesse's Supplication to the Devil, with the Plague of 1593 for text.

"At this instant," says Nash, "is a generall plague disperst throughout our Land. No voyce is hearde in our streetes but that of *Ieremy* (Ierem. 9): 'Call for the mourning women that they may come and take up a lamentation for us, for death is come into our windowes, and entred into our Pallaces.' God hath stricken vs but we haue not sorrowed, of hys heauiest correction wee make a iest (Ierem. 5). Wee are not mooued with that which he hath sent to amaze vs: As it is in *Ezechiell*, 'They will not heare thee, for they will not heare me' (Ezech. 3): So they will not, nor cannot heare God in his visitation, which haue refused to heare him in his Preachers." Nash ends a piece that is rich in vigorous and witty turns of thought with pattern of what should be the prayer of London for God's mercy.

"Pierce's Supererogation."

Gabriel Harvey, having been repulsed in his attempt to be at peace with Nash, began a long pamphlet against him called "Pierce's Supererogation, or a New Prayse of the Olde Asse," which the preface to "Christ's Teares" did not cause him to leave unfinished. It appeared in the same year (1593) preceded by a letter to Barnabie Barnes, John Thorius, and Antony Chute, dated the sixteenth of July. Antony Chute published his first poem this year, "Beawtie dishonoured, written under the title of Shore's wife." Her ghost tells her story in a way that brought up old Churchyard with a "Challenge" and reprint of what he had done in like manner thirty years before. The letter of Harvey's to Barnes, Thorius, and Chute, with a Letter and vindicatory Sonnets by Barnabie Barnes, appeared first separately as "The Precursor to Pierce's Supererogation," probably before the publication of

* "E. W." x. 107.

"Christ's Teares." Then it was published together with "Pierce's Supererogation," and the book closed with the letters from Thorius and Chute and a French sonnet by the Sieur de Freguille du Gaut in support of Harvey against Nash. The letter from John Thorius was dated the tenth of July.

Harvey published, also in 1593, "A New Letter of Notable Contents, with a straunge Sonet, intituled Gorgon, or the wonderfull yeare," dated the sixteenth of September. The sonnet refers to the recent death of Marlowe.

"A New Letter of Notable Contents."

Harvey said and believed that his character in after years was imperilled by Nash's attacks, and would be lost if he received blows without returning them. He tried to hit hard and be witty, including in "Pierce's Supererogation" a learned and elaborate encomium on the Ass, and a satirical description of his old Cambridge thwarter, Doctor Perne. He attacked, also, John Lyly for his "Pap with a Hatchet." In scolding he rivalled Nash, and, like Nash, promised more. But after this there was a pause, and for two years the idlers who enjoy a scolding match might think that Harvey had the last word and the victory.

Nash wrote, in 1593, but did not print until 1596, "Summer's Last Will and Testament." He published in 1594 his tale of "The Unfortunate Traveller; or, the Life of Jack Wilton." To these two pièces we shall return when we have escaped from the dulness of personalities.

In 1596 Nash returned to the old battle, saying of Harvey: "I protest I do not write against him because I hate him, but that I would confirme and plainly shew to a number of weake beleeuers in my sufficiencie that I am able to answere him. . . . This I will boldly say, looke how long it is since he writ against me, so long haue I giuen him a lease of his life, and he hath onely held it by my mercie."

"Have with You to Saffron Walden."

Nash's new reply and attack—his last word in the argument—was by a pamphlet entitled "Haue with you to Saffronvvalden. Or Gabriell Haruey's Hunt is vp. Containing a full Answere to the eldest sonne of the Halter-maker. Or, Nashe his Confutation of the sinfull Doctor. The Mott or Posie, instead of *Omne tulit punctum: Pacis fiducia nunquam.* As much as to say, I sayd I would speake with him." The piece is dedicated playfully to Richard Litchfield or Leechfield, the Trinity College barber, and is in the form of a dialogue between four friends and Pierce Penilesse, Respondent, the friends discussing Pierce's critical reply to Harvey's pamphlet.

Harvey replied again in 1597, and, taking up the parable of Richard Litch-field, called his reply "The Trimming of Thomas Nashe, Gentleman, by the high-tituled patron Don Ricardo de Medico-campo (Leechfield), Barber Chirurgion to Trinitie Colledge in Cambridge." That was the last word of all.

"The Trimming of Thomas Nash."

Each pamphleteer included in his work a woodcut caricature of his antagonist, besides allusions to personal appearance. Harvey is twitted with his trimmed moustache and his starched pickedevant or triangular beard, his broad starched ruff, his velvet suit in the Venetian style, and his pantofles. Nash is twitted with a shock head of hair, a hairless face, and a mouth taking nine eggs and a pound of butter, with much other provision, at a breakfast. Nash says that Harvey paid for the printing of his pamphlets in the controversy, and did not sell more than a hundred, while Nash's own were paid for by the printer. We learn also, incidentally, that pamphleteers in London, like the great scholars in Basel and elsewhere, were often maintained in their printer's house while writing pieces that he paid for. These pamphlets contain many illustrations of the daily life of the time, and much evidence of the freedom taken in word-coining, that

Sketches from Life.

was a common feature of Elizabethan literature. From all sources, and especially from Latin or Greek, new words were drawn for the painting of a wider world of thought. They were often criticised as they appeared; some of them struck root in the language, some did not; but nobody at the time knew which would live. Nash aimed at concentration by the new coinage of graphic words, and by running English monosyllables into vigorous compounds. As a word-maker, with some inspiration from Rabelais, he showed more power than Harvey, but was not less open to the charge of pedantry. Each regarded as extravagant some words used by the other of which time has confirmed the use. Nash is hard, for example, upon Harvey's use of the word "connivance," and cites, among other bad words of his, "ingenuity," "jovial mind," "rascality," "addicted to theory," "cordial liquor," "amicable terms," "extensively employed," "novelets," "mechanician;" with others like "divine entelechy," "loud mentary," "fantasticality," that have not taken root. The tediousness of Harvey lies less in his vocabulary than in his sentences shaped by the arts of rhetoric; especially he works the balanced clauses, then in fashion, to a tedious excess. Having said that "The tree is knowen by the fruite; and needeth no other Posie: the gallantest mott of a good apple-tree is a good apple," he is not content to stop there, but goes on: "of a good warden-tree, a good warden; of a good limon-tree, a good limon; of a good palme, a good date; of a good Vine, a good grape; and so fourth: their leaues, their prognostications; their blossomes, their boasts; their branches and boughs, their brauery; their fruite, their arms, their emblemes, their nobility, their glory." Harvey's best wit is often smothered in these blankets of redundant rhetoric. Nash follows Nature in his iterations—Nature and Rabelais.

Elizabethan Word-coining.

It is to be noted that in "Have with you to Saffron

Walden," published in 1596, Nash describes Gabriel Harvey as "of the age of forti-eight or vpwards, (*Turpe senex miles*, tis time for such an olde foole to leaue playing the swash-buckler)." Spenser's age then was about fourty-four. Nash's object was to represent Harvey as old as possible, and Harvey's formal gravity would add two or three years to the appearance of his age. It has been shown * that he was only about a year older than Spenser. His age, therefore, at this date was forty-five or forty-six. He had obtained his licence to the degree of D.C.L. in July, 1585, when he was for a short time Master of Trinity Hall, but Doctor Thomas Preston—author of the play "Cambyses"—was put in his place by royal mandate, and Gabriel Harvey sought in vain for the appointment after Preston's death, on the first of June, 1598. The rest of Harvey's life was private, and he died in 1630 at the age of about eighty. Nash died, probably, in 1600, at the age of thirty-three. A young poet, Charles Fitzgeoffrey—who graduated M.A. at Oxford in July, 1600, and had published at Oxford in 1596 a poem on "Sir Francis Drake, his Honorable Lifes Commendation and his Tragical Deathes Lamentation"—published in 1601 a volume of Latin epigrams and epitaphs, as "Caroli Fitzgeofridi Affaniæ; sive Epigrammatum libri tres; Ejusdem Cenotaphia." Among the pieces in this book is an epitaph on Thomas Nash, then dead, of whom it is said that Death, before taking Nash, took from him the use of tongue and pen. Had he retained those arms, Death would have feared death from him, *Ipsa quidem metuit mors truculenta mori.*

Exit Gabriel Harvey.

"Summer's Last Will and Testament"

is an occasional masque written in the late summer of a year of sickness, when the queen was away from London, and the chief part of dying Summer's Will was that the seasons following should do good service

* "E. W." ix. 63.

to her and advance her happiness when she returned. The scene of action was in the hall of a great lord at Croydon, who is once called his Grace. No house at Croydon answered to these conditions but the palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Whitgift was attached to Croydon, and in the life of Whitgift written by Sir George Paule, who was Comptroller of his Household, we are told that "every year he entertained the queen at one of his houses, so long as he was Archbishop; and some years twice or thrice; where all things were performed in so seemly an order that she went thence always exceedingly well pleased." She called Whitgift her Black Husband and his men her servants. Since the "Summer's Last Will and Testament" is homage to the queen, we may fairly accept a general opinion that Nash wrote this piece to be acted in the archbishop's palace at Croydon about harvest-time in the plague year 1593. It is an opinion well supported by internal evidence that falls only a little short of proof. Nash, who had been a champion against Martin Marprelate, wrote in the same year "Christ's Tears over Jerusalem," and may have written some or all of it while sheltered within the archbishop's great house at Croydon.

Toy, the jester, personating Henry VIII.'s fool, Will Summers, always on the stage, furnishes the prologue, epilogue, and running comment, addresses or discusses the boy-actors, and otherwise disports himself. Dying Summer enters, leaning on the shoulders of Autumn and Winter, followed by a train of satyrs and wood-nymphs, with a song. Summer, about to resign his sway, has for a month been languishing, and would have died ere now,

> "But that Eliza, England's beauteous Queen,
> On whom all seasons prosperously attend,
> Forbad the execution of my fate
> Until her joyful progress was expired."

Summer calls in succession, through Vertumnus, for Ver, Solstitium, Sol, Orion, Harvest, Bacchus, to give account of the service each has rendered. They come in forms and with following according to their characters, yielding variety of argument and song and chorus. Ver and her following dance and sing with irresistible high spirits Orion speaks large praise of dogs, and Bacchus is intemperate. After reasoning with Autumn and Winter upon ills of life, including meddlers with affairs of State, Summer sings his death-song in six stanzas, each closing with the two-lined burden of the first—

> "Adieu, farewell earth's bliss,
> This world uncertain is,

Fond are life's lustful joys,
Death proves them all but toys:
None from his darts can fly,
I am sick, I must die:
Lord, have mercy upon us!"

Christmas and Backwinter—Winter that runs into Spring—had been sent for, and are brought in. Christmas is a wretched niggard. Backwinter seldom comes, "but when he comes he pincheth to the proof." Then, before dying, Summer makes his will.

"My crown I have disposed already of.
Item, I give my withered flowers and herbs
Unto dead corses, for to deck them with.
My shady walks to great men's servitors,
Who in their masters' shadows walk secure.
My pleasant open air, and fragrant smells,
To Croydon and the grounds abutting round.
My heat and warmth to toiling labourers,
My long days to bound men and prisoners,"

with other such bequests.

"And finally,—O, words, now cleanse your course!—
Unto Eliza that most sacred Dame,
Whom none but Saints and angels ought to name,
All my fair days remaining I bequeath
To wait upon her till she be returned."

High charge is given to Autumn and to Winter on the queen's behalf. Then Summer dies, and is carried out by the satyrs and wood nymphs that came in with him. They sing as they go two stanzas on the mourning of London, each closed with the litany, "From winter, plague, and pestilence, good Lord, deliver us!"

"The Terrors of the Night."

In 1594 Nash published a short pamphlet dedicated to Elizabeth, the daughter of his patrons, Sir George and Lady Carey, on "The Terrors of the Night. Or A Discourse on Apparitions." This piece is based on the old association of ill spirits with the darkness, and includes a pleasant talk of evil spirits who can swarm about us infinitely small—"Infinite millions of them

will hang swarming about a worm-eaten nose"—spirits of earth and air, dreams, witches, and other night-fears. The Plagues of life are in the record, and in this connection Nash speaks of the plague of

"long depending hope frivolously defeated, than which there is no greater miserie on earth: and so *per consequens* no men on earth more miserable than courtiers. It is a cowardly feare that is not resolute inough to despaire. It is like a pore hunger starved wretch at sea, who still in expectation of a good voyage, endures more miseries than Iob. He that writes this can tell, for he neuer had good voyage in his life but one, and that was to a fortunate blessed Island nere those pinnacle rocks called the Needles. O it is a purified Continent, and a fertil plot fit to seat another Paradice, where or in no place the image of the ancient hospitalitie is to be found. While I liue I will praise it and extoll it, for the true magnificence and continuc honourable bountie that I saw there."

Sir George Carey, after the death of Sir Edward Horsey, in 1582, was appointed Captain-General of the Isle of Wight. He lived in Carisbrooke Castle, where his hospitality was liberal, his energy was great. It was he who arranged the defences of the island in the year of the Armada. At Carisbrooke Thomas Nash was among his guests. Liking for Nash was natural in a man of whom it is said by Sir John Oglander that "in Sir George Carey's time an attorney coming to settle in the Island was, by his command, with a pound of lighted candles at his breech lighted, with bells about his legs, hunted owte of the island."

In 1594, also, Thomas Nash published his only novel, finished in the early summer of 1593,

"*The Vnfortvnate Traveller, or, The Life of Iacke Wilton.*"

This lively piece is not a love-pamphlet after the manner of Greene's novels, that uphold the worthiness of women. Life in it is a little rascally, and love is lewd. Jack Wilton started in the world as a great man's page, with a page's conscience. He travelled, and came home with privilege to tell lies ever after. Travellers' tales were, in Elizabeth's

time, proverbial for their large draughts upon faith. Jack Wilton's is such a traveller's tale as Jack Falstaff might have spun in his youth when he was page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, if after travel he had come home and told his adventures as shoeing-horn to a tankard of sack by the fire at the Boar's Head. Jack Wilton, who is supposed to be telling his own story, says that he was a page in the camp of Henry VIII. at the sieges of Tournay and Terouenne (1513), and boasts first of his tricks upon the camp merchant of ale and cider, whom he cheated out of his store, and on a foolish captain, whom he persuaded to go into the French quarters and make his fortune by killing the French king to please the King of England. Thereby the foolish captain got for himself torture on the wheel from the French, was whipped out of the French lines as a traitor, and then hanged in the English camp as a deserter. Such incidents, told with much enjoyment, open the traveller's tale with a clear suggestion of the teller's levity. They shock nobody, because Jack is blowing bubbles—not recording facts. Jack Wilton then tells about the sweating sickness. "I have seen," he says, "an old woman at that season having three chins wipe them all away one after another, as they melted to water, and left herself nothing of a mouth but an upper chap." That war ended, Jack Wilton says, "I flew me over to Munster in Germanie, which an Anabaptistical brother named John Leiden kept at that instant against the Emperor and the Duke of Saxony." He tells with a fine vigour of exaggeration details of a battle in which the Anabaptists were destroyed. There was no such battle; they were massacred during an eight-day sack of the town (1535).

As there was no more honourable war in Christendom then toward, Jack Wilton says that he came back barefoot to England, and at Middleborough met with his late master, Lord Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, and turned back to go abroad again with him. Surrey was going as a knight-errant to challenge through Italy, and especially in Florence, all who said that the charms of Geraldine were not supreme. This is, of course, invention; Surrey never was in Italy. Jack Wilton met with Sir Thomas More and Erasmus on his way to Italy; and, in Italy, Cornelius Agrippa, who showed Geraldine to the Earl of Surrey in a magic mirror, whereupon follows the ditty Surrey is supposed to have made upon that subject. Surrey's tournament at Florence is described, with extravagant imaginations of the trappings of the horses.

Surrey caused his dear Wilton to travel as the earl, and took upon himself to be his servant, Brunquell. In such form they had a curious adventure with a pander and a courtesan at Venice, took of them counterfeit gold, and were imprisoned for passing a piece of it. Jack

Wilton, as an imprisoned earl, had presently a fair lady for fellow-prisoner. This was Diamante, the wife of Castaldo, a falsely jealous husband. Jack Wilton gave Castaldo better reason for his jealousy. The fair lady became Wilton's courtesan. Through the good offices of Aretino they were set free. Then Jack Wilton, leaving Surrey, travelled away from Venice to see Italy with Diamante. That lady's husband had died of jealousy, and left her mistress of his goods. Jack Wilton lived on Diamante's money, but found Surrey again and saw his tournaments. Then Surrey returned to England, and Jack, with Diamante, went to Rome.

Jack Wilton pulls well on his invention for a wonderful account of Rome, describes also a plague there. At Rome Jack's Diamante was carried off in the night by one Bartol, a desperate Italian, leagued with Esdras, of Granado, from "the eighth score house" in which he has wronged and murdered women. Esdras wronged a widow—Heraclide—in the same house, and left her in swoon with her head pillowed on the body of her husband, lately dead of plague.

Jack pleased the eye of the Countess Julia, the Marquis of Mantua's wife and the Pope's chief concubine, when he chanced to pass her window. By device she got possession of him, and kept him imprisoned in an inner room, slave to her pleasures.

Diamante, after other adventures, was sold by the Jew Zadoch to a Jew physician, Doctor Zacharie, who kept her in a cellar for public dissection on an appointed day. But a time came when it was found better to present Diamante as a slave to Countess Juliana, whom she was instructed secretly to poison. This plot being revealed, Zacharie escaped; Zadoch remained, and Jack Wilton racks his brains for the details of a pageful of outrageous tortures to which Zadoch was put.

Lastly, when Juliana had gone, in great state, on Saint Peter's Day, to greet the Pope, Jack Wilton and the trusted Diamante, who was keeper of Juliana's keys, packed up Juliana's jewels, plate, and money, and escaped with them down the Tiber.

Juliana came back, saw her loss, and was frenzied; her breast swelled (like Lear's) with the mother. A maid was sent for *spiritus vini*. She brought, by mistake, the poison Zacharie had prepared for her, which she had kept as a dose for Jack Wilton after she grew tired of him.

Jack Wilton and Diamante escaped to Bologna, where they saw a criminal broken on the wheel. It was one Cutwolfe, younger brother to Bartol, whom Esdras of Granado had slain in a quarrel over Diamante. Cutwolfe rejoiced in his torture, and told from the wheel that he had followed on the track of Esdras for two years until he had his revenge by killing him, after compelling him to curse God aloud

and unconditionally give his soul to hell. After seeing Bartol tortured, Jack Wilton married his courtesan, performed many almsdeeds, left Italy, and found his way to the King of England's camp at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, between Ardennes and Guines. That would have been in 1520, fifteen years before the destruction of John of Leyden and his followers in Munster. In the middle of this Traveller's Tale, it may be noted that there is a long passage against the English appetite for life away from home.

"Jack Wilton," printed in 1594, was dated at its close June 27, 1593. Nash's pen was never so busy as in this plague year, when the writer was removed from London tavern life and all distractions of the town, and housed with patrons in the country, where he was expected to behave well and to use his wit.

"The Isle of Dogs."

In the year 1597, on the fourteenth of May, Philip Henslowe, as manager of the Lord Admiral's company of players, "lent to Jubie, upon a note from Nash, twenty shillings more for 'The Isle of Dogs,' which he is writing for the company." When this play was produced it gave so much offence that the Privy Council withdrew its licence from the company and imprisoned Nash in the Fleet. Henslowe records, on the twenty-third of August, that he had paid "to Harry Porter to carry to T. Nash, now at this time in the Fleet for writing of the Isle of Dogs, ten shillings to be paid again when he can." The piece is lost, and there is no trace left of the cause of offence. Some great man may have resented words that he supposed—wrongly, perhaps—to have been pointed at himself; or there may really have been some bold touches of political satire; but there was resentment enough to cause Nash to leave London after his release, and he—a Lowestoft man—found safe and pleasant shelter in Great Yarmouth. So near home, probably he was housed with some of his kindred, and he wrote there his last pamphlet, his happiest piece of prose, published in 1599, the year before his death. It was a lively piece, all

kindliness, in serious praise of Great Yarmouth and of the Red Herring that had made the fortune of the town. He called the book "Nashes Lenten Stuffe, Containing The Description and first Procreation and increase of the towne of Great Yarmouth in Norffolke: With a new Play neuer played before, of the praise of the Red Herring. Fitte of all Clearkes of Noblemens Kitchins to be read: and not unnecessary by all seruing men that haue short boord-wages, to be remembred. *Famam peto per undas.*"

"Nash's Lenten Stuff."

To the last Nash retained interest in the fisher-folk whom he had known as a child on our east coast. If anywhere he praises husbandmen, he does not forget to join with them the labourers upon the sea. If Nash had wished to praise the rope-maker of Saffron Walden, he would have connected his trade, not with the hangman's office, but with the rigging of our navy, with the nets and tackle of our fishing fleets. The sea-breeze is in this little book of his, a book happy and healthy, caring only about what is good, with a broad sense of patriotism that dwells, however playfully, on no more trivial theme than the influence of small things upon the shaping of a nation's power. The herring fishery had made Great Yarmouth an important town, enriched by the great industrial fleet that helped to the training of good sailors and the nerving of our strength at sea. The piece is written in high spirits—full of gaiety, but clear of empty fooling. Nash knows the real worthiness of his theme, feels younger for his contact with the sea, and, drawing on the records set up in the town hall of Great Yarmouth, he traces the town's growth from industry of simple fishermen till Yarmouth Roads are covered with a busy fleet, and the Red Herring cured by Yarmouth traders is merchandise in which men deal throughout the world. The London pamphleteer and playwright speaks in this piece as the countryman of Drake and

Frobisher. He is a man born on the English coast, whose happiest memories are blended with the stir of waves and stress of sail and oar.

That was the last breath of Thomas Nash in literature. He died about a year after the publishing of the best bit of praise Great Yarmouth ever had, and the wittiest and wisest eulogy man ever spent on a red herring. He died at an age—thirty-three—when many another writer has yet forty years of work before him. His life as a member of the new-born profession of letters had been full of want and struggle. "Summer's Last Will and Testament" was but a larger example of the occasional writing that helped towards maintenance. Marriage songs and small occasional pieces paid for by great people brought fees that helped to boil the pot. Nash tells us that need set him on to do such work; but no mishap daunted his courage.

Exit Nash.

Pamphlets abounded that were written by men far below Nash's level—men without wit or genius, who sought to earn bread by amusement of the public. Let one serve for example, "Maroccus Extaticus: or Bankes' Bay Horse in a Trance," published in 1595. Bankes was a vintner in the City, who owned a middle-sized bay English gelding named Marocco, about eight years old in 1595, and then already famous for the tricks it had been taught. It could dance, and when accused of being a devil it could, at command, pick out from a crowd of people one with a crucifix in his hat, kneel to the crucifix and kiss it. In 1600 Bankes's horse went to the top of St. Paul's Cathedral. Bankes travelled abroad to show his horse, and it is said that horse and master were finally burnt at Rome as wizards. Bankes's horse, then being shown at the Belle Savage, was a new matter of town talk in 1595, and therefore was thought able to turn a penny for a pamphleteer, who set Bankes and his horse

"Maroccus Extaticus."

talking together "in a merry dialogue anatomizing some abuses and bad trickes of this age."

If a murder became town talk, it was promptly turned into a ballad. The chief workman in this form, William Elderton, died a few years before Nash. He may have been the boy-actor of the same name who played at Court on Twelfth Day, 1553. His first known ballad appeared on a single sheet in 1559, "The Pangs of Love, and louers fittes." There was a ballad of his, in 1565, on "The true fourme and shape of a monsterous chyld which was borne at Stony Stratforde." In 1571 he wrote a ballad on the death of Bishop Jewel. In January, 1574, he managed a company of comedians that acted before the queen. "A new Yorkshire song" of Elderton's, in 1584, celebrated in twenty-two stanzas a match at archery. Nash, as we have seen, writes of Elderton's "ale-crammed nose." Shakespeare made Benedick, in the fifth act of "Much Ado about Nothing," sing a snatch from one of Elderton's ballads— Ballad Writing.

"The god of love
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve——."

Elderton did, perhaps, deserve pitifully, but he rhymed with ease over the ale until about 1592, when he might append to his own life, as he appended to each of his ballads, "Finis, qd W. E.," or "William Elderton."

CHAPTER VIII.

ENTER DRAYTON AND DANIEL—MANY POETS—SHAKESPEARE'S "VENUS AND ADONIS" AND "LUCRECE."

SAMUEL DANIEL was born in Somersetshire—Fuller in his "Worthies" says, not far from Taunton—in 1562 or 1563. His father is said to have been John Daniel, a music-master. A brother of his, John Daniel, became well known as a musician. Samuel Daniel—only a year or two older than Shakespeare—was entered in his seventeenth year, in 1579, as a commoner at Magdalen Hall, Oxford. Three years afterwards he left the University without a degree, but well exercised in English history and poetry.

Samuel Daniel.

In 1585 Daniel published in London—dedicated to Sir Edward Dymock, the Queen's Champion, printed for Simon Waterson—a translation of Giovio's treatise on Emblems, "The Worthy Tract of Paulus Iouius, containing a Discourse of rare inventions both Military and Amorous, called *Imprese.* Whereunto is added a Preface contayning the Arte of composing them, with many other notable deuises. By Samuel Daniell, late student in Oxenforde." Paolo Giovio—born at Como in 1483—was a learned and witty physician, who was made by Clement VII. Bishop of Nocera in 1527. He died in 1552, leaving as his chief work *Historiarum sui Temporis, ab anno* 1494-1547, *Lib. xxxxiv.*, in two folio volumes. He formed for himself a gallery of portraits of famous men of all

Translation of Giovio's *Imprese.*

countries and ages, to which he attached descriptions. Some of these descriptions were published in six books, as an *Elogia Doctorum Virorum.* There had been a translation by P. Ashton, in 1546, of "A Short Treatise upon the Turkes Chronicles by Paulus Jovius," and a version in 1555, several times reprinted, of his "Historie of the legation or ambassade of greate Basilius Prince of Moscovia to Pope Clement vij," before young Daniel translated, from the Italian, Paolo Giovio's *Ragionamento sopra i motti et disegni d'arme et d'amore che communemente chiamono Imprese.* This way of beginning his work as a writer indicated, not only the interest taken by Daniel in Italian literature from the outset of his career, but also a young poet's part in the taste of the day for mottoes and emblems, which had grown rapidly since the publication in 1522, at Milan, of the *Emblematum Libellus* by the Italian jurisconsult, Andrea Alciati. Giovio's book was, indeed, the first set treatise on the subject.

Daniel's first encourager to verse was Philip Sidney's sister, Mary, Countess of Pembroke. Daniel was in Italy—perhaps travelling with a pupil—in 1590 or 1591. In 1591 Thomas Nash prepared for Thomas Newman an edition of Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella," to which he added "sundrie other rare Sonnets of divers Noblemen and Gentlemen," the chief part of that addition being twenty-seven of the sonnets by Daniel that were published in the next year (1592) as "Delia. Contayning certayne Sonnets: with the complaint of Rosamond." A Latin motto on the title-page—*Aetas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus*—indicates that Daniel had already planned or begun his poem on "The Civil Wars between the Two Houses of Lancaster and York."

Sonnets to Delia.

Michael Drayton, who was of like age with Daniel, also began with a collection of love-sonnets—"Idea"—and went on to a poem on "The Lamentable Civil Wars of Edward

the Second and the Barons," described shortly as "The Barons' Wars." Drayton was born in 1563, at Hartshill, in Warwickshire. He speaks of himself as nobly bred and well allied, says that he was in his youth a page—probably a page in the service of Sir Henry Goodere, of Polesworth, in Warwickshire, not far from Hartshill. To Sir Henry Goodere, Drayton says that he was indebted for "the most part" of his education. Drayton did not study at either of the Universities. His first book was "The Harmonie of the Church, Containing the Spirituall Songes and holy Hymnes of godly men, Patriarkes, and Prophetes: all sweetly sounding to the praise and glory of the Highest. Now (newlie) reduced into sundrie kinds of English Meeter, meete to be read or sung for the solace and comfort of the godly. By M. D." This was dedicated on the tenth of February, 1590 (1591), to Lady Jane Devereux, of Merivale, whose bountiful hospitality to him Drayton records. The contents of the book were: The Most Notable Song of Moses, which he made a little before his death; the Song of the Israelites for their deliverance out of Egypt; the Most Excellent Song of Solomon, Containing Eight Chapters; the Song of Anna; the Prayer of Jonah; the Prayer of Jeremiah; the Song of Deborah and Barak; a Song of the Faithful for the Mercies of God; another Song of the Faithful; a Song of Thanks to God; another Song of the Faithful. Added to these eleven were three more songs and prayers out of the books of Apocrypha. The three Songs of the Faithful were from the twelfth and sixteenth chapters of Isaiah and the third chapter of Habakkuk. For some orthodox fancy of his own, Archbishop Whitgift caused all copies of this book to be destroyed, except forty that were to be kept in the archbishop's library at Lambeth.

Michael Drayton.

"The Harmonie of the Church."

In 1592 Daniel published his sonnets to "Delia," with

a love poem founded upon history: "The Complaint of Rosamond." In 1593 Drayton published his sonnets to "Idea," followed, in 1594, by a love poem founded upon history: "Matilda," with "Idea's Mirrour, Amours in Quatorzains." One of Daniel's sonnets associates "Delia" with a river by which she dwelt—the Avon. One of Drayton's sonnets associates "Idea" with a streamlet by which she dwelt—the Anker, which flows by Hartshill, Drayton's birthplace, to enter the Tame at Tamworth. There was some lady, no doubt, to whom each set of sonnets was addressed in the usual way of compliment; a way that did not of old commonly imply any real suit for love or marriage, although, of course, it might now and then follow the course of a real courtship, as in the sonnets of Spenser.* Daniel married at some time in his life, and was childless. Drayton did not marry. "Delia" and "Idea" were but themes for one kind of love poetry, as "Matilda" and "Fair Rosamond" for another. In the sonnets to "Idea," Drayton writes with a fresh vigour of his own—sometimes even a rough vigour—and a manliness that gives no place to any unreasoning love-sickness. Daniel, with abundant grace, conforms more closely to the soft Italian conventions. It is to be noted that these fourteen-lined pieces—which in Daniel are often shaped into a series by framing from the last line of one the first line of its successor—are not true sonnets in the structure of their verse. Each of them has three quatrains of alternate rhyme, in which every pair of rhymes is quite independent of the others, and one couplet to close and complete the quatorzaine. The form used by Drayton and Daniel was the form used by Spenser and others, and by Shakespeare, who about this time began writing occasional sonnets. Shakespeare's sonnets were not published until 1609, and when

Daniel's "Delia" and Drayton's "Idea."

Sonnet-writing.

* "E. W." ix. 372.

we come to that year we shall consider them. But unprinted sonnets of Shakespeare were known in 1598, and referred to by Meres as his "sugred sonnets among his private friends."

Henry Constable published, in 1592, twenty-three sonnets under the title of "Diana; or the Praises of his Mistres in Certaine Sweete Sonnets": five were added to the next edition in 1594. Other occasional verses and his "Spiritual Sonnets" bear witness to his ingenuity and sense of music. Henry Constable was born about 1555, of a good Roman Catholic family. He graduated B.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1579, and falling, as a Roman Catholic, under suspicion of treasonable correspondence with France, left England in 1595. In 1601 or 1602 he ventured to return, but was discovered and committed to the Tower. There he was at the end of Elizabeth's reign, for he was not released until the close of 1604. He was dead in 1616. Henry Constable was esteemed by the foremost poets of his time. Ben Jonson wrote, with reference to the series of sonnets published under the title of "Diana"—

Henry Constable's "Diana"

> "Hath Constable's ambrosiac muse
> Made Dian not his notes refuse?"

It is to be observed that while Spenser's and Shakespeare's sonnets, Daniel's, Drayton's, and many more, are fourteen-lined poems consisting of three quatrains and a couplet, and each of Watson's sonnets was in three six-lined stanzas of common verse, Constable's are true sonnets in their construction. In some of them he even avoids the pairing of rhyme in the two last lines, and so follows the best Italian model.

To Thomas Watson's verse, attention has already been given.* He died in 1592...Another book of sonnets was

* "E. W." ix. 162–164.

published in 1593: "Licia or Poemes of Love, in Honour of the admirable and singular vertues of his Lady, to the imitation of the best Latin Poets and others. Whereunto is added the Rising to the Crowne of Richard the third." The author of this was Giles Fletcher, LL.D.

Dr. Giles Fletcher's "Licia."

There were in Elizabeth's reign two brothers Fletcher, Richard and Giles, whose children are more interesting than they are themselves. Richard Fletcher became D.D., and Bishop successively of Bristol, Worcester, and London. He attended at the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, angered the queen by his second marriage, smoked much tobacco, and was the father of John Fletcher. John Fletcher was, in the next reign, friend and fellow-writer, as a dramatist, with Francis Beaumont. Richard's brother, Giles Fletcher, became LL.D., was employed by Elizabeth as Commissioner in Scotland, Germany, and the Low Countries, was sent as ambassador to Russia, and published in 1591 a book "Of the Russe Common Wealth," with dedication to the queen. It was quickly suppressed, "lest it might give offence to a prince in amity with England." Dr. Giles Fletcher thought he had found in the Tartars the lost tribes of Israel. He became treasurer to St. Paul's, secretary to the City of London, and Master of the Court of Requests. He had two sons, Phineas and Giles Fletcher, afterwards known as poets. These, therefore, were first-cousins of John Fletcher the dramatist.

Dr. Giles Fletcher's fifty-two sonnets to Licia are smoothly planned in the form then commonly used, of three quatrains of alternate rhyme with a closing couplet. He shows that he has read with enjoyment Italian and English sonnet-writers, and he has caught the trick of their art. A few other poems follow, including three elegies and a "Dialogue betwixt two Sea-Nymphs, Doris and Galatea, concerning Polyphemus; briefly translated out of Lucian."

"The Rising to the Crown of Richard III." is told by Richard himself, after the manner of the Tragedies in "The Mirror for Magistrates," of which manner there was at this time a revival that set old Thomas Churchyard challenging against Charles Fitzgeoffrey his first right to the subject of "Shore's Wife." Dr. Giles Fletcher had read Daniel's "Complaint of Rosamond"—a poem of the same class, that had been published with his "Delia" in 1592—for his Richard III. begins his story by asserting that he has more cause for lament than Shore's wife or Fair Rosamond. Phineas and Giles Fletcher would have had their bent to verse encouraged by a father who, being a capable and energetic man in service of the State, took part without discredit in the choir of singers who were men of action too, and stepped to music in the great Elizabethan time.

"Parthenophil and Parthenophe."

Barnabe Barnes published, in May, 1593, his "Parthenophil and Parthenophe," which is a way of naming "the Maid and her Lover," as Sidney's Astrophel and Stella were names for "the Star and her Lover." It is a collection of a hundred and four sonnets, twenty-six madrigals, and a sestine exact in technical construction. These are followed by twenty-one elegies, a canzone, a translation of the first Idyll of Moschus, twenty odes, four more sestines, and a few sonnets of compliment.

Barnabe Barnes.

Barnabe Barnes was the fourth of nine children of Richard Barnes, Bishop of Durham, who died in 1587. A year before his father's death Barnabe entered Brasenose College, but he left Oxford without graduating. In 1591 Barnabe Barnes went with the Earl of Essex into Normandy, to join the French against the Prince of Parma. As a friend of Gabriel Harvey, whom he supported with a sonnet against Nash, Barnabe Barnes received in his own face some of the mud thrown in the Nash and Harvey gutter-war. While many of the sonnets in "Parthenophil and Parthenophe" are in the

form then commonly used, of three quatrains and a couplet, others vary the rhyming, and some—as the thirtieth, thirty-second, thirty-third, and others—are accurately formed on Petrarch's model. In 1595 Barnabe Barnes published "A Divine Centvrie of Spirituall Sonnets," mainly Petrarchan in their form. Whether he sing of earthly or of heavenly love, the passion is conventional, but there is livelier imagery in the poems upon earthly love. After the death of Elizabeth, Barnabe Barnes published, in 1606, "Foure Bookes of Offices; enabling privat Persons for the speciall service of all good Princes and Policies." This was followed in the next year (1607) by a tragedy, called "The Divel's Charter," on Pope Alexander VI. and Lucretia Borgia. Barnes died in December, 1609.

A familiar friend, to whom Barnabe Barnes dedicated his "Parthenophil and Parthenophe," and who addressed a madrigal to the author of "Parthenophil," was William Percy, who published in 1594 thirteen leaves containing twenty "Sonnets to the Fairest Cœlia." They are of the usual three-quatrain-and-couplet form. He wrote also comedies and pastorals, with their songs, and one book of epigrams. These survive in a MS. belonging to the Duke of Northumberland. It is in the library at Alnwick Castle. He wrote also plays, of which a MS. is in the library of the Duke of Devonshire.* William Percy was third son of the eighth Earl of Northumberland. His father, charged with a plot for freeing Mary Queen of Scots, was imprisoned in the Tower, where he killed himself in June, 1585. William Percy's mother survived until October, 1596. William Percy himself lived obscurely at Oxford. There he died, in Penny-farthing Street, in May, 1648.

William Percy.

* In 1824 Joseph Haslewood edited two of them for the Roxburghe Club, "The Cuck-Queanes and Cuckolds Errants, or the Bearing Down the June, a Comædie. The Faery Pastorall or Forrest of Elues. By W. P. Esq."

William Shakespeare published in 1593 his poem of "Venus and Adonis," and in 1594 his poem of "Lucrece." Marlowe's fragment of "Hero and Leander," though not published until 1598, by which time George Chapman had finished his continuation, was first entered for publication at Stationers' Hall on the twenty-eighth of September, 1593, nearly four months after Marlowe's death. This was the most beautiful poem, outside Shakespeare's work, that dealt with the passion of love in forms derived from classical mythology. Next in degree of interest was Lodge's poem,

"*Scillaes Metamorphosis*,"

"Scillaes Metamorphosis."

published in 1589, which has been named in its place,* but left to be described in this connexion. The poem, in the six-lined stanza known as "common metre," tells how the poet,

> "Walking alone (all onely full of griefe)
> Within a thicket neere to Isis floud,"

was consoled by the sea-god, Glaucus, "who rose from foorth the channell with a sorrowing crie"—

> "And as I sat vnder a willow tree,
> The louely honour of faire Thetis bower
> Repos'd his head vpon my faintful knee:
> And when my teares had ceast their stormie shower
> He dried my cheeke, and then bespake him so,
> As when he waild I straight forgot my woe."

Other sea-nymphs then rose, with sweet music, from "the channel's glide," and sang complaints of love. These prelude the complaint of Glaucus, that dwells on the repulse from the nymph Scilla, when all other nymphs were kind to him. At last Scilla banished her suitor to the western seas, where he might shroud his head within some river and see her no more. He fleeted west and found the Isis, where he weeps now on the shore, now on the stream, consorts with hapless men and yields them comfort, though his wound be cureless. The nymphs were grieved with Glaucus. Then his mother, Thetis, came and sought to

* "E. W." x. 62.

cheer him, though with piteous eye. At last she prayed for aid to Venus, who came in her pomp with Cupid. Venus referred all to the power of her son Cupid, who cured Glaucus with a stroke of dart in the old wound, that took all sense of wounded love away. Glaucus, heart-whole, was made happy by Venus, and the nymphs who played in flocks about him. Then it was seen that, afar, fair Scilla floated on the stream. None had good-will for her. She came ashore, clasped Glaucus in her arms—

> "Glaucus, my loue (quoth she) looke on thy louer,
> Smile gentle Glaucus on the nimph that likes thee;
> But starke as stone sat he, and list not proue her:
> Ah, silly nimph, the selfe-same god that strikes thee
> With fancies darte, and hath thy freedome slaine,
> Wounds Glaucus with the arrowe of disdain."

It is a classical treatment of the theme of Henryson's "Robine and Makyne": If you will not when you may, when you will I can say nay. Scilla fled at last, and all followed her over the sea to the waters about Sicily, where

> "Fury and Rage, Wan-hope, Dispaire and Woe,
> From Ditis den by Ate sent, drewe nie."

Each of them is painted emblem-wise before

> "These fiue at once the sorrowing nimph assaile,
> And captive lead her bound into the rocks,
> Where howling still she strives for to preuaile,
> Without auaile yet strives she: for hir locks
> Are changed with wonder into hideous sands,
> And hard as flint become her snow-white hands."

So Scilla's Metamorphosis is into a stormy isle shunned by the seamen, and the story warns ladies

> "That nimphs must yeeld, when faithfull louers straie not,
> Least, through contempt, almightie loue compell you
> With Scilla in the rocks to make your biding,
> A curséd plague for women's proud backsliding."

With the diffuseness proper to these love-poems, that

sought to draw out the linked sweetness of every detail by expansion of the poet's imagery, sententious lines, and dainty variation of the thoughts associated with each incident, Shakespeare wrote his "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece." With all their grace and wit and sweetness, these love-tales have also the spirit of Shakespeare in their themes. One is of the innocence of early manhood that is proof against the blandishments of Venus. The other is of the innocence of womanhood outraged by a man's lust, and choosing death to set the pure mind free from the prison of a tainted body. "Venus and Adonis" is in stanzas of the "common metre" used by Lodge for his love-tale of Glaucus and Scilla. In Shakespeare's hands that measure is here at its sweetest. The myth of Adonis is so told as to make the youth's innocent ignorance the foremost feature of the tale. It is proof against all blandishments of Venus. He hates not love, but her device in love; and breaks from her endearments with words showing the gist of the whole poem as Shakespeare treats it—

Shakespeare's Love-tales.

"Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth usurped his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done:
Love surfeits not, lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, lust full of forgéd lies.

"More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen.

Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended."

In "Lucrece" lust is shown all hateful and unsatisfying, through the passions in the mind of Tarquin; and if the elaboration of ideas that arise out of each incident is excessive, as Shakespeare represents it in the mind of Lucrece after the wrong done to her, Shakespeare himself took care to guard those passages—which include some of the best stanzas in the poem—with comment that unites them to the voice of Nature:

"Thus cavils she with everything she sees;
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with naught agrees;
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractised swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

"So she, deep-drenchéd in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
Sometimes her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
Sometimes 'tis mad, and too much talk affords."

In "Lucrece" Shakespeare used, not the common metre, which was thought specially fit for tales of love, but the seven-lined Chaucer stanza, which, though full of sweetness, has its deeper notes that could more fitly express tragic passion. That is the reason for the difference of measure. Shakespeare's two love-tales were thus meant as antidotes to lust. One paints a young and manly innocence, unallured by the sweetness of its first enticement;

the other paints the guilty passion with its wild-beast force, stripped of disguise, in all its hatefulness.

In a dedication of "Venus and Adonis" to Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton—then twenty years old—Shakespeare calls that poem the first heir of his invention. It was his first published work. "Lucrece" was dedicated to the same good friend.

The first edition of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" had for its title-page, "Venus and Adonis. *Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flavus Apollo. Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.* London. Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at the signe of the White Greyhound in Paules Churchyard, 1593." A second edition was issued in 1594, with no change on the title-page except the date. There was a third edition in 1596, printed by R. F. (Richard Field) for John Harison; a fourth in 1599, printed for William Leake, was found by Mr. Charles Edmonds in the library of Sir Charles Isham, at Lamport Hall, Northamptonshire. A fifth edition was printed by I. H. for John Harrison in 1600. Two editions were published in 1602, and have been discovered by Mr. William Aldis Wright, one in the British Museum, one in the Bodleian, the only known copy of each.

The first edition of Shakespeare's "Lucrece" had on its title-page "Lucrece. London, Printed by Richard Field, for Iohn Harrison, and are to be sold at the signe of the White Greyhound; in Paules Churchyard 1594." There was a second edition in 1598 printed by P. S. for John Harrison, and a third printed by I. H. for Iohn Harrison in 1600. There was not another until 1607.

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CHAPTER IX.

"ROMEO AND JULIET"—"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"—"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

"ROMEO AND JULIET" was, before Shakespeare's time, one of the most popular of love-stories. In 1562—two years before the birth of Shakespeare—Arthur Brooke published a poem on the "Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet, containing a rare example of love constancy; with the subtill counsels and practices of an old Fryer, and their ill-event." * In the preface to his poem, Arthur Brooke spoke of a previously existing play. "Though," he says, "I saw the same argument lately set forth on the stage with more commendation than I can look for (being there much better set forth than I have, or can do), yet the same matter, penned as it is, may serve the like good effect." Neither of the play so referred to, nor of any other play upon "Romeo and Juliet," before Shakespeare's, has any copy been preserved.

"Romeo and Juliet."

A part of Friar Laurence's expostulation with Romeo upon his passion in the cell (Act III., Sc. 3) is directly paraphrased from Arthur Brooke. These are Brooke's lines:—

> "'Art thou,' quoth he, 'a man? Thy shape saith so thou art;
> Thy crying and thy weeping eyes denote a woman's heart . . .
> If thou a man or woman wert or else a brutish beast.'"

* "E. W." viii. 287, 288.

These are Shakespeare's—

> " 'Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art;
> Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
> The unreasonable fury of a beast.' "

The tale of Juliet was first told by an Italian, Luigi da Porto, of Vicenza, who died in 1529, six years before the printing of it—at Venice, in 1535—as "The Story of Two Noble Lovers, with their piteous death, which happened in the city of Verona in the time of the Signor Bartolomeo Scala." Luigi da Porto said that he had it at the baths of Caldera from a talkative archer of Verona, Captain Alexander Peregrino, a man fifty years old. But he might have got the suggestion from a tale of Sienna, clearly the same, the thirty-third of the "Novellino" of Masuccio Salernitano, published in 1476. In 1554 the story was printed again at Lucca, as retold by Bandello. It was soon afterwards told again in French, with variations, by Boaisteau, from whose novel it was shaped into English verse, with further alterations and additions, by Arthur Brooke, in 1562. Boaisteau's novel was translated by William Painter for the second volume of his collection of novels published in 1567 as "The Palace of Pleasure."

A history of Verona, to the year 1560, by Girolamo della Corte, places the story of Romeo and Juliet in the year 1303. Dante's "Divine Comedy," dating in 1300, names the Capulets and Montagues among the quarrellers of Verona, who represented the fierce spirit that made Italy savage and unmanageable. The Scalas then ruled in Verona, and the time of Bartolomeo Scala was that assigned to the story by Luigi da Porto. Scala became, in the several versions of the tale, Escala, and, as in Shakespeare, Escalus, the prince's name.

There were two plays on this popular love story in Spanish literature, one by Lope de Vega, and one by Francisco de Roxas.

Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" was first published in quarto in 1597. That first quarto of 1597 is without bookseller's name upon the title-page, and its types show that it was produced hurriedly by the joint work of two separate printers. There was a second quarto in 1599, and a third in 1609, all being without the author's name upon the title-page; but there seems to have been also an undated quarto that appeared before the play was included among Shakespeare's works in the first folio of 1623.

The 1597 quarto prints "Romeo and Juliet" as often acted by the players of Lord Hunsdon. Shakespeare's company were "servants of the Lord Chamberlain," and Henry Lord Hunsdon died in the office of Lord Chamberlain on the twenty-second of July, 1596. His son George, who succeeded to the title, did not succeed to the office of Lord Chamberlain until the seventeenth of April, 1597, Lord Cobham intervening. It has been inferred that the description of the company, not as the Lord Chamberlain's but as Lord Hunsdon's, signifies that it was remaining in the service of George Lord Hunsdon during the months between his father's death and his own succession to the office of Lord Chamberlain. This may or may not be so. In any case we may say that "Romeo and Juliet" was not written later than the end of the year 1596, and it is among the plays of Shakespeare named in 1598 by Francis Meres in his "Palladis Tamia."

"*Romeo and Juliet.*"

In Shakespeare's treatment of the story, the most striking feature is the swiftness he gives to the time of action. Other noticeable changes are in the development of Mercutio and bringing in of Paris at the end to be slain at the grave of Juliet. In the stories there was no more said of Paris after his part had been played as the lord whom Juliet was to marry at her father's castle of Villa Franca, or Freetown.

The swiftness of the action is an essential part of Shakespeare's

conception of the poem. In the older forms of the tale its movement was not so rapid. In the story as told in Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," months were spent by Romeo in seeking for a lady who would cause him to forget his hopeless love for Rosaline. Christmas is given as the date of the festivity in the house of the Capulets, at which Romeo first met Juliet; lapse of time after this is occasionally marked, and the marriage of Juliet with Paris is fixed for a day in the following September.

Shakespeare turns all into an image of the impulse of young life, joining hot love of Italy with the hot weather of July. There is the same rashness of hot blood in the quarrels of the Capulets and Montagues. Mercutio is as nimble for a fray as Romeo for a love passion.

The action of the play does not extend over a week. It begins on a Sunday. Juliet takes her sleeping draught only two days after seeing Romeo—that is to say, on Tuesday night—and the end among the tombs follows on Thursday night. When Sunday morning dawns, Romeo is deep in a love passion for Rosaline. On Thursday night he dies for love of Juliet, and Juliet is a fortnight and odd days short of fourteen. We know that the first day of the action is Sunday, because the second day is, in the fourth scene of the Third Act, named as Monday. In the fifth scene of the Third Act, where Romeo leaves Juliet's chamber, it is therefore Tuesday morning; and it is on Tuesday morning that Juliet, in the first scene of the Fourth Act, visits Friar Laurence in his cell. She is to be married to Paris on Wednesday, and on Tuesday night she takes the potion which shall make her seem as dead for two-and-forty hours. On Wednesday she is laid in the tomb of the Capulets, and the time of her awakening will depend upon the time at which she took the draught, if we take forty-two hours as an exact statement of time. The action is in what are spoken of as "these hot days," which the calculations of the Nurse as to Juliet's birthday place near the middle of July, when it wants "a fortnight and odd days" to Lammas-tide—loaf-mass, the first of August, time of the presentation in church of loaves baked from the new corn of the harvest. Daybreak in the middle of July is about four in the morning. If Juliet took the potion at 4 a.m. on the night between Tuesday and Wednesday, the forty-two hours of her death-like trance would end at 10 p.m. on Thursday night, and the events in the churchyard cover the hours from about ten o'clock on Thursday night—the coming of Paris with his offering of flowers would be towards bed-time—until the dawn of Friday morning, for the play closes with daybreak.

The swiftness of action is meant to associate the story with the

rash passions of youth. It prompts Friar Laurence's warning (Act II., Scene 6)—

> "These violent delights have violent ends,
> And in their triumph die: like fire and powder,
> Which as they kiss consume. The sweetest honey
> Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
> And in the taste confounds the appetite:
> Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;
> Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

But though an impetuous love passion in young spirits impatient of delay, a stir of quick Italian blood in the hot July weather, it is young love, fresh in the morning, radiant with colours of the dawn, in direct contrast—and among Shakespeare's plays in designed contrast—with the middle-aged sensualism of Antony and Cleopatra. It is marked by a tender spirit of reverence. Juliet is Romeo's "sweet saint;" all the divine beauty of the love wherewith God binds the innocence of young men and young maidens for joint conquest of the evils of the world, is shown by the master-poet in sharp contrast with the quick passions of hate. As Romeo says in the first scene of the fray whose sound has reached him, "Here's much to do with hate, but more with love." Shakespeare often builds the story of a play upon a discord, that he may show how it is turned to harmony. There are the two discords between pairs of brothers in "As You Like It"—one brought to music by man's love to his neighbour, and the other by his love to God. There is the discord between Jew and Christian in the "Merchant of Venice" tuned in the last act to music of the spheres, as the son of the Christian and the daughter of the Jew exchange responses in their litany of love. It was, in the treacheries of Proteus in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," made love again upon the instant by a true repentance. It was in the cruelty of those who set Prospero adrift upon the waters, and whom he brought into his power by a magic Tempest, only that he might use his art to bring them to repentance and return with them in love and human fellowship. It is in "Romeo and Juliet." The feuds of Capulet and Montague stand for the discords of the world, that raise the storms in which young love is wrecked. But even here love bears its proper fruit. From each of the contending factions that represent the strength of hate, young love flutters to find its mate in the opposing rank. Of hate comes death; but of the innocent love, even in death, springs life that wears the laurel crown. The death of the young lovers is the death of the old hate. Juliet's dower

after death is the hand of her father knit in friendship with the hand of his old enemy—

> " O brother Montague, give me thy hand :
> This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
> Can I demand."

Old Montague will raise a statue of gold to the daughter of the Capulets. Old Capulet will pay equal honour to the son of the Montagues. Shakespeare thus closes his play as he had foreshadowed it in the opening Chorus, which said that the star-crossed lovers

> " Do with their death bury their parents' strife."

The play, properly acted, would end with the old heads of opposing faction, Capulet and Montague, mourning with joined hands over the dead lovers whom their strife has slain. The play improperly acted leaves out that most essential part of the tale in order that the curtain may fall while the audience is applauding the elaborate stage-death of the Star Actor. That luminary has taken care to fall as far as may be from the body of Juliet, in order that he may wriggle himself with a pathetic eel-like motion across the intervening space, and there must be no old Capulet and old Montague to catch the applause at the fall of the curtain. When shall we all understand our Shakespeare well enough to be impatient of these ignorances of stage-managers? Every self-styled " practical " man who treads the boards is ready to play Tybalt to Shakespeare's Mercutio, and often—as here, in cutting out the reconciliation of the Capulets and Montagues over the bodies of Romeo and Juliet—he makes a wound " not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door ; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve." It lets the soul out of the play.

In division of the story of " Romeo and Juliet," the First Act ends with the love at first sight on Sunday night ; the Second Act ends with the marriage on Monday afternoon, and includes provision of a rope ladder for Romeo's entrance to his wife's chamber on Monday night. The Third Act brings into the streets the fray that parts the lovers. Mercutio is killed by Tybalt, and Tybalt by Romeo, an hour after the secret marriage to Juliet. Romeo is banished, and will go to Mantua after his wedding night, when Romeo and Juliet meet to part for ever in this world. Meanwhile old Capulet is planning the marriage of Juliet to the Count Paris, and she resists compulsion put on her to marry what would be a second husband on Thursday. In the Fourth Act Friar Laurence invents his plan of the potion, which is carried out ; and in the Fifth Act comes the thwarting of the plan, with all the tragic issues. But

there is God's Providence in these, for the lovers wake to heaven and leave a legacy of love on earth in the extinction of the feuds between the Capulets and Montagues.

In the opening of the play with marking of the feud, the growth of the strife from servants upward, till the heads of the two houses are involved, prepares for the entrance of Romeo with a young passionate yearning to love and be loved, that spends itself in vain on Rosaline; and here there is an indication of the time. It is "but new struck nine." In the next scene we pass from Montague to Capulet, and preparation for the "old accustomed feast." Capulet speaks of his daughter's youth in answer to the suit of Paris, "She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;" the Nurse afterwards, in her calculations with Lady Capulet, makes that more exact, and suggests also—what accords with bygone customs—that she was three years old when she was weaned. No stress should be laid on the quotation of an earthquake to remember by. That is the way of an old nurse's talk. There was an earthquake in England on the sixth of April, 1580, when Shakespeare was sixteen years old, and he may actually have heard old women reckon from the earthquake. But to infer from this mention of eleven years since the earthquake, as Tyrwhitt did, and Malone half supported him in doing, that Shakespeare wrote "Romeo and Juliet" in 1591, is building upon sand.

When Lady Capulet, speaking of the suit of Paris, says to Juliet—

> "I was your mother much upon these years
> That now you are a maid,"

we find that the age of Lady Capulet is under thirty. But the old age of her husband is marked delightfully in the next scene, when his talk of the past with an old kinsman is brought in immediate juxtaposition with Romeo's first words upon seeing Juliet. In like manner the fiery hate of Tybalt, when he detects Romeo in the house of his enemies, is expressed in words that stand next before the first utterances of Romeo's love. The deep sense of reverence in those first utterances is also strongly marked. To touch Juliet is to profane a shrine; she is to Romeo his "dear saint," and the same phrase recurs in the balcony scene—"My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself."

Friar Laurence is first shown when he has returned to his cell from gathering herbs in the early morning, and his knowledge of the powers of herbs is marked at the outset for dramatic purpose, while his moralising on them fits the spirit of the story:

"Two such opposéd kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant
Full soon the canker doth eat up that plant."

The Nurse, sent out at nine to Romeo, finds him at noon, each hour being marked in the dialogue of the play. The animal character of the Nurse, as well as her infirmity, makes her serve admirably as foil to Juliet. Her earthly views of love and marriage, marked by sexual suggestion and low thought, bring out into vivid expression the fine spirit of youth and glow of young imagination that melts the flesh into the spirit, instead of burying the spirit in the flesh. This difference leads to a complete severance of the old ties that had bound them together from the days when Juliet lay at her nurse's breast. Love opens the girl's eyes to the lower nature that is earthly, sensual; and Juliet's thought of her is—

"Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain."

The careful marking of the swift passage of time may be observed, first in the indication of the interval of one hour between the marriage and the killing of Tybalt—

"Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin,"

then in the indication of the passage of two more hours before the evil tidings have reached Juliet—

"Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three hours' wife, have mangled it?"

Such points abound, but I will add only one more note. When Juliet stabs herself with Romeo's dagger, it is the last stroke of the dagger of a Montague into the heart of a Capulet.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream."

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" is one of the twelve plays by Shakespeare which were mentioned by Francis Meres in his "Palladis Tamia," and were, therefore, written before the publication of that book in 1598. The play was first printed, and twice printed, in quarto, in the year 1600, having been entered at Stationers' Hall, on the eighth of October in that year, to

Thomas Fisher, a young stationer who had only taken his freedom out four months before. But besides the quarto printed for him, and to be sold at his shop at the sign of the White Hart in Fleet Street, there was another and more faulty copy, printed without licence by James Roberts, a much older man than Fisher; and it was from Roberts's copy—the worse of the two—that the play was next printed, with some emendations of the text, in the first folio of 1623.

Internal evidence does not suffice to fix the time when "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was written. Damp and chill spoiling the summer, because there is dissension between the Fairy King and Queen, is a poet's fancy that may or may not have drawn colour from the fact that the months of June and July, 1594, were, according to the diary of Simon Forman, the astrologer, "very wet and wonderful cold, like winter, that the 10 day of July many did sit by the fire, it was so cold, and scant two fair days together all that time, but it rained every day more or less; if it did not rain, then it was cold and cloudy." John Stow said of the same year in his Chronicle: "In the month of May fell many great showers of rain, but in the months of June and July much more; for it commonly rained every day or night until St. James's Day, and two days after most extremely; all which notwithstanding, in the month of August there followed a fair harvest, but in the month of September fell great rains, which raised high waters, such as stayed the carriages, and broke down bridges at Cambridge, Ware, and elsewhere in many places."

In Lectures on Jonas delivered in the same year (1594) Dr. King asked his hearers to "Remember that the Spring was very unkind by means of the abundance of rains that fell; our July hath been like to February; our June even as an April, so that the air must needs be corrupted; God amend it in His mercy, and stay this plague of waters!"

As this might very well be about the time when "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was written, it is quite possible that in Titania's picture of a summer spoilt by jealousy of Oberon, when "the fold stands empty in the drownèd field," and

> "hoary-headed frosts
> Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,"

Shakespeare drew some suggestions from a near experience.

Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps called attention to the flight of Serena in the eighth canto of the Sixth Book of "The Faerie Queene" (stanza 32),

> "Thro' hills and dales, thro' bushes and thro' breres,"

and found more than accidental resemblance with the Fairy's answer to Puck at the beginning of the Second Act of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—

> "*Puck.* How now, spirit, whither wander you?
> *Fairy.* Over hill, over dale,
> Thorough bush, thorough brier,
> Over park, over pale,
> Thorough flood, thorough fire,
> I do wander every where."

But there is so obvious an association between hills and dales, bushes and briars—they come so naturally together in the mind—that it seems hardly a sure inference from this that Shakespeare wrote "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in or after 1596, when that part of "The Faerie Queene" was published.

"*A Midsummer Night's Dream*"

is a play of fancy and a plea for fancy. Its fairy world is the world of playfulness, in which imagination is the substance, and hard fact runs into fantastic shapes that mock reality. The fairy company surrounds us with its ring, and, if it find us cross, it leaves us happy. Love in a tangle, under the light teasing of the fairies, has its threads combed

straight. Puck is the merry household fairy, with a broom on his shoulder, who comes into the house of Theseus "to sweep the dust behind the door." Happy the home where Puck is busy with his broom, where all cobwebs of false dignity and chill reserve vanish before the clean sweep of an elvish trick, a word of loving mockery.

Sound health is in the home where kindly nonsense blows away the mists that cloud our tempers, and merry tricks of thought turn care itself into a plaything. Reason plants a firm foot when the mind's eye is thus kept young and clear. Kindly imaginations keep the wits on the alert, and help the forecast of our sober thought. It is not without purpose that in the Fifth Act of this play Theseus is made to compare the poet with the madman and the lover, each being "of imagination all compact," and to see in his finer madness the extravagance that breaks the bounds of hard material existence, and joins with its light glances earth to heaven.

> "The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
> And as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name."

So it is with the airy nothings of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." The sport is wholly among shadows, but they are, as Plato conceived men, gross and palpable on earth, the shadows of divine realities. In delightful contrast to the light embodiment of fairy fancy is the interwoven struggle of men whose minds are little apt for escape from the realities of life, to conceive the ideal. Bottom the Weaver, and his friends, "hard-handed men that work in Athens here," with their arduous attempts to present poetically a poetical tale, have all their conceptions so gross and palpable that they cannot bring Pyramus and Thisbe together by moonlight unless "some one come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine."

The play is made to represent a dream within a dream, and in the inner dream are sleepers whose dreams run into each other. Titania sleeps upon the bank "where oxlips and the nodding violet grows." Bottom sleeps under the hawthorn brake while waiting for his cue. Whether they wake and meet, or meet in dream within a dream's dream, who shall say?

The play opens with Theseus and Hippolyta, dream-figures from the songs of a past world. The "Thebaid" of Statius was an old

source of romance. The "Teseide" of Boccaccio was fed from that spring, and from the "Teseide" came Chaucer's "Knight's Tale," in which Shakespeare had read—

> "Whilom as oldé stories tellen us,
> There was a duke that highté Theséus;
> Of Athens he was lord and governor,
> And in his timé such a conqueror
> That greater was there none under the sun.
> Full many a richél country had he won;
> That with his wisdom and his chivalry
> He conquered all the realm of Feminy
> That whilom was yclepéd Scythia,
> And weddedé the Queen Hippolyta,
> And brought her home with him in his country
> With muché glory and great solemnity,
> And eke her youngé sister Emilie.
> And thus with victory and with melodie
> Let I this noble duke to Athens ride,
> And all his host in armés him beside.
> And certes, if it neré too long to hear
> I would han told you fully the manere
> How wonnen was the regne of Feminy
> By Theseus, and by his chivalry;
> And of the greté bataille for the nones
> Betwix Athenés and the Amazones;
> And how assegéd was Hippolyta,
> The fairé hardy Queen of Scythia;
> And of the feast that was at her wedding."

Now Shakespeare's dream is of her wedding feast. The Hippolyta of Greek legend, Queen of the Amazons, was daughter of the god of war, and wore a girdle given to her by her father. All the legends did not marry her to Theseus; some represented that she died of grief at being overcome, and was buried under a tomb shaped like an Amazon's shield. Also among Greek legends the wedding of Theseus and Hippolyta is like a hovering dream, without stable position even in the dream world. Thus a touch from the "Teseide" of Boccaccio passes through Chaucer to Shakespeare in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," as more than a touch of his Filostrato comes through Chaucer, and, full of Chaucer's spirit, into Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida."

Of the two scenes in the First Act of "A Midsummer Night's

Dream," the first scene represents Love thwarted, and sends the Athenian lovers to the wood, a league without the town; the second, sends to the same wood Bottom and his comrades to rehearse their play. Hermia loves Lysander, and has her love returned. Helena loves Demetrius, who scorns her and rests his fancy upon Hermia. But Lysander has not the love of Hermia's father, Egeus, who accuses him to Theseus, and claims by the law of Athens that if Hermia do not wed Demetrius she shall die, or part for ever from society of men. The situation may be tragical, but tragical situations are taken very easily in dreams. The play of fancy covers all. Lysander and Hermia lament their fate in airy fancies. They agree to meet in the wood to-morrow night, and thence escape, beyond bounds of Athens and its marriage laws, to a widow aunt of Lysander's, in shelter of whose home they may be married and live in peace. They tell their plan to their friend Helena, comforting her with prospect of a Demetrius free from the temptation that had crossed his love to her. But Helena seeks to win favour from Demetrius by telling him the plot, which will send him also to the wood to-morrow night, she following. So to the wood all four.

At the wedding of Theseus there shall be plays. In the days of Elizabeth offers were made of such entertainment to the Court on festival occasions. They were duly considered by the Master of the Revels, who selected those which he thought likely to please the queen.

Quince the Carpenter, and Snug the Joiner, and Bottom the Weaver, and Flute the Bellows-mender, and Snout the Tinker, and Starveling the Tailor, join their collective wit to produce a play that may be chosen out of many to grace the wedding festival of Theseus. They resolve to produce their interpretation of the tale of "Pyramus and Thisbe." And that they may not be "dogged with company, and their devices known," after the distribution of their parts to them, allowing time to learn them, they agree to rehearse in the wood to-morrow night by moonlight. So to the wood all six.

To-morrow night has come, and in the Second Act we are in the wood haunted by fairies, with the household fairy, Puck, first on the scene. The Pucks came over to us with the first Teutonic settlers of our island, Scandinavian or Danish. Púki in old Norse was a devil, usually a wee devil, and his Danish name was Pokker. To the Celts he was Puca, or Pwca. He is Pug when Pug is an imp's name, and Bug in the sense of hobgoblin, bugbear, and humbug. Stories of Pucks were common among the people. They were playfully malicious, and yet kindly in their way. A Puck amused himself by sitting on the point of a house-gable and shaking off his arms and legs, to the conster-

nation of the world below. He would mislead travellers in shape of a false light; but his goodwill was worth winning, and he was soothed with the name of Robin Goodfellow, and cream-bowls duly set at night with dainty scraps of food as wages for night labour. He would clear off in one night the day's work of nine threshers in the barn, or clean the house up for the maids if they were good to him. But many Pucks in a house were expensive.

A man whose kitchen was infested with more Pucks than he could find cream for, thought to escape by moving house, and as he jogged to his new home with all his movables in a cart, a neighbour met him and said, "What, Tom, are you moving?" "Yes," cried a Puck, popping up from among the furniture, "we're moving!"

To a house so infested there came a traveller, with a bear, who asked for a night's shelter. There was room for the traveller, but none for his bear. "O, never mind him; he can sleep behind the stove." At night the Pucks were out, as busy as blackbeetles, and looking for the dainties set for them. One of them spied the bear behind the door, supposed it to be a cat, and made friendly advance, with "Pussy, pussy, pussy, have a bit of sausage?" But the sudden opening of great jaws for the sausage frightened all the little company away. They came no more. Next Christmas one of the Pucks went to the cottager as he was working in the wood, and asked, "Is that great cat still with you?" "Yes, and she has kittened." The Pucks came no more into that house; and it is found generally in human society that a bear can banish from a house the good-humoured spirit of mischief.

Fairies were swarming in the woods near Athens. Oberon and Titania were there with all their train to bless the house of Theseus on his marriage night. But Oberon and Titania were at strife, and they had chilled the summer with their discords; for they are the bright spirits of sunshine that follow summer as it flies, and bring, with their good humour and accord together, light and warmth and happy cheer. The fairy quarrel has in it no bitterness—nothing resembling human passion. Oberon (Auberon, Alberon) has his name from *aube*, the white light of dawn (which is from *albus*, white). Elf (in Anglo-Saxon *ælf*, and in Norse *álfr*) may—as Elbe, for a river, shining water—have like origin, for the elves were spirits of light, under their god, Frey, who was the god of light; and in Sweden sacrifices to the elves were a part of the worship of Frey. Titania, the Fairy Queen, was named in like spirit after Titan, the Sun God, brother of Helios, a name associated with *titha*, the Sanskrit word for fire. Oberon is lightly jealous of Titania's regard for a little changeling boy whose mother was her votaress in the spiced Indian air. But she, says Titania,

"Being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake I do rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Oberon. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Titania. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Oberon. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Titania. Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright if I longer stay."

Then follows the passage of delightful fancy in which Oberon bids Puck fetch him the flower whose juice works a spell upon the eyes it touches, making them madly dote upon the next live creature they see. With this he will take playful revenge upon his queen. The passage includes in its poetry a pleasant reference to the virgin queen, against whom Cupid aimed a dart in vain—

"And the imperial votaress passed on
In maiden meditation fancy free."

Oberon, witness of the slighted love of Helena, will have some of the magic juice laid on Demetrius's eyes. Sung to rest by the fairies, Titania sleeps. Oberon charms her eyes. Weary with wandering in the wood, Hermia and Lysander sleep. Puck charms, by mistake, Lysander's eyes; he wakes to the sight of Helena, and follows her, leaving Hermia to wake and find herself alone.

In the first scene of the Third Act, Bottom and his friends meet in the wood to rehearse their play, and illustrate the dullard's view of art, with the air of satisfaction that makes Bottom a fit leader of his company. Men of sedentary trades are free, while they work, to talk themselves into a large sense of their own importance. Bottom is a weaver. The leader of the rabble at the opening of "Julius Cæsar" is a cobbler. Puck furnishes Bottom with an ass's head; Titania, waking to the sight of it, becomes enamoured of an ass, and, while he drags down fancy to the dullest prose, her fancy lifts his prose to fellowship with her ideal life. Bottom, in the arms of Titania, waited on by fairies, throws into relief of contrast the light graces of the elves who nod to him and do him courtesies. It is in our days a common sight. The fine spirit of art, with help of a little golden juice upon the eyes, may even become enamoured of soap-boiling.

Demetrius sleeps, and Puck repairs his error. The eyes of

Demetrius are charmed, and he wakes to the sight and love of Helena. Nothing remains but to remove the spell upon Lysander's eyes, and so restore him to the love of Hermia. Then all will be happy. And this will be done; but, until it is done, Helena has to bear seeming mockery of suit from two. This gives occasion for a scene that supplies, in the middle of the Third Act, at the very heart of the play, touches of human feeling which, though still harmonised with the fairy dream-music, win for the play a firmer hold upon our sympathies than could be secured by the daintiest of poet's fancies if they did not touch earth while they glance to heaven. When, towards the close of the Third Act, Puck leads the rival lovers of Helena through the woods with misleading voices and fills the air with fog, the night is verging upon dawn. This, says Puck,

> "must be done with haste,
> For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
> And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger."

The mist raised in the wood corresponds in time to the rising of the mists before the dawn. Then, all wearied out, Lysander sleeps. Demetrius sleeps. Helena sleeps. Hermia sleeps. The charm is taken from Lysander's eyes.

In the beginning of the Fourth Act, Titania sleeps, and Bottom sleeps. The charm is taken from Titania's eyes. Oberon and Titania, reconciled, dance in their fairy ring. Puck hears the morning lark, and all the fairies float away, following the shades of night around the globe, dreams of light in the world's darkness. It is morning in the world of waking, active men. Theseus and Hippolyta are hunting in the wood. They come on the sleeping lovers, wake them with the huntsmen's horns, and, after all the fairy glamour of the night, its kindly mischiefs leave dissension healed.

The Fifth Act closes the play with suggestion of the poet's "glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," and blends with no scorn the contrast with the duller world in which hard-handed men unused to labour of the mind do all they can. Theseus will hear their play—

> "*Theseus.* What are they that do play it?
> *Philostrate.* Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
> Which never laboured in their minds till now,
> And now have toiled their unbreathed memories
> With this same play, against your nuptial.
> *Theseus.* And we will hear it.

Philostrate. No, my noble lord;
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world,
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretched, and conned with cruel pain,
To do you service.

Theseus. I will hear that play:
For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it."

So the divine spirit in humanity keeps Shakespeare from all petty self-exaltations, and brings him heart to heart with every man who lives naturally and means well.

The play ends with the blessing of the fairies on the house of Theseus, and Puck there with his broom to sweep the dust behind the door. The night has travelled round the globe, and brought the fairies back with it to Athens. Still they will float on, following darkness like a dream. We are all pretty much in darkness still, no part of the world being as yet much civilised. We are not yet so much in the presence of the sun as to miss, without a sense of the surrounding gloom, those bright spirits which, like the face of truth, can make a sunshine in a shady place—the elvish spirits of good temper and good will.

"The Merchant of Venice."

"The Merchant of Venice" is the comedy named last in the list of Shakespeare's plays given in 1598 by Francis Meres in the "Palladis Tamia." The first entry of it in the register of the Stationers' Company was on the twenty-second of July, 1598, to James Roberts, in these terms: "A booke of the Marchaunt of Venyce, or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyse. Provyded that yt bee not printed by the said James Robertes, or anye other whatsoever, without lycence first had from the right honourable the Lord Chamberlen." The proviso seems to have been intended to protect the Lord Chamberlain's players, of whom Shakespeare was one, from publication of a piece then new before they had given permission. "The Merchant of Venice was actually first published in 1600 by James Roberts, and also in the same year by Thomas Haies.

Both quartos were printed by Roberts. There were quartos also in 1637 and 1652.

There can be no doubt that the play was new in 1598. The two stories interwoven by it are mediæval myths; the germ of each is in Latin in the collection of the *Gesta Romanorum*, and the story of the Jew was developed in the direction of Shakespeare's play as the Adventures of Giannetto in a collection of Italian tales called the *Pecorone*, produced in 1378 by one of the imitators of Boccaccio's "Decameron," Ser Giovanni Fiorentino. This is an Italian collection of which there is no known translation into English that could have been seen by Shakespeare.

In 1579, in his pamphlet against the stage as "The School of Abuse," Stephen Gosson referred to a play known as "The Jew," which set forth "the greediness of worldly choosers, and the bloody minds of usurers." So it may be that a previous play, now lost, had interwoven the tales of the caskets and the pound of flesh, and that the transmuting power of Shakespeare's genius was exercised upon this, as when in another work he put a new soul into the matter of the old play of "The Troublesome Reign of King John." Of the spirit of "The Merchant of Venice," as of the other plays of Shakespeare, I repeat much that I have said in my edition of the plays themselves.

In 1598 Shakespeare was thirty-four years old; he had been at work in London for about twelve years, of which the first six had been years of patient upward struggle and the other six had been years of increasing power and prosperity. He had written chronicle plays, in which his muse did "like himself heroically sound;" had dealt playfully in "Love's Labour's Lost" with the euphuism of his time; had found out the marvellous wealth of his imagination, "glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," in "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" had shown in "Romeo and Juliet" the innocent beauty of young love breathing its

harmonies among the petty feuds and hatreds of mankind; and in "The Merchant of Venice" he had risen to a pure expression of that spirit of religion which, for many in his time, was obscured by passions of the conflict between creed and creed. What the Capulets and Montagues meant in "Romeo and Juliet," the Jew and Christian meant in "The Merchant of Venice;" but in that play Shakespeare dealt, in his own way, more largely with the problem of life.

"*The Merchant of Venice*"

opens with a vague foreshadowing of evil in a merchant with his wealth upon the waves. There is rapid advance of the story, the very first lines pointing towards the event on which the action of the play depends; but the narrative all springs up naturally in a dialogue that represents the cheerful intercourse of life. This genial air is, as it were, the atmosphere of the whole play, softens all its didactic outlines, and pervades especially its opening and close. The dialogue in the first scene, while firm, as it is throughout, to the story-telling, abounds chiefly in suggestion of the different ways in which men, variously tempered, take what comes to them in life, including those

> "Whose visages
> Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
> And do a wilful stillness entertain,
> With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
> Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
> As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,
> And when I ope my lips let no dog bark.'"

The social geniality deepens at the end of the first scene into the close intercourse of friendship between Antonio and Bassanio. There is here a double purpose answered. It pertains to the essence of the play that a firm friendship between man and man should be at the heart of it, but this friendship unites also the two men who serve as centres to the two parts of the story: the old story of the caskets, used by Shakespeare for a solving of life's problem from its human side; and the old story of the pound of flesh, through which he added the diviner sense of duty.

Bassanio sought Portia, that lot in life which is the ideal of us all:

" Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth ;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renownéd suitors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece ;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her."

When we pass in the next scene to Belmont, the story-telling is continued rapidly, and there is the light, genial air of playful intercourse still softening the firm expression of the main idea. Thus the dialogue between Portia and Nerissa plays over the conditions of life and temper that affect right search for a good life. They, it is lightly suggested, who have a right love for it, will choose their way in the pursuit of it according to God's meaning ; and then follow whimsical sketches of some national ideas of happiness proper to the Neapolitan, the Bavarian, Frenchman, Englishman. The scene ends with mention of Bassanio, "a scholar and a soldier," whole worker, mind and body, through whom we shall get the solution of this part of the problem.

Still never forgetting that he has a story to tell, and that this must not stand still, all thought being expressed in it and none merely scattered round about it, Shakespeare then takes up the second of the two threads from which the plot is woven, advancing rapidly the story of the bond, while he subtly prepares the mind of spectator or reader for the reverse of Antonio's fortune, and for the antagonism to come. Then Jew and Christian are brought face to face, and there is strong marking of the enmity of each to each. Wrongs suffered by Jews at the hands of Christians are, in Shylock's speech beginning, "Signior Antonio, many a time and oft," given as grounds for Shylock's bitterness. Antonio replies with Christian disdain and intolerance. He has called Shylock dog, and says—

" I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, and spurn thee too."

The First Act closes with Antonio's acceptance of the bond, suggested in the idleness of malice, when there is little or no prospect of its enforcement. But the scene opens and closes with a pointing of attention to the ships that bear Antonio's wealth upon the waves.

In developing his plot, Shakespeare produces a fine climax by so interweaving its two threads that the one which leads to the human lesson of the way to the true life comes to its end in the Third Act : the other is ready to add, in the Fourth Act, its diviner lesson, and the Fifth

Act then rises to the height of heaven itself in expressing the full thought of the whole play.

At the opening of the Second Act we are in Belmont, and the vainglorious Prince of Morocco is to make his choice. Why Prince of Morocco? Because he is to represent the man whose choice is of the golden casket, as determined by the outside pomp and glory of the world; and this view of life men associate with Eastern splendour. The scene changes to Venice, and Launcelot Gobbo, the clown—whose change of service is of great use to the story—stands also, in his relation to the inner thought of the play, for the raw material of humanity: good-natured, as Shakespeare always felt men and women, on the whole, to be, and with the rudiments of two helps to the higher life—conscience and natural affection. As Bassanio prepares to depart for Belmont, Gratiano will go too; the genial temper is the right companion of earnest effort, but it must be kept within due bounds. Among the many sketches of forms and ways of life that belong as accessories to the working out of the main thought in "The Merchant of Venice," Bassanio's counsel to Gratiano, "Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice," balances Gratiano's former censure of an affected precision. In the next scene—between Launcelot and Jessica—we have again Launcelot's natural sympathies, and a suggestion of those cheerless restraints of home which made it not unnatural for Jessica's quick Eastern blood, nourished in Italy, to urge her beyond rule. After this scene, while only a masking is in question, there is preparation for the wrong that will stir Shylock's hatred of the Christian into fury, just at the time when Antonio's bond is forfeit. In the love between Lorenzo and Jessica there is Shakespeare's practical suggestion, as in the love between the Capulet and Montague, that we all are of one race, and should feel our kindred. So when, in "Cymbeline," Arviragus says to Imogen, "Brother, stay here: are we not brothers?" she replies—

> "So man and man should be;
> But clay and clay differs in dignity,
> Whose dust is both alike."

It is the clay in us, and not the nobler part, that makes the separation.

In the scene between Shylock and his daughter, again, there are the ungenial home conditions which serve to make her conduct less unnatural; and the story is continued to the flight of Jessica during Bassanio's parting festivities, and to the rapid departure of Bassanio's ship. Then we return to Belmont, and see the Prince of Morocco

trust his hope of happiness to that golden casket, which is inscribed, "Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire." His choice is that of all who place the happiness of life in money-making, or in the luxurious enjoyment of what money buys. Within the golden casket is a carrion death, with the lesson—

> "Many a man his life hath sold
> But my outside to behold."

Shakespeare takes us back to Venice, shows us the Jew's fury at the abduction of his daughter. His own flesh has been torn from him: "I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood." His claiming of the bond while in the passion of this wrong brings within bounds of nature an extravagant fable that had been used only as a parable. Suggestion of peril to Antonio in Salanio's

> "Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
> Or he shall pay for this,"

is immediately followed by the first indication of the fall of the merchant's fortunes, coupled with a fresh suggestion of his friendship for Bassanio.

We pass then to Belmont, and see the silver casket chosen by the Prince of Arragon. Why Prince of Arragon? Because the Spaniard was the common type of self-asserting pride, and through the silver casket choice was made of a life happy by attainment of one's own deserts. He will not choose with those whom the gold tempts—

> "I will not choose what many men desire,
> Because I will not jump with common spirits,
> And rank me with the barbarous multitudes."

But he accepts the condition on the silver treasure-house: "Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves." We all know the man, not base of mind, who only wants his deserts, and loses precious time over lamenting that he never has got them. If the critics had been just to his books, or his pictures; if this, and that, and

> "Oh, that estates, degrees, and offices,
> Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour
> Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!"

But the true life is not so to be won. The silver casket reveals only a fool's head, with a legend that reminds the chooser of the shadow's

bliss of him who was in love with his own shadow. The Second Act ends with the landing of Bassanio at Belmont, and again a glancing forward at the hope inspired by him.

The Third Act opens with the loss of all Antonio's wealth on the waves, whereby the passion of Shylock is suddenly supplied with power of revenge. Let Antonio look to his bond. What kindness can he ask?

"He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation; thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated my enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions, fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not be revenged? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be, by Christian example?"

Shylock is ready to stand upon the letter of the law, and the story is now ripe for a full expression of the innermost thought of the play, which, deepening as it goes, continues present to the end.

Bassanio's choice of the leaden casket is preluded with a song, ringing the knell of trust in the delight of the eyes only. "Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath." That is the legend of the casket of lead, threatening more than it promises, by which alone life may be lifted. The human lesson of life summed up in it, is that of the parable of the talents. A man must exert all his powers; be the best and do the best that it is in him to be or do; give all that he hath, and hazard all: not making conditions of reward according to desert, not asking whether he shall be rich, or praised, or happy, for the simple, hearty doing of his duty, but doing it and taking what may come. So is Portia won, and plighted to Bassanio, as Nerissa to Gratiano, with a ring, never to be lost or given away. The severe outline of the higher lesson of life is here softened again by the pervading atmosphere of genial intercourse; but from the human truth so far expressed, Shakespeare passes on at once to the divine truth which is its crown.

Antonio's letter to Bassanio arrives at Belmont. In Antonio, man —subject to ortune changeful as the waves—is about to stand between

the two principles of justice and mercy, of the Old Testament and of the New, as Shakespeare read them. Out of the lips of Portia—who has represented, in some sense, the natural life—will come most fitly a recognition of the spirit which makes earthly power likest God's. In the Fourth Act Shylock holds by the law and by his bond. When asked, "How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?" Shylock answers, still placing the letter above the spirit, "What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?" He stands for law; must he be merciful? "On what compulsion must I, tell me that?" Through Portia's amous answer, Shakespeare sets forth the divine side of his lesson, and

> "Therefore, Jew,
> Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
> That, in the course of justice, none of us
> Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
> And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
> The deeds of mercy."

But Shylock says—

> "My deeds upon my head! I crave the law."

Saint Paul had said, what Shakespeare is here teaching, "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified;" and, "Now we are delivered from the law, that being dead wherein we were held; that we should serve in newness of Spirit, and not in the oldness of the Letter." Shylock is made to feel that even by the strict letter of his bond he cannot stand: his pound of flesh must be an exact pound, not a hair's weight more nor less; and there must be no blood shed, because the letter of the bond does not give him one drop of blood. Shylock is foiled, and sentenced—not harshly, except in the requirement that he undergo the form of being made a Christian—and the genial atmosphere again softens the sharp didactic outline. The manner of this—the success of the disguised ladies in getting from their lovers, as gifts to the learned counsel and his clerk, the rings they had vowed never to part with—prepares the way for a kindly close to the whole play. It will supply means for a pleasant, quick, and sure identification; while the incident of the giving of the rings is still, in its own lighter form, in unity with the grand scene on which it follows. For its meaning is, that in little things as in great—even in little promises—we owe allegiance rather to the spirit than to the letter. Bassanio and Gratiano, true as they were pledged to be, had yielded, in

spite of the letter of their pledge, all that was due elsewhere to courtesy and friendship.

The great lesson of life is taught, and the last act of the play opens with the Jew and Gentile—representing any two forms of bitter antagonism—in embrace of love under the calm expanse of heaven. The act opens genially, with playful words of love, and rises soon to a sublime earnestness, as Lorenzo looks from earth up to God's universe, of which it is a part.

> "Look, how the floor of heaven
> Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
> There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
> *Such harmony is in immortal souls;*
> But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

Then the musicians, who had been sent for, enter, and with soft strain represent to the ear, as Shakespeare often in his plays has made it represent, immortal harmony. Lorenzo's answer to Jessica's "I am never merry when I hear sweet music," "The reason is your spirits are attentive," &c., still uses music as type of that higher harmony which is within our souls. To want that is to be "the man that hath no music in himself, nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds." Because of that want, he

> "Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
> The motions of his spirit are dull as night
> And his affections dark as Erebus:
> Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music."

The music, thus associated with the harmony of human souls and of the great visible universe under which the lovers sit, still plays. Then enters Portia, with Nerissa, and the train of thought is continued in their first natural words by an image that brings the deeper sense of the play to its fit close. Its meaning is, that man's endeavour to establish the kingdom of heaven within him shines royally, till it has blended with, and is lost in, the supreme glories of eternal love.

> "*Portia.* That light we see is burning in my hall.
> How far that little candle throws his beams!
> So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Nerissa. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.
Portia. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by, and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! Hark!"

And then we pass to the playful end, in unaffected chatting of good-fellowship; again the kindly air of life encircling all.

CHAPTER X.

SHAKESPEARE'S TRILOGY, WITH "KING RICHARD II." AND "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."

SHAKESPEARE'S "King Richard II." and "King Henry IV." are both in the list of his plays given by Meres in 1598. "King Richard II." was entered to Andrew Wise in the Stationers' Register on the twenty-ninth of August, 1597, and published by him as a quarto in that year. There were three other quartos, but they were not published until after the death of Queen Elizabeth. Two were of the year 1608, and both of these contained the Deposition Scene in the Fourth Act which had been in Elizabeth's reign suppressed for reasons that will presently be seen. One of these quartos, of which only one copy has been found, was published by Andrew Wise, and simply repeats the original title-page, without mentioning, as the other does, the "new additions of the Parliament Scene and the deposing of King Richard," although it gives them. The other 1608 quarto was printed for Matthew Law, at the sign of the "Fox," in St. Paul's Churchyard. Andrew Wise lived in St. Paul's Churchyard at the sign of the "Angel." The fourth of the quartos was Matthew Law's second issue of the play in 1615, and this seems to have been the copy used for the play of "King Richard II." in printing the first folio of Shakespeare.

"King Richard II."

"King Richard II." may be regarded as a Prologue to

the Trilogy formed by the two parts of "King Henry IV." and "King Henry V."; while the "Merry Wives of Windsor" may be taken as an interlude in the same series. Here, then, are five plays which are linked together, not only by continuity of incident, but, as our discussion of them will show, by the fact that they are successive stages in the treatment of one central thought. No other of his historical plays could have been written in the intervals between them, although it is to be remembered that Shakespeare's rate of production was not slower than two plays a year, and that the interests of the theatre, as well as the relief of change to the poet, would readily suggest that the dramatist whose works were most attractive should often alternate grave with gay. There is sound reason for believing that the Second Part of "King Henry IV." was written before the 25th of February, 1598; and we know that the opening of the Fifth Act of "King Henry V." must have been written between the 15th of April and 28th of September, 1599. If we infer from the date of the first quarto of "King Richard II." that Shakespeare wrote that play in 1596, we have three years for the period within which these four historical plays were written. Their relation to one another is so close that they must needs be taken in succession.

Before Shakespeare's there was another play, now lost, upon the history of King Richard II. It may, or may not, have been the same play that was seen afterwards by Simon Forman, doctor and astrologer, as late as the year 1611, acted in the Globe Theatre on the 30th of April, and thus described in Forman's Diary:—

"Remember therein how Jack Straw, by his overmuch boldness, not being politic, nor suspecting anything, was suddenly, at Smithfield Bars, stabbed by Walworth, the Mayor of London; and so he and his whole army was overthrown. Therefore, in such case, or the like, never admit any party without a bar between, for a man cannot be too wise, nor keep himself too safe. Also, remember how the Duke of Gloucester, the Earl of Arundel, Oxford, and others, crossing the King

in his humour about the Duke of Ireland and Bushy, were glad to fly, and raise a host of men; and being in his castle, how the Duke of Ireland came by night to betray him, with three hundred men; but, having privy warning thereof, kept his gates fast, and would not suffer the enemy to enter, which went back again with a fly in his ear, and after was slain by the Earl of Arundel in the battle. Remember also when the Duke" [of Gloucester] "and Arundel came to London with their army, King Richard came forth to them, and met them, and gave them fair words, and promised them pardon, and that all should be well, if they would discharge their army; upon whose promises and fair speeches they did it: and after, the King had them all to a banquet, and so betrayed them, and cut off their heads, &c., because they had not his pardon under his hand and seal before, but his word. Remember therein, also, how the Duke of Lancaster privily contrived all villainy to set them altogether by the ears, and to make the nobility to envy the King, and mislike him and his government; by which means he made his own son King, which was Henry Bolingbroke. Remember, also, how the Duke of Lancaster asked a wise man whether himself should ever be King; and he told him no, but his son should be a King: and when he had told him, he hanged him up for his labour, because he should not bruit abroad, or speak thereof to others. This was a policy in the commonwealth's opinion, but I say it was a villain's part, and a Judas life, to hang the man for telling him the truth. Beware by this example of noblemen and their fair words, and say little to them, lest they do the like to thee for thy good will."

Remember also, herein, that Dr. Simon Forman was not the only man of those days who looked to the play habitually for lessons that could be applied to daily life.

This play, which ranged over twenty years of Richard's reign, after the manner of old history plays, has no resemblance at all to Shakespeare's, which is confined to the last year of Richard's reign. It may not have been the play that was acted in 1600, before the insurrection of the Earl of Essex, to alarm the Queen by public suggestion that an English Sovereign had been deposed. The acting of the play was procured by Sir Gilly Merrick and others, who paid the players forty shillings extra for the loss they might sustain in producing a piece that had ceased to draw.

Afterwards, when William Lambarde was showing to Elizabeth the signature of Richard II., she said, "I am Richard II., know you not that?" and alluded to the use of the play as a demonstration against her.

But even in 1597—before the attempt of Essex to force the Queen's hand—Richard's appearance in the Deposition Scene had to be omitted from the printed copy of Shakespeare's play. Probably it was suppressed also in the acting. Very little attention, however, to the Act in which it is set, shows that it must have belonged to the play as first written, though not published until after the death of Elizabeth.

The scattering of the Spanish Armada, in 1588, having removed the strain of attention to dangers from abroad, home questions were more actively discussed. The danger of return to civil war after the death of a childless Queen who had not named her successor, became so present to the minds of Englishmen that, as warnings of an evil to be shunned, miseries of civil war were shown upon the stage in the Second and Third Parts of "King Henry VI.," in Lodge's "Marius and Sylla," and in both of the two chief heroic poems then produced by Drayton and Daniel. In "King Richard II.," and the two parts of "King Henry IV.," such warning is, indeed, continued; and the treason of Essex arose out of his desire to save the country from such dangers by forcing Elizabeth to settle the succession. She could not tell her critics that she was prudently evading public recognition of one out of many claimants, while she had privately with her most trusted councillors made every arrangement to secure, after her death, the immediate succession of the King of Scotland. It suited her policy to have her refusal to name a successor set down to a woman's weakness, since her object was to keep in abeyance all dangerous discussion of conflicting claims until the throne should become vacant, and then bar controversy by

immediate and decisive transfer of allegiance to King James. She was not credited with this prudence. Only a week before her death there were men high in service of the State, but as to this matter not in the Queen's counsel, who predicted civil war.

The Queen also, after 1588, lost popularity on other grounds. The next year, 1589, was the year of chief virulence in the Martin Marprelate Controversy on questions of Church Discipline and the position of those who were called Puritans within the Church. The Queen, who at first tried to lead, was now, with her third Archbishop, Whitgift, endeavouring to drive the Puritans from one side, and the Roman Catholics from the other, into her middle path of compromise and mutual concession. Both Puritans and Roman Catholics were persecuted, sometimes cruelly, and to the death. From either side there arose in the minds of some of the most earnest of her people a feeling, dangerous to express, and for want of utterance perhaps only the stronger, of discontent with the Queen. She had stretched the royal prerogative till many were ready to suggest that it might give way under the strain; and the setting forth of the royal prerogative abused by King Richard II., and his consequent deposition, might be applied among the discontented in a way that would quicken the decline of royalty, and even cause the deposition of Elizabeth to become in some houses an admitted topic of discussion. All this that was in the life about him, Shakespeare recognised. He shared with all chief poets of the reign a faith in the divinity that hedges kings. It required no tact to write in a spirit of loyalty to the anointed Sovereign, since that was part of his own mind; but the artistic skill with which he presented the political side of the story is well worth attention. The central thought of the play lies in a touch of nature that concerns all men, whatever their country. It happens to be illustrated by a

passage from the history of England, but in setting forth that passage of history there arose considerations which sprang from the subject itself, and were made important by conditions of the time when the play was written. Thus it became a secondary object with the poet to set forth his sequence of historical events in a way that would condone no crime in a king—for to do that would be treason against God—but, at the same time, would discountenance rebellion of a subject.

A king was answerable for his crimes to God, and God might punish through rebellion of subjects; but leaders of rebellion were evil-doers, used as instruments, and not graced in the use. If they were rods, they were not rods to be kissed. Shakespeare represents the usurpation of the throne by Bolingbroke as a crime, bringing civil war in its train, of which the note sounds through the two parts of "King Henry IV.", and which is carried even to the heart of the play of "King Henry V.", in the prayer before Agincourt (Act IV., sc. 1).

In the play of "King Richard II.", Shakespeare marks wrong done by Bolingbroke "in compassing the crown," while laying at the outset firm emphasis on the riots and the crimes of a disordered youth, that brought the life of Richard into ruin. This lies in fact at the artist's point of view in the whole sequence of the plays. They deal with the relation of youth to the pleasures and temptations of the world. What Falstaff and his followers are to Prince Hal; Bushy, Bagot, and Green are to King Richard II. The Prince in the First and Second Parts of "King Henry IV." illustrates—in a rich nature of which it is said "full subject is the fattest soil to weeds"—excesses tending to misgovernment of life, with power to rise out of them all at the call of duty. The final rise is into the royalty of a true manhood which is painted in the play of "King Henry V." The interlude, if I may so call it, of "The

Merry Wives of Windsor," shows how that which Falstaff represents affects the minds of simple, natural women. He is nothing to them. As a prelude to the Trilogy that represents youth in its strength amused by the humours of the lower life, but breaking loose finally from its temptations and rising to a noble manhood, Richard II. represents youth in its weakness so allured, and falling hopelessly into the snare. He is dragged into crime, forfeits his royalty, and falls to ruin; his reproach is rendered sevenfold into his bosom.

Richard II. was a child of eleven when he succeeded to the throne in 1377. All England honoured the memory of the Black Prince, Richard's father, and was ready to find good in his son. But Richard soon drew from his people echoes of the old cry, "Woe to the land whose prince is a child!" He avoided all good counsel, and lived idly with the flatterers of whom Bushy, Bagot, and Green are taken by Shakespeare as a type. When he passed out of tutelage he had five hundred cooks in his kitchens, and not one trusty adviser at his council table. There was a better voice heard at times during his life with his first wife, Anne of Luxemburg, to whom he was married at the age of fifteen in 1381, and who died in 1393. She was known as the Good Queen Anne. What influence she had was wholesome, and there were eight years during which he put constraint upon himself for fear of his subjects, after his uncles had laid strong compulsion upon him. But he gave way again to his own weak evil nature when he had arranged a marriage with the daughter of the King of France. He had told the Count de St. Pol, the French ambassador, that he could not do some things that he was advised to do, for fear of his uncles and his people. "When you have married my master's daughter," said the count, "you may do as you will without fear of your people." He married Isabel of France in 1396, when that Princess was in her

tenth year. Historically, she was only a child of thirteen when Richard was deposed, and Richard's age was thirty-two. But, for poetical reasons, Shakespeare treats the child whom, for political reasons, Richard had then made his Queen, as a mature and loving wife. In the year after his marriage with the French Princess, Richard did as he pleased, and struck with treachery and cruelty at all the men whose power he had feared. He himself went after nightfall to the castle of his uncle Gloucester; with a lie lured him to ride out by his side without attendants; and led him where men lay in wait to seize and carry him to France, to be there murdered. The murder of Gloucester was recent at the time represented in the opening of Shakespeare's play. That act, and all the other infamies of the *coup d'état* to which it belonged, completed the divorce between Richard II. and his people. In the *Confessio Amantis* we have read how the old poet, John Gower, cast off his allegiance to him and looked to Bolingbroke, by cancelling the dedication of the poem to King Richard, and substituting one to Henry.* Gower wrote also a "Tripartite Chronicle," in which the *coup d'état* of Richard was described as Hellish work, and he described as Heavenly work his deposition.† Another of the greatest poets of those times, William Langland, author of the "Vision of Piers Plowman," in these his last days turned from him, and treated as a warning to misgoverned youth the deposition of "Richard the Redeless," Richard without counsel.‡ He was a betrayer and a murderer, a traitor to the common laws of human society; and the most loyal turned their backs on him to welcome Bolingbroke. There were three Septembers. In September, 1397, Gloucester was murdered. In September, 1398, Bolingbroke was banished. In September, 1399, Bolingbroke had returned and Richard

* "E. W.," iv. 204, 5. † "E. W." iv., 192-197.
‡ "E. W." vi., 85-91.

was deposed. Shakespeare brings into his play the murder of Gloucester as a crime remembered, and distinctly charges it on Richard, but begins his action with the banishment of Bolingbroke. There is the banishment of Bolingbroke in the First Act; his return in the Second; Richard becomes Bolingbroke's prisoner in the Third Act; is deposed in the Fourth Act; and is murdered in the Fifth.

"*King Richard II.*"

The First Act opens with the second of the three Septembers, and the preparation for the lists at Coventry upon St. Lambert's Day (September 16th). The question in dispute is the murder of Gloucester, the plotting of which is charged by Bolingbroke on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. Holinshed's narrative, upon which Shakespeare builds, represents Norfolk, in reply to the charges against him, answering all but that which touched the murder of Gloucester, and upon that count making no reply. Shakespeare, however, puts words into his mouth, pointing to the fact, mentioned elsewhere by Holinshed, that Norfolk fell under the King's displeasure for delaying execution of the order for his uncle's death.

> "For Gloster's death,—
> I slew him not; but to mine own disgrace
> Neglected my sworn duty in that case."

And this suggestion, in the first scene, of Richard's responsibility, passes in the second scene to the strong cry of blood against him. The widow of the murdered Gloucester appeals for redress to Gloucester's brother, whose first words lay the crime on Richard's head:

> "Alas! the part I had in Gloster's blood
> Doth more solicit me than your exclaims
> To stir against the butchers of his life:
> But since correction lieth in those hands
> Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
> Put we our quarrel to the will of Heaven!"

And to the urther urging of the widow he replies,

> "God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute
> His deputy anointed in His sight,

Hath caused his death ; the which, if wrongfully,
Let Heaven revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm against His minister.
Duchess. Where then, alas, may I complain myself?
Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence."

It is to be observed that Shakespeare, in the opening of the play, firmly and fully shows the issues of misgoverned youth that deprived Richard of his throne and of his life. After the King's staying of the duel in the lists at Coventry, and his banishment of Bolingbroke in the third scene, the fourth scene shows Richard between his parasites, Bagot and Green, observant of the goodwill shown by the people to his banished kinsman. His first words, "We did observe—" interrupted by Aumerle's report of his parting with "high Hereford, if you call him so," are connected with the later lines

" Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observed his courtship of the common people,"—

lines which proceed to associate with the banishment of Bolingbroke a thought of his return with large help from the popular goodwill that Richard has forfeited. Then Bolingbroke is dismissed lightly from further thought. King Richard will to the Irish wars, and having wasted his resources, as he himself expresses it, "with too great a court, And liberal largess," he will farm the realm, and if more money be wanted, issue blank charters for the squeezing of the rich. Upon the thought comes Bushy with tidings that John of Gaunt, the King's uncle, who is also the richest noble in the land, is grievous sick ; and Richard's heartlessness is the characteristic on which Shakespeare lays emphasis by closing with it the First Act.

" Now put it, God, in his physician's mind
To help him to his grave immediately !
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him :
Pray God we may make haste and come too late ! "

In all this Act, Shakespeare joins to the picture of Richard's misdoing nothing but the fact that he is an anointed King, and answerable to God alone for his misdeeds.

The Second Act, showing the return of Bolingbroke to claim his patrimony and to take the kingdom, begins with the robbing of the

patrimony, and continued illustration of the wrongs that bring the ruin on the King. The dying John of Gaunt recites at length, in his lament to his brother, the Duke of York, the evils brought upon the country by Richard's misgovernment. Gaunt wishes to breathe his last "in wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth." The Duke of York looks on their nephew's state as hopeless. His ear

> ———"is stopped with other flattering sounds,
> As praises of his state; then, there are found
> Lascivious metres to whose venom sound
> The open ear of youth doth always listen."

Counsel comes now too late. The wrongs done by Richard to his country are emphatically recited by the dying John of Gaunt before Richard enters with his parasites about him, and his Queen, whose only words are a few gentle ones and the first spoken. Richard mocks at the warning that he himself is dying:

> "Thy deathbed is no lesser than the land
> Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
> And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
> Committ'st thy 'nointed body to the cure
> Of those physicians that first wounded thee,"

—to men like Bushy, Green, and Bagot, the meaner Falstaffs who have drawn him from the nobler way of life. Richard is heartless in resentment of the dying uncle's warning; calls Gaunt a "lunatic, lean-witted fool;" would run his head from his unreverend shoulders were he not his father's brother: and this brings down on him the last great count in the indictment:—

> "O spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
> For that I was his father Edward's son:
> That blood already, like the pelican,
> Hast thou tapped out, and drunkenly caroused.
> My brother Gloster, plain, well-meaning soul,—
> Whom fair befal in Heaven 'mongst happy souls!—
> May be a precedent and witness good
> That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood."

Richard remains hard and rebellious. Gaunt is borne out to die, and upon the report of his death immediately following, there is Richard's greedy seizure for the Irish wars of

" The plate, coin, revenues, and movables
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possessed."

His uncle York, distracted by the sense of wrong, feels a strong shock against his loyalty. He urges upon Richard how far he has fallen below the example of the Black Prince, his father:

" His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin."

York urges the rights of Bolingbroke, and the peril to Richard if he trample on them:

" You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposéd hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.
K. Rich. Think what you will: we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands."

Richard makes his arrangements with his parasites, will sail for Ireland on the morrow, and leave his uncle York as governor of England, "for he is just, and always loved us well." Throughout the play there is shown in York the strong instinct of loyalty to the throne, wherein Richard confided. That even York at last turns from him will be a sign of the completeness of his loss of friends—York, who, at the close of the play, when he has transferred his loyal service to Bolingbroke, puts allegiance to his Sovereign above love to his own son.

In history the death of John of Gaunt was in December, 1398; the departure of Richard to the Irish wars was in the spring of 1399.

To this point in the play Shakespeare represents only the degenerate king who has pulled down upon himself his own life into ruin. The fall begins immediately after the seizure of Bolingbroke's heritage, with the indignant dialogue of nobles as they turn from him and hurry to meet Bolingbroke, whose ships only await the departure of the king for Ireland before touching our northern shore. Months are again contracted into days to bring successive incidents into the closest and most significant relation; for the king went in the spring to Ireland, and the landing of Bolingbroke at Ravenspurg was on the second of July in that year, 1399.

But now that the rebellion is beginning, it is Shakespeare's purpose so to tell the story that the rebels shall not have us making common cause with them. Richard is gone to Ireland; the innocent queen is

left under the shadow of coming ills; and the landing of Bolingbroke, with the defection of Northumberland and the other lords—even the household servants fled to Bolingbroke—are shown to us as heavy sorrows striking on the heart of the young queen. Richard is out of sight; it is his wife who gets our pity. The old Duke of York says of young Richard—

> "Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
> Now shall he try the friends that flattered him."

The Duchess of Gloucester has died. Green and Bushy fly for refuge to their fellow-parasite, the Earl of Wiltshire, who holds Bristol Castle.

In the third scene of the Second Act there is the gathering of the best forces of the land round Bolingbroke. Northumberland's son Percy represents youth also in arms. Harry Percy fought at Otterburn in 1388, and historically could not have been under thirty in 1399. Shakespeare makes him a boy in the picture of the revolt of subjects of all ages and conditions from the rule of Richard, perhaps also because he had already in view the use of a young Harry Percy in "King Henry IV." as a foil to young Harry the Prince. To Bolingbroke he says—

> "My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
> Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
> Which elder days shall ripen and confirm
> To more approvéd service and desert."

The loyal York, whose arm is without strength to strike, and who feels the wrong that has been done to Bolingbroke, rebukes rebellion, yet so far wavers as to offer Bolingbroke and his supporters a night's rest in his castle at Berkley. This brings on him at once Bolingbroke's invitation to join with him afterwards in marching against Bristol Castle,

> ——————— "which they say is held
> By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
> The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
> Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.
> *York.* It may be I will go with you;—but yet I'll pause,
> For I am loth to break our country's laws.
> Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
> Things past redress are now with me past care."

Thus even the faithful uncle York wavers and falls from Richard the Redeless.

Remaining hope is in the Welsh, but the last scene of the Act shows the Welshmen disbanding.

They have waited ten days for Richard, and he has not come. He is dead. There have been signs in heaven that forerun the death or fall of kings. They will not stay another day, and they disperse themselves. So Richard's sun is set.

The Third Act, which opens with Bolingbroke and his forces, triumphant at Bristol, executing justice upon Bushy and Green, then shows Richard's landing in Wales near Barkloughly Castle, and in these scenes pity is drawn to Richard by strong marking of the weakness of his character. That weakness, we may now say, had made his youth the prey of the unworthy, and left him without power to recover what he lost. Instead of the firm mind, neither elated nor dejected, there is a mind so unstable that his spirits rise and sink at every chance touch. Now they run up as in a thermometer grasped by the hand; the hand is removed, and down they drop again.

He conjures his native earth, whose stones shall prove armed soldiers in his sacred cause. The Bishop of Carlisle warns him that the help of Heaven comes only to those who do not neglect the means that Heaven offers; and Aumerle translates the warning into curter phrase. Richard talks in high terms of the help of Heaven:

> "Not all the water in the rude rough sea
> Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
> The breath of worldly men cannot depose
> The deputy elected by the Lord.
> For every man that Bolingbroke hath pressed
> To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
> God for His Richard hath in heavenly pay
> A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
> Weak men must fall, for Heaven still guards the right."

Immediately upon this, with a fine irony, Shakespeare brings Salisbury in to announce that all the Welshmen are dispersed and fled; upon which, forgetting all the angels, Richard's thermometer falls plump to zero. Then comes Scroop to tell the King how his subjects have all turned against him.

> "White-beards have armed their thin and hairless scalps
> Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's voices,
> Strive to speak big, and clasp their feeble joints
> In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown.
> The very bedesmen learn to bend their bows

Of double-fated yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat; both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell."

The King asks where were the reeds he leant upon?

"Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?"

reviles them when he leaps to the conclusion that they have joined his enemies, loses all comfort when he learns their fate. He is reminded by Aumerle that the Duke of York has a power, and his spirits bound suddenly up. But he learns that his uncle York has joined with Bolingbroke, and that north and south are alike in arms upon the side of Bolingbroke; all hope is then abandoned. Richard will discharge his power, and go to Flint Castle.

"There I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey."

When the next scene, which is before Flint Castle, brings Richard and Bolingbroke face to face, and Richard yields himself to follow in the train of Bolingbroke to London, Richard is to our minds the earthen pot, and Bolingbroke the iron. When they clash together it is not for the iron pot that we are most concerned. Besides, in these scenes Shakespeare prepares the way for a direct sympathy with Richard by scattered touches of the grace wrought by affliction.

"Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be: if he serve God,
We'll serve Him too, and be his fellow so."

And again, of his name of King—

"O' God's name let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
My figured goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carvéd saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little, little grave, an obscure grave."

So the way is prepared for those notes of repentance in the Fourth and Fifth Acts which give the fallen King himself a claim upon our sympathy when we have reached the deposition scene, and pass on to the story of his murder. But before this point is reached, the Third Act closes with the beautiful little idyll of the gardeners, who, in the hearing of the Queen, compare the disorder in the state to a disordered garden, tell how

> "He that hath suffered this disordered spring,
> Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf;"

and bring suddenly the shock of the deaths of Bushy and Green, and of the captivity of Richard, to the knowledge of the Queen. Her distress, as she hastens with her ladies to meet her fallen husband in London, closes the Act with pity for the deep afflictions of the blameless wife.

In the Fourth Act the part omitted in the First Quarto, and probably in the representation of the play during Elizabeth's reign, was the whole scene in which Richard himself appears, beginning at line 154:—

> "May it please you, lords, to grant the Commons' suit?
> *Boling.* Fetch hither Richard——"

to line 318, with which King Richard quits the stage. With that passage retained, the Act is of only 334 lines, or 245 lines shorter than the Third Act and 219 shorter than the Fifth Act; but from that short Act, the omission of the scene suppressed in the first printed edition strikes away 165 lines, almost exactly half, leaving a Fourth Act of 169 lines only. Even upon this mechanical ground it might be argued that the Act, as we have it, was the Act as it was first written. To the play as a poem the omission was the lopping of a limb.

The Fourth Act—of which the historical date was the 30th of September, 1399—opens as the whole play had opened, with question of the death of Gloucester:—

> "Who wrought it with the King, and who performed
> The bloody office of his timeless end."

Bagot charges Aumerle with complicity, and the form of dispute, challenge, and throwing down the gage, recalls the quarrel between Bolingbroke and Norfolk, of whom it is now told that he has died in exile. Then, through his uncle York, Richard yields his sceptre to Bolingbroke, who says:—

> "In God's name I'll ascend the regal throne;"

and the Church speaks through the Bishop of Carlisle in solemn warning of the ills that follow upon usurpation :—

" My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king ;
And, if you crown him, let me prophesy,
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act:
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound.
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be called
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O, if you raise this house against this house,
It will the wofullest division prove
That ever fell upon this curséd earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you—woe ! "

The civil wars here prophesied are shown in the two plays on the reign of Bolingbroke as King Henry IV. But within the play of " King Richard II.," Shakespeare gives in the Fifth Act a pathetic, typical instance, that brings home to the mind what the grief is when we have raised " this house against this house." The last words of the Fourth Act are between the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot, and Aumerle, and they point to a plot against the new-made King.

The Fifth Act begins by again drawing sympathy to Richard through the sorrow of the Queen. Their parting is shown, and in it the harshness of Northumberland, who also in the deposition scene had pressed most hardly against the afflicted and repentant Richard.

" *North.* My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed ;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you :
With all swift speed you must away to France.
Richard. Northumberland, thou ladder, wherewith
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm and give thee ha
It is too little, helping him to all:

And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urged, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurpéd throne."

Shakespeare carries the memory of this prophecy on into the Second Part of "King Henry IV." (Act III., sc. 1), when the afflicted king asks—

"Which of you was by,—
You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember,—
When Richard, with his eyes brimful of tears,
Then checked and rated by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, which proved a prophecy?
'Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;—
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bowed the state
That I and greatness were compelled to kiss:
'The time shall come,' thus did he follow it,
'The time will come that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption': so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity."

The next two scenes of the Fifth Act are designed to show the misery of civil war, by the home picture of a house divided against itself. York's son, Aumerle—that is, Albemarle; he was Duke of Albemarle, and had been King Richard's Lord High Constable—has joined the plot for the killing of the new king when he goes to the jousts at Oxford. The old York has been telling his wife of the sad spectacle of Richard's passage in the train of Bolingbroke through London streets, where "no man cried, God save him, though

"—had not God, for some strong purpose, steeled
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But Heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke we are sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.
Duchess. Here comes my son Aumerle.
York. Aumerle that was;
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,

And, madam, you must call him Rutland now.
I am in Parliament pledgéd for his truth
And lasting fealty to the new-made king."

So pledged, he finds on his son evidence of deadly treason in the details of the plot to kill the king. The loyal father then will hasten to denounce the son; the mother pleads for mercy to her only child:

"Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Have we more sons, or are we like to have?
. . . . . .
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me or any of my kin,
And yet I love him."

The household struggle, with swift changes of deep emotion, passes to the chamber of the king, and has brought home to the mind of many a playgoer, through tears, a sense of what is meant by civil war.

Of the scene in the dungeon at Pomfret, which has for its historical date February, 1400, it is enough to note one passage in the repentant Richard's thoughts, before he finds consolation in the friendship of a poor groom who had served in his stables, and then fell in brave resistance to his murderers. He hears music played without:

"Music do I hear?—
Ha, ha, keep time.—How sour your sweet music is
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives:
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disordered string,
But for the concord of my state and time
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now time doth waste me."

The central thought, then, in the play of "King Richard II." is of youth, in its weakness, yielding to the meaner friendships and the meaner pleasures of the world; unable to recover the lost honour, but sinking into crime and ending life in bitterness of sorrows that may yet bring with them the blessing of repentance. And since this truth of life is drawn from events of history, and the calamity brought down by a misguided king upon himself and his people, is rebellion with usurpation, Shakespeare is careful so to construct his play that no sense of just punishment for great wrong-doing shall make rebellion or

usurpation appear just, while there shall be no concealment of the greatness of the wrong done, no dishonest softening of the offence.

The Two Parts of "King Henry IV."

The First Part of "King Henry IV." was entered in the Stationers' Register by Andrew Wise, on the twenty-fifth of February, 1598 (new style), as "A booke entitled the Historye of Henry the iiijth, with his battaile at Shrewsburye against Henry Hottspurre of the Northe, with the conceipted mirthe of Sir John Falstoff." Of this there were as many as six editions (1598, 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613, 1622) before the publication of the first Folio in 1623. After 1623 there were two more quarto editions—those of 1632 and 1639. No other play of Shakespeare's except "Richard III." was, within that period, so frequently reprinted.

Shakespeare's trilogy, of the two parts of "King Henry IV." and "King Henry V.," was developed from a single old play, rude in form, of which the first known edition was printed in the same year with the first edition of the first part of Shakespeare's "King Henry IV." It was entitled "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth: Containing the Honourable Battell of Agin-court: As it was plaide by the Queenes Maiesties Players," and was printed by Thomas Creede, to whom the book, published in 1598, had been entered at Stationers' Hall on the fourteenth of May, 1594. Very probably it was first published in that year. Of the 1598 edition only one copy has come down to us, and that is in the Bodleian Library. Of preceding editions not even one copy has been discovered. "The Queen's Majesty's Players" remain on the title-page of 1598, though the company acting under that name was formed in 1583 and came to an end in 1594. The date of the entry in the Stationers' Register would indicate that the "Famous Victories" was among the last plays acted by that company. In the diary of Philip Henslowe, there is note of an acting of "Harry the Fifth," which he

marks "*ne.*," as a "new enterlude," on the twenty-eighth of November, 1595. This, it has been suggested, might, as one of the last pieces produced by the Queen's Players, have come into Henslowe's possession and been entered by him as new.

But the acting of "The Famous Victories" would be carried back to a date before the death of the popular comedian, Richard Tarleton—who died on the third of September, 1588—if there be truth in a story given in the second part of "Tarleton's Jests." In the acting of a play of "Henry V." at the "Bull," in Bishopsgate, Knell, it is said, who played Henry V., gave Tarleton, as Chief Justice, so sounding a box on the ear that the whole house laughed. When Tarleton had gone out as judge, he came in again in his clown's clothes and asked the actors:—"'What news?' 'Oh,' saith one, 'hadst thou been here thou shouldest have seen Prince Henry hit the judge a terrible box on the ear.' 'What, man?' said Tarleton, 'strike a judge?' 'It is true, i' faith,' said the other. 'No other like,' said Tarleton, 'and it could not but be terrible to the judge, when the report so terrifies me, that methinks the blow remains still on my cheek, that it burns me.' The people laughed at this mightily; and to this day I have heard it commended for rare."

The play of "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth" attempts no flight of poetry or wit, but in the simplest words that will convey its sense attempts a stage presentment of the idle prince who grew to be a great victorious king. When the young prince is robbing the king's receivers, with Ned and Tom and Sir John Oldcastle, and boxing the ears of the Chief Justice who will not restore to him his man, the thief, who robbed Derrick the carrier on Gad's Hill, there are no more words spent than suffice to tell what is doing. Being idle and dissolute they swear; but one oath, "Gog's wounds," well repeated, answers every

purpose of the dramatist in that respect. In Sir John Oldcastle, whom Shakespeare has expanded into Sir John Falstaff, there is everything to supply. The original Sir John has his name familiarised into Jockey—

> " *Tom.* My lord, we are now about a mile off London.
> *Hen. V.* But, sirs, I marvel that Sir John Oldcastle
> Comes not away: Sounds, see where he comes.
>
> *Enters* JOCKEY.
>
> How now, what news with thee?"

In Shakespeare's first draft of "King Henry IV.," as acted by the players, he had followed "The Famous Victories" in accepting the name of Sir John Oldcastle for his fat knight. When it had been pointed out to Shakespeare that the knight placed in degrading positions by the writer of the early piece was a man of highest character, who had been condemned to cruel death in the reign of Henry V. for his fidelity to conscience,* Shakespeare erased his name, and borrowed that of another gentleman of the time whose character had been touched by an accusation of cowardice. There remained, however, some accidental traces of the first form of the name. In the second scene of the First Act, Prince Henry addresses Falstaff as "my old lad of the castle;" that is the only trace left in the First Part of "King Henry IV." In the Second Part, in the second scene of the Third Act, Shallow speaks of Falstaff as having been page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. That had been written truly of Sir John Oldcastle, who was in his youth Sir Thomas Mowbray's page. Again, in the printing of the quarto (1600) of the Second Part, in one place the correction on the playbook had been accidentally omitted, and the printers, following what they saw, set up *Old.* in place of *Falst.* Finally, Shakespeare was not content with mere erasure. He inserted words in direct

* "E. W." vi., 139, 140.

retractation of the use of a good man's name to represent a misused life. At the close of the Epilogue to the Second Part of "Henry IV.," in glancing forward to the play of "Henry V.," he said, "Our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John it, and make you merry with fair Katherine of France: where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a be killed with your hard opinions; for *Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.*"

Nevertheless, the play had been first acted with the martyr's name in it for Falstaff's, and by habit it may have remained in use at some of the theatres. In a book published as late as 1618, Field's "Amends for Ladies," it is asked, referring to Act V., sc. 2, of the First Part of "Henry IV."—

> "Did you never see
> The play where the fat knight, hight Oldcastle,
> Did tell you truly what this honour was?"

In a piece published in 1604, called "The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie, or the Walks in Powles," one says, "Now, signiors, how like you mine host? did I not tell you he was a mad round knave, and a merry one too? and if you chance to talk of fat Sir John Oldcastle, he will tell you he was his grandfather." With reference to this, the host is afterwards called "my noble fat actor." John Speed, in his "Chronicle," published in 1611, refers to a Jesuit who had described Oldcastle as "a ruffian, a robber, and a rebel, and his authority taken from the stage-players." Thomas Fuller, in his "Church History," and afterwards in his "Worthies," referred to the degradation of the character of Sir John Oldcastle upon the stage. In his "Church History," published in 1656, he wrote:—"Stage poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied

a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot. The best is, Sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted buffoon in his place."

The real Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, was a brave knight of unblemished life, who held the tenets of Wyclif, and had opened his doors at Cowling Castle to the persecuted teachers of the Lollards. On Christmas morning, in 1417, he was hung up by the middle in an iron chain upon a high gallows in St. Giles's Fields, and burnt alive while thus suspended. The last words heard from him were praise of God, into whose hands he resigned his soul.

Sir John Fastolf was substituted by Shakespeare probably because he had figured as a coward in the First Part of "King Henry VI.", upon which play Shakespeare himself had formerly been more or less busy. In that play, during a battle (Act. III., sc. 2), we have this passage:—

> "*Captain.* Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?
> *Fast.* Whither away! to save myself by flight:
> We are like to have the overthrow again.
> *Cap.* What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?
> *Fast.* Ay,
> All the Talbots in the world to save my life.
> *Cap.* Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!"

And afterwards, at the beginning of the Fourth Act, Fastolfe as Knight of the Garter, has his garter plucked by Talbot from his leg, for cowardice shown at the battle of Patay; he is also publicly degraded from his rank, and banished by the king on pain of death. In taking this name, Shakespeare must have felt that he was safe against injustice to a noble character. Yet the real Sir John Fastolf, while unpopular in his day and really accused of cowardice at the battle of Patay, though he was able to disprove the charge, was a grave knight, of hot temper, who was of the

Privy Council of Henry VI. at the time of Cade's rebellion. He was decried by the rebels as the greatest traitor in England or France, who had diminished all the garrisons of Normandy, Le Mans, and Maine, and thereby caused the loss of all the king's inheritance beyond sea. It appears, however, that he himself attributed English losses to the disregard of his advice, and caused his secretary, William Worcester, to put in writing, for his justification, the good counsels he had given in vain.

Sir John Fastolf held lands in Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and Surrey; he was a friend of the Paston family, and took up his abode in Norfolk in the latter part of the year 1454, where John Paston and his brother William—who were included in the list of the trustees appointed to manage his large property after his death—were among his most familiar friends. In the list of the trustees were the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester. The old knight, who died in 1459, bequeathed to John Paston all his lands in Norfolk and Suffolk. The Paston family kept its letters, and they remain to us now as the earliest collection of family letters illustrating the past history of England that exists in our literature.* Many letters from the historical Sir John Fastolf occur in this collection.

The Second Part of "King Henry IV." appears in the Stationers' Register as entered for publication on the twenty-third of August, 1600, together with the comedy of "Much Ado about Nothing."

23 AUGUSTI.

"Andrew Wyse William Aspley entred for their copies vnder the handes of the wardens Two bookes, the one calked Muche a Doo about nothinge, Th other the second parte of the history of kinge Henry the IIIJth with the humours of Sir John Ffallstaff Wrytten by master Shakespere."

* "E. W." vi., 258–265.

In the preceding entry of the First Part of "Henry IV.," on the twenty-fifth of February, 1598 (new style), the author's name was not inserted, and this entry of August, 1600, contains, in fact, the first mention of the name of Shakespeare upon the books of the Stationers' Company.

It has been inferred from the fact that the quarto of the Second Part of "Henry IV.," published in 1600, contained in one place an unerased *Old.* for *Falst.*, that the Second Part was written originally, like the first, with Sir John Oldcastle as the name of the fat knight. For it is observed that Falstaff was the knight's name in the Stationers' entry of the twenty-fifth of February, 1598, and the correction having then been made, the Second Part of "Henry IV." must have been written before that date. The Second Part was printed hastily. The first scene of the Third Act was accidentally omitted, and the omission—discovered when part of the impression had been worked off—was made good by the addition of two leaves in the remaining copies. Of now remaining copies of the quarto of 1600 only two contain this addition; one belonged to Edward Malone, and is at Oxford, the other is in the library of the Duke of Devonshire.

We may turn now from external history to the view of life that runs through

Henry IV.—Parts I. and II.

Falstaff, cased in flesh, stands for the flesh and all its frailty. What Bushy, Bagot, and Green, are in the play of "Richard II.," which we may take, if we please, as prologue to the trilogy closed with the play of "King Henry V.," Falstaff stands for in the trilogy itself. Richard II. presented youth in its weakness, dragged down by evil advisers, forfeiting the crown. Prince Harry represents youth in its strength, through the luxuriance of fresh life—as "full subject is the fattest soil to weeds"—tempted and led aside by playfulness of fancy, but with strength to rise at the clear call of duty. Harry rises at the first call, represented at the close of the First Part by the battle of Shrewsbury. At the close of the Second Part he is called

to be king, to rise to the full state of man; and the play of "Henry V." completes the trilogy by showing what that is.

But shall Falstaff represent only the temptation of the flesh, only what the Church catechism makes a threefold ill—the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, that must be renounced? Is he not very pleasant? Yes, he is. Do we not all like him? Yes, we do. Is he not a gentleman? No, he is not; although he knows how to be courteous. True gentleman he cannot be, since he is clearly represented, with all his wit and good-humour, as a thief, a liar, and a coward. It is not the dull and empty-headed sensualist who can tempt generous youth to his side; but a young man with high animal spirits and large powers of enjoyment is easily drawn into sportive companionship with good wit and good humour. If what Falstaff stands for were without attraction, it would be without danger, except to men whose brotherhood is with the swine. When Chaucer, in his "Troilus and Cressida," turned Pandarus, the knightly cousin of Prince Troilus, into a worldly good-tempered uncle of Cressida, who chirps with her in her garden, looks like a kind old gentleman that understands the world, and so undermines her innocence, he was before Shakespeare in the essential part of the conception of Falstaff. When Shakespeare, in "Antony and Cleopatra," after striking his first note in his first lines with description of her in plain words that call Antony "a strumpet's fool," proceeds to paint Cleopatra in all colours that could represent the charm that dragged a large and noble nature, through its too great love of pleasure, into ruin, the more he shows that the strange woman can have allurements even for an Antony, the more he forces home the truth that many strong men have been slain by her.

The continuation of the history from the play of "King Richard II." shows civil war the fruit of usurpation, fulfilling the Bishop of Carlisle's prediction:—

> "Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
> And in this seat of peace, tumultuous war
> Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound."

But the spirit of history that Shakespeare breathed into the sequence of historical events in the set of plays beginning with "King Richard II.", and ending with "King Henry V.," was not of the essence of the tale. It was part only of the life of the details in which Shakespeare set his hero, prince and at last king, to show youth not, as in "Richard II.," fallen victim, but rising at last to a true manhood from out of the temptations that beset it in us all.

The First Part of "King Henry IV." opens with note of retribution in the king's first words, "So shaken as we are, so wan with care." A half sense of pause in civil war recalls the design, with which the play of "King Richard II." closed, of expedition to the Holy Land; but there has come "a post from Wales, laden with heavy news," while more uneven and unwelcome news came from the North.

News from the North added new honour to the name of Harry Percy—Hotspur, whom Shakespeare uses as a foil to Harry, Prince of Wales; and the first scene of the First Part of "King Henry IV." is closed with plans of action, and with the king's—

> "envy that my Lord Northumberland
> Should be the father of so blest a son,
> A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
> Amongst a grove the very straightest plant;
> Who is sweet Fortune's minion, and her pride;
> Whilst I, by looking on the face of him,
> See riot and dishonour stain the brow
> Of my young Harry."

The second scene then shows us in companionship "Henry Prince of Wales and Falstaff," whose first words touch on the abuse of time. "Now, Hal," asks Falstaff, "what time of day is it, lad?" The prince sees no reason why Falstaff should "be so superfluous to demand the time of the day;" and Falstaff says, "Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars." Within the first few lines, Falstaff is represented as a lecherous misuser of time, and as a thief, whose expectation is that there shall be no gallows standing in England when his young companion is king. The prince understands his character while drawing sport from it, and playfully turns a moral when Falstaff says, "An old Lord of the Council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street, too." Upon which the prince answers, "Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it."

"Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets: she crieth in the chief places of concourse." Even in the theatre she has stretched out her hand to those who would none of her counsel.

Falstaff laments that since the prince has been his companion he has been little better than one of the wicked, but he must give over this life, and will give it over; then he rises instantly to the bait of

a mischievous question: "Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?"—"Zounds! where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me."—"I see a good amendment of life in this: from praying to purse-taking."—"Why, Hal, 't is my vocation, Hal; 't is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation."

When Poins enters, the prince's dissolute companion at the Court: Falstaff recognises him as come with a plan of highway robbery, and as "the most omnipotent villain that ever cried Stand! to a true man." There is a robbery planned for four o'clock next morning at Gad's Hill, where there are pilgrims to Canterbury and traders to London. When the prince is asked to be one of the party—"Hal, wilt thou make one?"—he draws himself up suddenly, "Who, I rob? I a thief? Not I, by my faith!" Then he becomes irresolute, and is overcome by the suggestion of Poins, that they can turn the tables against Falstaff, disguise themselves in buckram, rob the thieves, who are cowards, and then hear and confute "the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper." Thus Falstaff, with all his wit and good humour, is clearly marked in the first scene in which he appears, by his qualities of thief, coward, and liar; while the closing soliloquy, in which we hear thinking, shows the prince not blind to the character of his companion, and looking forward to the day when he shall throw off his loose behaviour.

> "I'll so offend, to make offence a skill,
> Redeeming time, when men least think I will."

The third scene, which is the last of the First Act, turns from Harry the Prince to Harry Percy, who serves as his foil. It brings upon King Henry IV. the plague of new revolt, and the civil war in which Prince Henry, at the close of this First Part, is seen to "redeem time" at the battle of Shrewsbury.

Here we may interpose a note upon the poet's treatment of the facts of history. His concern is with the spirit, not with the letter—with the essential truths of life, not with its accidents. The Scots who crossed the border to set up King Richard II., said to be still alive, were defeated at the battle of Holmedon, or Homildon Hill, on Holyrood Day, the fourteenth of September, 1402. The date, therefore, of the opening of the play is the time when the news of that battle had just reached London. The real age of Prince Henry was then only fourteen; and Henry Percy (Hotspur) had fought at Otterbourne in the year (1388) of Prince Henry's birth. But Shakespeare suggests little difference of age between the prince and Hotspur.

Hotspur's sole devotion to the path of honour serves as foil to the aberrations of the prince; but at the same time, with many a pleasant touch to keep him firmly fixed in our regard, there are light suggestions of the leaner soil in which Hotspur's ambition is rooted. He is not, like the prince, open on all sides to temptation by quick apprehension of whatever the world gives that can be made enjoyable, or turned to better use. The prince has a quick eye for the comic side of Hotspur, but frankly recognises all his rival's worth. Hotspur sees only the follies of the prince.

Owen Glendower, great-grandson of Llewellyn the Great, had been a quiet landowner in Wales, credited for his knowledge with magical powers, when some of his property was seized by a neighbouring baron who was not of Welsh blood, Lord Grey of Ruthin. When Glendower appealed to the English Parliament of the year 1400 for redress, the English peers replied that they did not care about barefooted rascals. Glendower took the law into his own hands, and made reprisals on Lord Grey of Ruthin. The strife spread. In 1402 Sir Edmund Mortimer went against Glendower, and was taken prisoner. Henry refused to ransom him. He went himself against Glendower, and was defeated by storms of hail and rain, which were supposed to have been raised by Glendower's magic. In the winter of 1402 Edmund Mortimer made common cause with Glendower, and married his daughter. But the sister of Edmund Mortimer was Hotspur's wife. Richard II. had been the son of Edward III.'s eldest son. King Edward's second son died without issue. His third son, Lionel, had a daughter, Philippa, who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March. Their eldest son was Roger Mortimer, whom Richard II. had named as his heir. He died in 1398, and left a young son, Edmund, Earl of March, who lived until 1424. Sir Edmund Mortimer, who married Glendower's daughter, and whose sister Elizabeth (by Shakespeare called Katherine) married Hotspur, was brother to Roger, and therefore uncle to young Edmund Mortimer, the Earl of March, in whom rested the direct title to the Crown, based on descent from King Edward's third son, Lionel. Henry IV.'s title was derived from the fourth son, John of Gaunt. Shakespeare, in this third scene of the First Act, turns the two Edmund Mortimers, uncle and nephew, into one, by giving to Sir Edmund the title of the Earl of March, and with it King Richard's nomination to the throne. This avoids bewilderment of pedigree, and gives in a simple form Henry IV.'s reason for refusing to Hotspur the ransom of his brother-in-law, Mortimer, in return for the chiefs made prisoners at Homildon. The scene begins in the spirit of feud between the king and the nobles, who close it and the First Act with outbreak of the rebellion that forms the

framework of the story. But the dramatic life of the scene lies especially in the character of Hotspur as the soldier "jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel," whose virtues are a soldier's virtues, and not few.

> "Send danger from the east unto the west,
> So honour cross it from the north and south,
> And let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs
> To rouse a lion than to start a hare."

He scorns impatiently the dainty idlers of the Court, and represents a vigour of young life removed to the uttermost from any possibility of being tempted to find pastime in companionship with Falstaff.

The Second Act of the First Part opens in marked contrast to the close of the First Act, with Harry Percy; for it shows Harry the the Prince finding himself sport with Falstaff as companion of thieves. The prince and Poins carry out their jest of robbing the thieves, that they may find "argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever." Then comes, again for contrast, Hotspur's impatience of timid support in his bold enterprise to overthrow the king. While Harry the Prince wastes time, Hotspur allows no dalliance. "We are prepared," he says; "I will set forward to-night." His love for his wife is made evident in the brisk dialogue between them; but even with her there is no dalliance. "I must leave you within these two hours":—

> "And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
> I love thee infinitely."

From that interpolated scene, which not only carries on the story, but strengthens dramatic effect by the force of contrast, we go back to Prince Henry and Poins idling in the tavern, playing with Francis the drawer. Then says the prince to Poins, "Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door. Shall we be merry?" They are merry; and Falstaff merrily employs his wit for cover to his cowardice. The prince has as ready a wit as Falstaff: he is in high spirits, and "of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight." The high spirits of youth are in every turn of the prince's idling, not least when Sir John Bracy, from Court, knocks at the tavern door with a summons to action. He is still giving free rein to his mirth when the hue and cry has followed his thievish friends, and the sheriff and watch are at the door. The Second Act ends with the search of Falstaff's pockets, and finding the bill for an intolerable deal of sack to one pennyworth of bread; which, in respect to the staple of life in its

daily work and duty, is about the proportion kept in the prince's pleasures. But the prince will to the Court in the morning; and he is no thief, though the thieves have yielded him good sport. As for the travellers who were robbed, "the money shall be paid back again with advantage." These words have the emphasis of the last place in the Act, followed only by the intention of the prince to be astir betimes in the morning.

Prince Henry's night at the tavern, with which the Second Act was closed, is followed in the first scene of the Third Act by a picture of Harry Percy in council with his uncle Worcester, Mortimer, and Glendower, at Bangor. Hotspur and Mortimer part with their wives. Hotspur is playful too, but his is the playfulness of youth intent on action, compelled to short pause, but impatient of a moment's loss of time. Says Glendower at the close of the scene—

> "Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow
> As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
> By this our book is drawn: we'll seal, and part
> To horse immediately.
> *Mortimer.* With all my heart."

Then follows in the second scene the prince's attendance on the king, and serious utterance of that rebuke from the father to the son with which, in prospect of it, the prince and Falstaff had made sport last night in the tavern. The king's rebuke is so worded as to connect directly in the minds of readers the play of "Richard II.," which showed the fall of a misguided youth too weak to escape from the temptations that beset him, with the plays of "King Henry IV.," in which the temptations are felt, known, and at last overcome. The king suggests throughout to his son a parallel between his own waste of his youth and that of the fallen Richard, who

> "ambled up and down
> With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits
> Soon kindled and soon burned.
> . . . . . .
> For all the world,
> As thou art to this hour was Richard then,
> When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg.
> And even as I was then, is Percy now."

The prince answers with bold promise of a day that shall atone for all—

"I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son."

Upon this follow tidings of the gathering of the revolted lords at Shrewsbury. Prompt march is resolved upon, and the last words of the scene touch upon the press of time—

"Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat while men delay."

Then the scene changes to Falstaff in the tavern, wasting time; Prince Henry and Poins enter to him playfully marching; Falstaff takes the hint, turns his truncheon into a mimic fife, and joins the march; but the idling goes on with further illustration of Falstaff's power of lying. Again, as the Act is near its close, we are reminded that the money stolen on Gad's Hill has been paid back again, and the Act ends with the prince's mind active on duty, and away, with thirty miles to ride ere dinner-time, while Falstaff, with a lazy grunt, calls for his breakfast.

The Fourth Act opens with Hotspur in the rebel camp at Shrewsbury, intent on action, impatient of delays, and brushing doubts aside. When he hears of the king's advance, he asks—

"Where is his son,
The nimble-footed, mad-cap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daffed the world aside
And bid it pass?

Vernon. All furnished, all in arms,
. . . . . .
I saw young Harry with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat
As if an angel dropped down from the clouds
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hotspur. No more, no more, worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues . . .
. . . Come, let me taste my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales;
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a corse."

The second scene shows Falstaff, who, in a time of peril to the crown he serves, has embezzled money drawn for press and clothing of soldiers, and has, through his robbery, a ragged regiment on which he spends his wit. He will "not march through Coventry with them, that's flat." His wit is pleasant, but the theme of it is furnished by his own rascality. Here too he is a thief. Prince Henry comes upon the fat knight, and enjoys his jest in having got him a company of foot: "How now, blown Jack!" Falstaff again covers his dishonesty with pleasant joke, and on the haste of others who push forward to meet Percy, his comment to himself, as he stays behind them, is—

> "Well,
> To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast,
> Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest."

The next words at the beginning of the third scene of this Act are Hotspur's "We'll fight with him to-night," and the rest of the Act is question among rebels, distrust of the king's offer of peace, and the indication of more feud to follow, though the king be master of the field at Shrewsbury. This prepares for the action of the Second Part of "King Henry IV."

In the Fifth Act of the First Part we have the day of the battle of Shrewsbury, the twenty-first of July, 1403. In the preliminary question of peace or war, Prince Henry's message to Percy through his uncle Worcester is characteristic of his generosity of nature, and contrasts with Percy's narrower view of his rival. The prince when in high spirits in the tavern (Act II., scene 4) had played with Percy's appetite for action. "I am not yet," he said, "of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the North, he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.'—'O, my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?'—'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he, and answers, 'Some fourteen,' an hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.'—I prithee call in Falstaff. 'Rivo,' says the drunkard; call in ribs, call in tallow." Now in straight words of earnest he says to Worcester—

> "Tell your nephew,
> The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
> In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,—
> This present enterprise set off his head,—
> I do not think a braver gentleman,
> More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
> More daring or more bold, is now alive

To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry,
And so, I hear, he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty:
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight."

And Hotspur cries:—

"O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day
But I and Harry Monmouth!"

Vernon reports that in his challenge the Prince

"chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he mastered then a double spirit,
Of teaching and of learning, instantly
Then did he pause: but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness."

And so, with Prince Henry's victory over Hotspur in the battle of Shrewsbury, which is incidentally touched with the humours of the cowardice and bragging of the fat knight, we have Shakespeare's picture of the prince's first rise at the call of duty, with a forecast of his final rise to the full height of a true manhood.

The Second Part of "King Henry IV." ends with the king's death, on the twentieth of March, and Prince Henry's coronation, on the ninth of April, 1413. The events of history between July, 1403, and April, 1413, are treated with the poet's licence, several acts of insurrection being joined without minute distinction of one from another. The play opens with rumour of the issue of the fight at Shrewsbury in July, 1403. Until the fourth scene of the Fourth Act the incidents of history belong to the year 1405; but when, immediately after news of the suppression of the insurrection headed by Scroop, Archbishop of York, a messenger tells also of the putting down of the insurrection headed by Northumberland, the actual time from May, 1405, to February, 1408, is spent in a breath. When the king's death is represented as then following on the same day, five more years are slipped

over; for King Henry IV. died on the twentieth of March, 1413. In all this there is no error. Distant events are so brought into close, significant relation, that, under the poet's treatment, fragments of truth are joined into one truth more eloquent that speaks its whole voice to the hearts of men.

Rumour, as Prologue to the Second Part, comes "painted full of tongues." She runs before King Harry's victory. She is busy with us now, as she was with our forefathers:

> "And who but Rumour, who but only I,
> Make fearful musters and prepared defence,
> Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,
> Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
> And no such matter?"

But now she brings false comfort to Northumberland in his castle of Warkworth. False tidings, that give Percy victory, precede the news of his defeat and death. Of this comes question of revenge. Rebellion is not yet crushed. The Archbishop of York "turns insurrection to religion." Civil strife is still to break the peace of the usurper.

That having been shown in the first scene, the second scene brings us again to Falstaff. The fat knight moralises on the prince's jest in having sent a very tiny boy to follow him about as page. He says, as he looks at the mite, "I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment." The frolic spirit of Prince Harry still finds in Falstaff matter for mirth, and Falstaff's wit and good humour are as of old, though the recollection of the Gad's Hill robbery spoils his enjoyment of a meeting with the Lord Chief Justice. The prince's box on the ears given to the Chief Justice, shown in the old play in action, is here only referred to in dialogue. Falstaff owes safety to the unquiet time, and the king has parted him from the prince in the new expedition by setting Falstaff down for service with the force led by Prince John of Lancaster, not with that under Prince Henry. The third scene then ends the act, in the Palace of the Archbishop of York, with muster of the forces of rebellion.

The Second Act opens with the desire of the Hostess, whose worldly substance he has consumed, to get Falstaff under arrest for debt. He is bound to the wars on the king's business, and is safe from arrest. When the Chief Justice, who is witness to the brawl,

counsels Falstaff to satisfy the poor woman, he beguiles her again with lying professions, and succeeds in borrowing money of her that she must pawn goods to raise. Yet I have seen it argued more than once that Falstaff was a gentleman, and once that he was not a coward. I have also seen it argued that the sun is a cold, dark body.

In the second scene of the Second Act Poins looks as little through the surface-character of the madcap prince, to find the earnest and high soul within, as others look through the wit and companionable good-humour of Falstaff, to find within all that is base and low. "By this hand," says the Prince to Poins, "thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man." And he says, as he yields himself to one more night's mirth in the tavern, "Thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us."

The next scene, at Warkworth, keeps in view the dangers of the land, showing the hesitation of Northumberland, and Percy's widow weakening his hand.

The fourth scene, at the "Boar's Head," in East Cheap, shows Falstaff an old lecher; Pistol, his ancient, a mouthing braggart; and the prince a witness to the lusts of the flesh in the fat knight, and the low thought that no wit can raise above dishonour. Upon this there breaks a call to duty:

"*Hostess.* Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

Prince Henry. Peto, how now! what news?
Peto. The king your father is at Westminster,
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the North; and as I came along
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bareheaded, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking everyone for Sir John Falstaff.
Prince Henry. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame
So idly to profane the precious time,
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarméd heads.—
Give me my sword and cloak.—Falstaff, good night."

After this we never again see Prince Henry wasting time in yielding to the fascinations of that ill life after the flesh which is personified by

Falstaff. Their ways are parted. Falstaff's place is in the army of Prince John; and he next sees Prince Henry when the last great call to duty has made of the prince a king—made of the youth a man who measures life and time.

The Third Act opens with Henry IV., sick, sleepless, vexed with the domestic strife in which he sees the retribution that has fallen on his own rebellion against Richard.

The other of the two scenes in this Act brings Falstaff into Gloucestershire, where he is pressing men for the king's service on the way to the war, and trading in bribes which easily persuade him to enlist unfit men in place of those able to serve in the king's war. Still he plays over his rascality with ready wit and unctuous good-humour. He takes his levies from another old man, Justice Shallow, whom Shakespeare now pairs with Falstaff as a companion picture of age without honour. Falstaff is fat and full of wit; Shallow is lean and slow-witted. They had known each other in their youth, and Falstaff says of Justice Shallow, "I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring." His slowness of wit is indicated, not only by the little thought in what he says, but by the beating out of that little with repetitions of words that make the least thought go the longest way—"Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir;" and in the scene in the Fifth Act, "I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy." [*Enter* DAVY.] "Here, sir."—"Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy—let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused." In leanness of body and in feebleness of wit, Justice Shallow is the reverse of Falstaff: but they are one in showing old age without honour. Shallow's glory is in boasting of imagined profligacies of his youth. On the brink of his own grave he hears of dead companions, and joins common-places upon death, empty of thought, to talk of marketing for sheep and oxen. The scene that introduces him is one of those in which Shakespeare has put tragic force and depth of earnestness into a dialogue that might pass with the thoughtless for no more than jest:—

"Jesu! Jesu! the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead!

Silence. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shallow. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Silence. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shallow. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Silence. Dead, sir.

Shallow. Jesu! Jesu! Dead!—he drew a good bow;—and dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapped in the clout at twelve score, and carried you a forehand shaft fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

Silence. Thereafter as they be; a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shallow. And is old Double dead!"

Age and dishonour in Falstaff, coupled with wit, resolve to cheat age and dishonour in Shallow, who is witless, and make profit of his shallowness upon the journey back to London. So the Third Act ends.

The Fourth Act is wholly serious. Falstaff is only kept in evidence by Sir John Colevile's surrender to him, which gives occasion for some of his wit in a discourse on courage that has sherris-sack for its support. The archbishop and the rebels trust Prince John, into whose hands they are betrayed by a trick that Prince Henry could not have used. The traitors are sent to death. King Henry, dying at Westminster, dreads the riot that will bring all into danger when his eldest son is king. Yet when he bids Thomas of Clarence use his brother's affection for him as a means of doing noble offices of mediation in the dreaded time when he shall become Henry V., Henry IV. recognises one generous feature in his eldest son,

> "For he is gracious, if he be observed.
> He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
> Open as day for melting charity."

Then follow the tidings of subdued rebellion; the king's swoon; Prince Henry's watch by him; his seeming death, the prince's taking up the crown, and the rebuke that pictures vividly what men expected if the rioter became a king. The son's true-hearted answer wins the father's trust and counsel in the hour of death, the last word of counsel being—

> "My Harry,
> Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
> With foreign quarrels; that action hence borne out
> May waste the memory of former days."

At the close of the Fourth Act King Henry IV. is borne out to die. At the beginning of the Fifth Act Shallow and Falstaff hear in Gloucestershire of the change of reign, and hurry to Court, Falstaff having drawn a thousand pounds from Shallow. At Court there is dread of the new king. It is met by him with words straight from the nobler life that follies had obscured :—

> "The tide of blood in me
> Hath proudly flowed in vanity till now :
> Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,
> Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
> And flow henceforth in formal majesty."

And when Henry V. after his coronation speaks as a king, as a full man who turns his back upon dishonour, Falstaff seeks in vain to claim him as a comrade.

> "*Falstaff.* My king ! my Jove ! I speak to thee, my heart !
> *King.* I know thee not, old man : fall to thy prayers :
> How ill white hairs become a fool and jester !
> I have long dreamed of such a kind of man,
> So surfeit-swelled, so old, and so profane ;
> But, being awake, I do despise my dream."

There is allowed to Falstaff competence of life, but he is banished until he amend his ways. So ends the play of the triumph of youth gifted and tempted with high animal spirits, but gifted and aided also with high powers and high aims that should give strength for triumph over the merriest enticements to the downward path. Falstaff has wit after his kind ; but the best wit is in Wisdom.

"King Henry V."

The Prologue to the Fifth Act of "King Henry V.," in telling of the King's reception in London after his return from Agincourt, says that the citizens poured out to meet him

> "As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
> Were now the general of our gracious empress,
> As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
> Bringing rebellion broachéd on his sword,
> How many would the peaceful city quit
> To welcome him !"

Essex was in Ireland from the twenty-seventh of March to the twenty-eighth of September, 1599, and this passage was addressed to the audience. The play, therefore, was finished and produced in the summer or autumn of that year. On the fourteenth of August, 1600, it was entered at Stationers' Hall, and it was published in that year in quarto, as "The Cronicle History of Henry the Fift, With his battell fought at *Agin* Court in France. Togither with Auntient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants." This quarto was reprinted in 1602 and 1608. It gives the play in an imperfect form, omitting all that is spoken by the Chorus, also the first scenes of the First and Third Acts, and the second scene of the Fourth Act, besides omissions and imperfect renderings of the text throughout, so that the play in the quarto is not half as long as the full text which was first supplied in the first folio of 1623.

Still following the plan suggested to him by the old play of "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fift," Shakespeare here completes his trilogy by showing the last rise of a generous youth above the temptations of the flesh, to the height of a full manhood. The prince has become king, and the story of King Henry V. is so told as to represent in him the full stature of manhood, with Agincourt as a poet's symbol of the way of each of us who would be true soldier in the great Battle of Life.

"*King Henry V.*"

Agincourt itself was a battle in a war of invasion that had its origin in nothing nobler than the lust of power. Many an earnest man might feel that it was not for the good of England that her ruler should be King of France. But Shakespeare's first care is to free his typical warrior from all responsibility for the right or wrong of the invasion. He takes advantage of the historical suggestion that he was urged to foreign war by the clergy, who wished to divert attention from home questions, which included revival of a bill which, if it passed into law, would greatly diminish the wealth of the Church. King Henry is

represented as a man full of religion, who earnestly seeks to do his duty, and looks to the head of the Church for guidance and assurance. The First Act begins, therefore, with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely in the king's antechamber, and its first words are of "that self bill" and of the way to prevent its passing. The king's character thus comes under discussion. The archbishop says, "The king is full of grace and fair regard;" the Bishop of Ely adds, "and a true lover of the Holy Church." The dialogue proceeds then to a description of the wondrous change shown in the king, and it ends with one of the suggestions made from time to time after the first scene between the prince and his unfit comrades, which closes with the soliloquy, "I know you what you are." There was earnest thought under the wildness of Prince Hal. "It must be so, for miracles have ceased." And Shakespeare, in his trilogy, has taken care to keep the sudden rise of the prince to his full kingship within human bounds. But the discussion of King Henry's character by the two churchmen has clear relation to the question in which it ends, "How now for the mitigation of this bill urged by the Commons? Doth his Majesty incline to it, or no?" The king is of impartial mind, but rather swaying towards the interests of the Church. The archbishop has been urging French war, but he was interrupted by the coming of the French ambassador. The time for audience of the ambassador is now at hand. Thus prepared with knowledge of his character as an ideal king, and knowledge of the purpose of the prelates, we pass to the Presence Chamber. The first words of the king, who is to give his answer to the French ambassador, indicate his desire for counsel from the head of the Church, whose function is to guide him to the highest right. "Where," he asks, "is the Archbishop of Canterbury?" He declines to answer the ambassador until his mind has been assured as to his duty. When the Archbishop comes, King Henry urges upon him to avoid time-service in his answer to a question of right or wrong:

> "And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
> That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
> Or nicely charge your understanding soul
> With opening titles miscreate, whose right
> Suits not in native colours with the truth."

He urges upon the archbishop his responsibility for all the horrors of an unjust war if he do not speak with a pure conscience:

> "We charge you, in the name of God, take heed!"

The archbishop sets forth the claim as Shakespeare found it in Holinshed. After a long setting forth of the technical argument for the king's right to the French throne, Henry intervenes only with the simple question of a man who looks straight to duty,

"May I with right and conscience make this claim?"

And the archbishop's answer is,

"The sin upon my head, dread sovereign."

Thus Shakespeare emphatically separates the action of the king from any question of right or wrong in the argument for invasion. He has sought religiously to know his duty, and when he acts upon the counsel of the Church, which is confirmed by the council of his lords, he replies firmly to the French ambassador, who brings from the Dauphin his mocking present of tennis balls, and he is prompt for action, "God before." That phrase of "God before" which Shakespeare associates with King Henry's resolves on action, when first used at the close of the First Act, is made clear and emphatic by being used as a short form to express what has already been said more at large. After King Henry had told the ambassadors that the issue of his action

> "Lies all within the will of God,
> To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
> Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
> To venge me as I may, and to put forth
> My rightful hand in a well-hallowed cause,"

he is left alone with his lords, and tells them that he has now no thought in him but France,

"*Save those to God that run before our business.*"

Four lines later comes the first use of the short form,

> "*God before,*
> We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door."

So in Job (v. 8), "I would seek unto God, and unto God would I commit my cause"; in the Psalms (xxxvii. 5), "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass;" "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness" (Psalm xxiii. 3); "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not" (Psalm xvii. 5).

Shakespeare's "King Henry" thus represents the man preparing for some great trial of strength in the battle of life, whose first thought

is, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth."

In the Second Act, Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol reappear upon the scene. Falstaff does not. We are told how Falstaff died; and his followers appear, that the story of them may be brought to a just end. Bardolph and Nym are hanged; the braggart Pistol, too much a coward, as the Boy says, to do anything that will bring his neck into danger, is humiliated to the utmost by Fluellen (the Welsh Llewellyn), and made to eat the leek. All that is shown of them, however humorous, is in accord with the deep earnestness of the whole play. Dame Quickly, who at the end of the Second Part of "Henry IV." was carried away to be whipped as a bawd, has, for the sake, perhaps, of the profits of her house, been sought in marriage by both Nym and Pistol. She has taken Pistol, and, as Nym thinks, broken promise with Nym. Hence comes a humour of dispute, but Nym's sense of loss is not more than can be balanced by eight shillings: "I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting?"—"A noble [6s. 8d., risen in value to more than 8s.] shalt thou have."—"I shall have my noble?"—"In cash most justly paid."—"Well, then, that's the humour of 't." Then the Hostess calls them to Falstaff, who is dangerously ill, and way is prepared for the description of the death of Falstaff.

In the scene at Southampton Shakespeare takes care to separate from King Henry any possible thought of severity in dealing with the conspirators Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey. An incident is invented that gives to the king the attribute of mercy, and makes the conspirators condemn themselves.

> "Uncle of Exeter,
> Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
> That railed against our person; we consider
> It was excess of wine that set him on;
> And on his more advice we pardon him."

The conspirators, each in turn, press heavily for punishment of this light offence. "O let us yet be merciful," says Henry. "So may your highness, and yet punish too," says one of those who has been plotting the king's death. By so contriving the scene that the conspirators condemn themselves in opposition to the king's mercy, Shakespeare maintains his ideal of the royal warrior, who is type of the true manhood in the battle we have all to fight. At the close of the scene the voyage to France is entered upon with encouragement, since

> "God so graciously hath brought to light
> This treason,"

and in the same spirit of trust in God, that gives its best strength to the king's whole character,

"let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition."

Not less essentially religious is the next scene, which describes, through the Hostess, the death of Falstaff. Her confusion between Arthur's bosom and Abraham's bosom humorously suggests more knowledge of King Arthur tales than of the Bible, but there is Falstaff, to whom the name of God comes in the last hour of life; and as the chills of death lay hold of him "a bade me," says the Hostess, "lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand"—the bawd's hand—"into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone; and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone." Death is at the seat of lust. The kindly humour of the sketch of Falstaff's lonely deathbed in the inn, while it maintains dramatic character, is in its reality profoundly tragic. There is the suggestion also of a perverted good in the sociable spirit that had drawn in former days Prince Hal to his side, in Bardolph's exclamation, "Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or hell!" although a drunkard's nose is all the riches he got in his service. Then Pistol, Nym, and Bardolph take their leave of Pistol's wife, the Hostess; they are bound for the wars in France, to serve there, not their king or country, but themselves, "like horse-leeches, my boys, to suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!"

The fourth scene of the Second Act represents the coming of the English ambassadors to the French Court, and their comment on the change in the king's character includes a suggestion of his new sense of the worth of time. The trilogy introduced him laughing at Falstaff's first question, "What's o'clock, Hal?" as if it belonged to Falstaff's life to count the hours as they slipped by; but for himself,

"Now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain."

Already he is in France.

In the Third Act Harfleur is besieged. Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and the Boy—the Boy once given by the Prince to Falstaff—are brought into the field with little appetite for danger, but in the three men so low and unreasoning an appetite for plunder that, says the Boy, who sees through them and will find some better service, "Bardolph stole a lute case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three-halfpence."

Fluellen is introduced also with his Welsh English and Welsh pedantry, expressing the simple faith of a true soldier. He is the Nemesis who shall hereafter confront Pistol. He has also another use in the play. King Henry V. is a soldier strong in courage resting upon God. Courage is in his English comrades; it is expressed also humorously in Harry of Monmouth's compatriot, Llewellyn, through whom courage knocks on the pate cowardice, in making Pistol eat the leek. The harmony that runs through all parts of the play makes braggart cowardice in Pistol a natural foil to the true courage of the king.

It is noticeable also that in this play of a warrior king, that turns to poetic use a famous victory, Shakespeare has given the most uncompromising picture of the cruelties of war. They are dwelt upon in the fourth scene of the Second Act, in the message of Exeter to the French king, as well as in later passages; but in King Henry's appeal to the citizens of Harfleur they are enforced with terrible emphasis. All false glory is stripped from the tremendous evils that went with the mere act of conflict, and Shakespeare makes King Henry call it—

> "impious war,
> Arrayed in flames like to the prince of fiends."

The citizens open their gates, and the king's order is, "Use mercy to them all." He will spend one night in Harfleur, and then march with his sick soldiers homeward to Calais. If the next scene between Katharine and Alice be omitted, and the fifth scene of this Act be taken as following immediately upon the third, the next line to those which express Henry's intention to rest a night in Harfleur and then march to Calais would be, "'Tis certain he hath passed the river Somme." In the sweep of energetic action that swift movement of the story would not be out of accord with the poetical design, but either Shakespeare or the players may have been unwilling to make the transition from the entrance into Harfleur to the passage of the Somme too abrupt, and therefore the scene of Katharine's lesson in English was interposed. In the action of the play it suggests only that the condition of her marriage to the victorious Englishman possessed her mind, and it prepares for the beautiful scene of the soldier's wooing at the close; but I cannot believe that the scene between Katharine and Alice was written by Shakespeare.

Then we see in the French Court the stir of preparation for resistance, confidence in numbers. King Henry shall be brought captive to Rouen, and says the Constable—

"Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famished in their march;
For I am sure, when he shall see our army
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And for achievement, offer us his ransom."

In the next scene, the sixth of the Third Act, Pistol is shown again in relation with his Nemesis, Fluellen, and we learn the end of Bardolph —hanged for stealing from a church the pax, or picture of Christ on wood or metal which was kissed by worshippers in sign of peace and unity among themselves. Another piece of church furniture, the pyx, is the metal box used to contain the Host, or consecrated wafer. History records, however, the execution in King Henry's camp of an English robber who had stolen a pyx. The courage of Fluellen gives him influence with chiefs of the army. Pistol seeks through the influence of Fluellen to save the life of Bardolph. Fluellen stands, in honour, by the just discipline of the wars. Pistol, therefore, insults him, and afterwards, we learn, contemptuously brings him bread and salt to eat with his Welsh leek. So the justice done on Bardolph is made to lead up to the justice done on Pistol.

When Montjoy, the herald, comes to demand of King Henry surrender and submission, the boastful errand is replied to with simple words of truth; one touch of boast among them is checked promptly with

"Forgive me God,
That I do brag thus!"

and the answer again shows the courage based upon submission to the will of God—

"Go, therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard:
Yet, *God before*, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neighbour
Stand in our way. . . . . .
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it."

And after the herald has gone, to Gloucester's hope that "they will not come upon us now," King Henry's answer is

"We are in God's hands, brother, not in theirs."

The Third Act then ends with what may be described as dramatic rendering of a religious thought expressed in passages of Isaiah and of the Psalms. The French are shown confident in themselves, and throughout the scene not once looking to God; impatient for the day of victory, they trust only in their horses and their arms.

"Tut! I have the best armour of the world—would it were day!
—You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due—"

and so forth, emphasis being still laid on the glorying in horse and armour, as a contrast to the trust in God which, at the beginning of the Fourth Act, is distinctly blended with the thought and action of King Henry and his little band of Englishmen. In the close of the Third Act and the opening of the Fourth, showing the attitude of the two armies before the battle of Agincourt, Shakespeare has in his mind Englishmen and Frenchmen only as types of the two ways of fighting the battle of life. "An horse is a vain thing for safety: neither shall he deliver any by his great strength. Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him, upon them that hope in His mercy" (Psalm xxxiii.). "Woe to them that go down to Egypt for help; and stay on horses, and trust in chariots, because they are many; and in horsemen, because they are very strong; but they look not to the Holy One of Israel, neither seek the Lord" (Isaiah xxxi.). "Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God" (Psalm xx.).

The Chorus then presents the English, worn by toil and sickness:

"Their gestures sad,
Investing lanklean cheeks and warworn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts."

Their king, their comrade, is making his night-rounds among them, and his presence brings "a little touch of Harry in the night." The human sympathy that sheds its light upon the gloom is still associated with the strength of trust in God, and in the first speech of the king in the first scene of this Act, which suggests by playful illustration that

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out,"

may be associated with a thought in Shakespeare's mind, of the religious

lesson he is drawing from the enmities of men and from the flames of impious war:

"Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself."

When King Henry borrows Sir Thomas Erpingham's cloak, and withdraws for a time, he still represents the soldier in the wars of life, who, when some great struggle is before him, communes first with his own heart, and seeks to be alone with God—

"I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company:"

on which Sir Thomas Erpingham exclaims—

"The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry."

The king meets in the camp, unknown to them, Pistol, Fluellen, and the soldiers who speak of the responsibility of those who bring men to be killed in battle, unprepared to meet their God. Again there is the most direct expression of the evil of war associated with suggestion of the responsibility upon the king, "when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day," and cry all of the hurt done to their wives and children and their own souls by their sudden death. The disguised king's answer to them is deeply religious in its close: "Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained; and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare."

Then follows the incident of the exchange of gloves with the soldier Michael Williams, and then King Henry is alone with his own soul and with God. He puts off the "idle ceremony" in which kings have what privates have not, and delays answer to the call to action until he has knelt and prayed. Then, at the voice of Gloucester, he leaps to his feet and is prepared for action.

The following scene in the French camp begins again with boast of horse and armour, and triumph beforehand over the starved band of English. The only thought of prayer in this scene is in the mocking words applied by the Constable of France to the English:—"They have said their prayers, and they stay for death."

The next scene, the third of the Fourth Act, returns to the English camp, where the king has ridden forth to view the army of the French, outnumbering his own men by five to one. Salisbury cries, "God's arm strike with us, 'tis a fearful odds." Westmoreland wishes for "but one ten thousand of those men in England that do no work to-day." King Henry as he enters hears the wish, and animates his comrades with his courage. The French are ready; and for the English, says the king, "All things are ready if our minds be so." The soldiers kneel as the king says, "You know your places: God be with you all."

There is another answer to the herald's message for the French, secure of victory. The Duke of York, who was Aumerle in "Richard II.," asks leave to lead the van, and the reply is,

> "Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers, march away,
> And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!"

Then follow in succession the false glory of Pistol; the angry sense of defeat among the boastful French, who seek to rally for one more attack; the pathetic story of the death upon the battle-field of the Earl of Suffolk and the Duke of York, tempering again with the fine spirit of humanity the story of the English fight:

> "Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled over,
> Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,
> And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes
> That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
> And cries aloud, 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
> My soul shall keep thine company to heaven.'"

The scene dwells upon this theme of love and tenderness, then at the end Shakespeare slips in the order of the king, that might be taken as blot upon his conduct of the day—

> "But hark, what new alarum is this same?—
> The French have reinforced their scattered men:
> Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
> Give the word through."

The first words of the next scene extenuate the cruelty of this command by the dialogue between Fluellen and Gower, which shows that the French have killed the boys who were with the luggage; and when Fluellen runs on to compare the gallant king to Alexander the Great,

attention is again diverted by Fluellen's showing that Alexander the Great killed his best friend, Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; while Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits, turned away Falstaff. Yet another touch of extenuation follows when Henry next appears, and is shown as moved, not by his ales and his cups, but by a sudden anger—

> "I was not angry since I came to France
> Until this instant."

What follows requires little comment. It will be observed that Fluellen's question of old service of the Welshmen "in a garden where leeks did grow" is designed to show why the Welsh wore leeks in their Monmouth caps, and to carry on the preparation for the scene in which Pistol, who mocks a leek, shall eat a leek; there is also religious earnestness in the humour of Fluellen's satisfaction in his countryman the king: "I need not be ashamed of your Majesty, praised be God, so long as your Majesty is an honest man." To which the king replies, "God keep me so!"

When victory is assured, and the dead are numbered, the contrast between the losses of the French and the small number of the English dead brings the Fourth Act to a close with the true warriors' *Non nobis, Domine*—

> "Where is the number of our English dead?—
> Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
> Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam, Esquire;
> None else of name; and of all other men
> But five and twenty:—O God, Thy arm was here;
> And not to us, but to Thy arm alone,
> Ascribe we all!"

With further dwelling on this note the Fourth Act closes.

In the Fifth Act, Pistol, the opposite to the true warrior, eats the leek. Henry is married to Katharine after a scene of manly wooing; and the blessing pronounced by Queen Isabel upon their union closes the play with words that carry the mind far away from any sense of ill-will between French and English, who have been used as types for the expression of a spiritual truth:

> "God, the best Maker of all marriages,
> Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
> As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
> So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
> That never may ill office, or foul jealousy,

Which troubles oft the bed of blessèd marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen
Receive each other, God speak this Amen."

So ends the trilogy that paints the rise of a true manhood, and its closing play that teaches each of us, to whom the war of life brings many a battle, in what spirit to go forth, whom to follow, and to whom alone we should ascribe the victory.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Under date of the eighteenth of January, 1602 (new style), John Busby entered in the Register of the Stationers' Company, "for his copie vnder the hand of master Seton, a booke called *An excellent and pleasant conceited Commedie* of *Sir* IOHN FFAULSTOF *and the merry wyves of Windesor.*" Also Arthur Johnson "entred for his Copye by assignement from John Busbye" the same book. Here, as in other cases, a book that had been already printed was not entered until the time of its transfer to another publisher. The printing of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was, therefore, before the eighteenth of January, 1602. But the quarto so printed —and reprinted in 1619 *—gave an unauthorised version of the play, which seems to have been based upon reporter's notes and memory of the performance. The whole play was given first in 1623, in the first folio of Shakespeare's works; but this also had imperfections which can be corrected by help of the quarto, with all its faults of omission and confusion. The title-page of that first quarto records that the play is "entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors, of Syr Hugh the Welch Knight, Justice

* "A most pleasant and excellent Comedy, of Sir John Falstaffe and the merry wives of Windsor, with the swaggering vaine of Ancient Pistoll and Corporall Nym. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed for Arthur Johnson. 1619."

Shallow, and his wise cousin, M. Slender." This is a form of description for which Shakespeare could have been in no way answerable; for Hugh Evans, the Welsh parson, is not called "Sir" because he is a knight, but because that title —the translation of "Dominus"—was given of old to priests and curates generally. "Dominus" was the academical title of a Bachelor of Arts at the universities, and might be shortened into "Dan," as "Dan John Lydgate," or translated into "Sir." So we have, in "Twelfth Night," Sir Thopas, the curate; and Fuller speaks in his Church History of the days when there were more Sirs than Knights.

A tradition, first made current by Nicholas Rowe in 1709, reports that Queen Elizabeth was so well pleased with the character of Falstaff that she commanded Shakespeare to continue it for one play more, and to show him in love. Another tradition, first published by John Dennis in 1702, in his preface to the "Comical Gallant," says that Shakespeare wrote "The Merry Wives of Windsor" in a fortnight. Neither of these traditions can have any value. There is no mention of them until eighty or ninety years after Shakespeare's death, when they appear with other baseless gossip. After the four folios of 1623, 1632, 1663-64, and 1685, in which Shakespeare's works were first collected—four editions in the seventeenth century being enough to meet all the demands of readers—Nicholas Rowe, in Queen Anne's reign, was the first to issue an edition in octavo volumes (seven volumes) of the plays, preceded by a Life. That Life contained traditions current about Shakespeare ninety-three years after his death. If any man now living, prominent either in a nation or a village, will consider the worth of traditions current about himself while he is yet alive, with a general public better educated than it was in Shakespeare's time, he will understand the value of the numerous contributions from the small talk of the seventeenth century to the

confusion of our knowledge of the life of Shakespeare. No doubt Shakespeare could have written this play in a fortnight; but there is no clear reason for saying that he did. And for "The Merry Wives of Windsor," as written by Queen Elizabeth's desire to show Falstaff in love, it may be enough to say that the play does not show, or pretend to show, Falstaff in love. It shows him basely endeavouring to raise money through the ruin of two honest women, who outwit him again and again and bring him to disgrace, because his own wit is not founded upon honesty. As he himself says in his last discomfiture, "See, now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill employment."

This play supplements the two parts of "King Henry IV." by showing what Falstaff stands for; the temptation of the flesh—the world, the flesh and the devil—backed to the uttermost with good wit and good humour, that have force to mislead our youth; here brought into relation with a simple, healthy womanhood. Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford are not heroines with unexampled powers, but ordinary women, cheerful and right-minded, to whose minds Falstaff is as nothing. Quick parts, bent upon ill, fail in a wrestle with the mother-wit of plain folk who live loyally.

In the tales out of Italy which have been suggested as having possibly contributed to the invention of the story of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," all, with one exception, are written in sympathy with tricks played by dishonest wives; and all, without exception, want the soul of duty that gives life to the lightest of the works of Shakespeare. Shakespeare wove his own incidents together playfully in this comedy of Falstaff and the Merry Wives; but his incidents were in part based on a knowledge of familiar Italian tales of tricks of women in their relations between lover and husband.

The story of Filenio Sisterna, from the "Tredeci Piacevoli Notti" of Giovanni Francesco Straparola, published at Venice in 1569, furnished nothing, unless it contributed

insensibly to the idea of a common understanding between Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page. In this story the hero dances at a ball with three married ladies, and makes love to each with the same directness. The ladies compare notes, and agree to punish him. Each makes an assignation. One, on alarm of her husband's return, puts him as soon as he is undressed under the low bed, where he is scratched from top to toe in the endeavour to creep out of sight; another sends him for perfume to a cupboard, where a pit-fall causes him to drop far down into a store of cotton, whence he escapes into the street in his shirt by difficult removal of a stone; the third gives him drugged wine, and has him carried out to be laid half-naked on the public pavement, where he awakes in the chill dawn. But the teller of the tale shows his unwillingness to point a moral by giving to his hero, Filenio Sisterna—and gloating over—such a revenge on the three ladies as no English gentleman can read without contempt.

The story of Nerino of Portugal, from the same collection of Straparola's "Le Piacevoli Notti," was abridged, with variations, in Tarleton's "News out of Purgatorie," published in 1590 as "The Tale of the Two Lovers of Pisa." Shakespeare is likely to have read it, though it contributes to his "Merry Wives of Windsor" nothing of its incidents beyond suggestion of the secret understanding between Falstaff and "Master Brook," and nothing whatever of its honesty.

A story of Lucius and Camillus, from the story of Bucciuolo and Pietro Paolo, is from "Il Pecorone" of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, which is also a chief source of the tale of "The Merchant of Venice." We have here, probably, the first suggestion of the hiding of Falstaff among linen in the buck-basket.

"The Fishwife's Tale of Brentford," printed four years after Shakespeare's death in the earliest known edition

(1620) of "Westward for Smelts," is a tale of a deceived husband really based upon one of the stories of Boccaccio's "Decameron," that has not even a remote resemblance to the story of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Yet, as the English version printed after Shakespeare's death has laid the scene in Windsor, it has been suggested that Shakespeare got from it the idea of Windsor as his place of action. Now the genius of a great poet does not consist in the power of piecing together scraps of ideas out of previously (or subsequently) existing books.

"*The Merry Wives of Windsor.*"

Shakespeare sets Falstaff in the close air of a tavern; and he has set his healthy women among fields by the riverside, a part of nature in the wholesome country air. The Court is at Windsor Castle, and this brings Sir John Falstaff into lodging at a Windsor inn. That the Court is at the Castle we learn in the fourth scene of the First Act from Dr. Caius, who has come home for a "green-a box," and bids John Rugby, "Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de Court." Dr. Caius is a French physician in large practice at Court, who talks French, not broken English, to his noble patients, and is thought by Mistress Page a desirable match for her daughter, because

> "The doctor is well moneyed, and his friends
> Potent at Court."

Again, in the third scene of the Fourth Act we hear how pretended Germans have been living for a week at the "Garter," and go away on the host's horses, pretending that they go to meet a duke, who will be to-morrow at the Court. It was from among his friends at the Court that Fenton, who had been companion with the Prince and Poins, comes to the wooing of Anne Page, first in bad faith for her father's money, and then in good faith for herself.

The wooing of Anne Page, that gives rise to all the pleasant incidents interwoven with the discomfitures of Falstaff in his practising on Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford, serves for dramatic contrast, while it brings in a new flood of wholesome mirth. The wooers of Anne Page all seek her in honest marriage. Her mother is for Doctor Caius; her father is for Master Slender; she herself is for Master Fenton: and

the final triumph over the outwitted Falstaff is ingeniously made one with Anne Page's innocent outwitting of her parents, who supposed themselves to be outwitting each other. Anne Page, in her fresh and simple maidenhood, is the direct opposite to the unvirtuous fat knight; and Master Slender's shyness in the presence of the maiden, contrasts with the impudence of Falstaff in his addresses to the merry wives. Dr. Caius is led by his aspirations to the hand of fair Mistress Anne to challenge Parson Hugh for interfering on behalf of Master Slender; and as the plucky Welshman, though a parson, feels bound, with some trepidation of heart, to accept the challenge, it is still about the suits made for Anne Page that the duel of broken English comes with other lively incidents into the play. Thus one part of the story centres in Falstaff, and the other in Anne Page, while the lines of each plot meet continually, and are combined at the close with exquisite dramatic skill.

And what of Falstaff in this play? Though still set in a tavern, with the jolly host of the "Garter," he looks all the more unwholesome for his contact with fresh air.

He has come to Windsor out of Gloucestershire, where he has abused the hospitality of his friend Justice Shallow, beaten his men, killed his deer, and broken open his lodge. Justice Shallow—with his cousin, young Master Slender, and Slender's man Simple—having followed Falstaff and his rascally companions to Windsor, where he means to seek redress from the king and his council, has his mind diverted by suggestion of an advantageous match that may be made between his young cousin Slender and the daughter of rich Mr. Page. Perhaps with some notion of that in his mind, he had sent a present of his venison to Master Page. So having come to Windsor, he remains to realise his hope.

Falstaff's action is made to turn only on his want of money. He and his men, Bardolph, Pistol, and Nym, run up a bill of ten pounds a week at the "Garter." The rascalities of the men do not bring money enough, though they have made themselves notorious as thieves. They have got Slender into the inn, made him drunk, and picked his pocket. Falstaff takes his share of their "purchase." "When Mistress Bridget," he says to Pistol, "lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon my honour thou hadst it not." To which Pistol replies, "Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteenpence?" The merry quip, "Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou I'll endanger my soul gratis?" is not designed to alter the essential fact that the Falstaff of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" is the Falstaff of the two parts of "Henry IV.;" a man of lowest thought; whatever his wit, a petty

thief and a liar. In the play, as in real life, are we shown how wit and good-humour may serve as a veil between our clear sight and the vices it should see and know.

To lighten his charges, Falstaff dismisses his servants. Bardolph is provided for, because the host of the "Garter" takes him for the time into his own service as tapster. Pistol and Nym are dismissed to live upon what plunder they can find for themselves. Pistol looks to false dice

> "———— for gourd and fullam holds,
> And high and low beguiles the rich and poor."

Gourd and fullam were cant names for hollow and loaded dice, and there were distinctions between high fullams and low. Thus Ben Jonson writes in "Every Man Out of His Humour," "Who, he serve? He keeps high men and low men, he has a fair living at fullam."

Pistol and Nym take their revenge on Falstaff, by betraying to Master Page and Master Ford Falstaff's intention to find the money he wants by drawing upon their substance through the trapping of their wives into dishonesty. "I will be cheater to them both," he says (that is, escheater, exacter of forfeits due to the lord of a manor), "and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both." He has no kindlier aim. His dialogues with "Master Brook" show him ready to fling either of the wives into a lower deep of degradation. It is enough that he shall get money from them, which he expects that they will steal for him from their husbands. Being at his wits' end for money, he relieves himself of the cost of keeping his servants, whose small thieveries are too conspicuous and do not pay their expenses, while he makes a large venture against other men's goods, that shall bring in more than a dozen midnight attacks upon travellers at Gad's Hill and elsewhere. It is also a device that fits the nature of a gross-minded coward. Low cunning never is clear-sighted, and its dim sight is apt to be further obscured by a thick bandage of vanity. Falstaff has not a high thought in his nature. Though his wit be intellectual, it always creeps upon the earth. The old amplified Church legend tells that Satan tempted Eve with promise that her mind would be filled with the light of heaven, and with profession that she would offend God if she did not eat the offered fruit. Daughters of Eve may yield to such temptation, and fall often through desire to rise. The serpent may prevail with them, but not the hog:—save where, through the injustice that has

made so wide a difference between man and man, some have—woe is to us for that—been born within the sty. Yet still Falstaff, with all his baseness, has for young men attraction in his wit, and more in his good-humour, and most in his companionable ways.

We need not fix a time for the action of this comedy that shall give it a particular place in the course of the story of the two parts of "King Henry IV." It is enough to say that we may regard it as an interlude in the trilogy formed by the two parts of "Henry IV." and "Henry V." Justice Shallow comes into it out of Gloucestershire; and Falstaff visited Shallow as an old friend of his youth in the Second Part of "Henry IV.," when he was recruiting soldiers for the civil war. The little page, given to Falstaff by Prince Hal, who seems to appear for the first time in the Second Part of "King Henry IV.," is also with him in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." The play, no doubt, was written after the Second Part of "Henry IV.," which was entered at Stationers' Hall in August, 1600, and may have been written before February, 1598. It has an imagined time of action after the battle of Shrewsbury, and within range of that "Second Part" which—though it runs ten years, from 1403 to 1413, into one swift tale—does not really pass beyond the year 1405 till the fourth scene of the Fourth Act. The comedy is carefully dissociated from the note of war and from all incidents that could confound it with the sequence of three plays through which there runs one narrative and which are knit together as essential parts of one poetical conception. It is not at all unlikely that "The Merry Wives of Windsor" may have been written after the completion of the trilogy and after the production of the play that told of Falstaff's death.

I have said nothing here of the supposed reference to Sir Thomas Lucy in the opening of the play. The dozen white luces in Justice Shallow's coat may possibly have been put there as a taunt against the squire of Charlcote. But it is more likely that the Lucys' arms contributed, perhaps even unconsciously, to the armorial bearings of Justice Shallow because of jokes that could be cracked upon them. Tradition about Shakespeare's deer-stealing at Charlcote—which was not in his time a deer park—is as little supported by fact as the idleness of the other inventions that have been associated with his name. The Second Part of "King Henry IV." has shown very clearly that into the first invention of Justice Shallow Shakespeare put a deep religious earnestness. It was a conception that had nothing in common with the petty spite and ridicule which make part of the life that gives its narrow bounds to the inventions of the gossip-mongers. He who banishes out of his conception of Shakespeare all the unproved small talk, accepting

nothing but the few proved facts, will not find one fact out of accord with the spirit of the plays. No writer can live up to the highest level of his own ideal. But the man who has set before us, for all time, the purest and the noblest readings of the problems of life, must have had, in his own life, more than Falstaff could well understand. Some have found it easier to see Shakespeare as Falstaff would imagine him than to see Falstaff as Shakespeare knew him.

CHAPTER XI.

DANIEL AND DRAYTON.

"DELIA" and "Rosamond" reappeared in 1594 with enlargement and with a new play by Daniel—his "Cleopatra." Daniel's "First Foure Bookes of the Civill Wars" were published in 1595; the fifth book was added in 1599, the sixth in 1602, the seventh and eighth seven years later, in the reign of James I.

Poems on Civil War: Daniel and Drayton.

In 1596 Drayton produced his "Mortimeriados: the Lamentable Civell Warres of Edward the Second and the Barrons," this being the first edition of the work republished, with much alteration, as "The Barons' Wars" in 1603. There are six cantos, and Drayton's heroic poem is, like Daniel's, written in octave rhyme. Drayton says, in an introduction to the reader, that he began the poem in the seven-lined Chaucer stanza, but, finding that "the often harmonie thereof softened the verse more than the majesty of the subject would permit," he recast what he had so written.

Heroic Measure.

Daniel's writings show, by many a touch, that he was well read in Italian. He has a refinement that rejects extravagant conceits, but to the finer influences of Italian literature he owes much of his grace. Restraint from prevalent excess brought Daniel's verse nearer to the style of a later generation that was deliberately putting such excess away. It was natural to Daniel that he should

use for his heroic poem the same stanza that, since Boccaccio's time, had been the heroic measure of Italy. But Drayton, by retracting his choice and use of the English stanza, based on octave rhyme,* that had been established as English heroic measure by the example of Chaucer, and by his substitution of Italian heroic measure, showed that the stanza which had held its own in the beginning of the reign, was now confused among the varied forms of a new wealth of poetry, and was no longer accepted as the measure proper for long narrative works of serious interest. It was only in the drama that blank verse had at this time established itself as the best measure for heroic poetry. Gascoigne had used it in "The Steel Glass" † for serious satire, but his example was not followed.

Outside the drama, then, Chaucer's stanza having been deposed from its throne, though Shakespeare wisely held by it in his "Lucrece," there is falling back for a time in Drayton and Daniel on the measure used for like purposes by the Italians, the octave rhyme. Two generations later there was an attempt made to set up another measure as our national heroic stanza. It was not first invented by Sir William Davenant, the first assertor of its claim. He might have found it among the numerous Elizabethan shapings of good thoughts to music, in Sir John Davies's "*Nosce Teipsum.*" John Davies—who did not become Sir John till after the death of Elizabeth—was born in 1570, third son of John Davies, a lawyer at Westbury, in Wiltshire. He was sent to Oxford at the age of fifteen, as commoner of Queen's College, and thence went to study law at the Middle Temple; but he returned to Oxford in 1590 and took his degree of B.A. He was called to the Bar in 1595, and in 1596 published a poem on the art of dancing, entitled "Orchestra." In the Middle Temple John Davies had been sometimes under

Sir John Davies.

* "E. W.," v. 132. † "E. W." viii. 280, 281.

censure for irregularities, and in February, 1598, he was expelled from the Society for beating one Mr. Martin in the Temple Hall. John Davies then went back to Oxford and wrote a poem of good thoughts, pithily expressed, in quatrains. This poem of immortality was called "Nosce Teipsum. This Oracle Expounded in Two Elegies. 1. Of Humane Knowledge. 2. Of the Soule of Man, and the Immortalite thereof;" dedicated to Elizabeth, and published in 1599. Its stanzas of elegiac verse were so well packed with thought, always neatly contained within the limit of each stanza, that we shall afterwards have to trace back to this poem the adoption of its measure as, for a time, our "heroic stanza." The manner of it may be shown in a few quatrains that point the connection between "Nosce Teipsum" (Know Thyself) and its author's recent disgrace at the Middle Temple:

"If aught can teach us aught, Affliction's looks
(Making us pry into ourselves so near)
Teach us to know ourselves, beyond all books,
Or all the learned schools that ever were.

"This mistress lately plucked me by the ear,
And many a golden lesson hath me taught;
Hath made my senses quick and reason clear;
Reformed my will and rectified my thought.

"So do the winds and thunders cleanse the air;
So working seas settle and purge the wine;
So lopped and prunéd trees do flourish fair;
So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

"Neither Minerva, nor the learned Muse,
Nor rules of art, nor precepts of the wise,
Could in my brain those beams of skill infuse,
As but the glance of this dame's angry eyes.

"She within lists my ranging mind hath brought,
That now beyond myself I will not go;
Myself am centre of my circling thought,
Only myself I study, learn, and know."

Thenceforth there was a change in Davies's career. He was a member of the Parliament which met in October, 1601, showing liberal interest in the privileges of the House and the liberties of the people. In Trinity term that year he was restored to his old rank in the Temple, and at the death of Elizabeth stood ready for a rapid rise in his profession.

We have found our way now to young writers at the close of Elizabeth's reign who began their careers under Elizabeth, but used their ripened power under James I.

Daniel's "Civil Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster."

After a dedication to Charles Mountjoy, Daniel traces rapidly in the First Book the course of events under the kings of England from William the Conqueror downward, giving a stanza to each until he comes to the accession of Richard II., in whose reign the strife began. Daniel tells how Richard became impatient of the rule of his uncles, how when the young king took rule to himself, and himself lived without rule, his uncle Gloucester became head of a league to coerce him. There was misrule in the king and fault in those who would correct him.

"Or rather else they all were in the fault;
The ambitious Uncles, the indiscreet young King,
The greedy Council, and the Minions naught,
And all together did this tempest bring.
Besides, the times, with all injustice fraught,
Concurred with such confused misgoverning,
That we may truly say, this spoiled the State:
Young counsel, private gain, and partial hate."

In 1388, at the beginning of February, there was "the Merciless Parliament" that hanged Chief Justice Tresilian, and compelled the unworthy king to assent to its judgments. Then follow, the marriage with the eight-year-old French princess, and Richard's procuring of the murder of Gloucester by the advice of the Count de St. Pol, with records of the king's tyranny and evil courses. The incidents are told, with which Shakespeare's play of "Richard II." opens, of the challenge, the tournament at Coventry, the banishment of Bolingbroke, John of Gaunt's death, and the seizure of his estate. The king is in Ireland.

Bolingbroke returns, and after his landing, the Genius of England, appearing to him in a vision, bids him stay his yet unguilty foot—

> "Stay here thy foot, thy yet unguilty foot,
> Thou canst not stay when thou art further in;
> Retire thee, yet unstained, whilst it doth boot;
> The end is spoil, of what thou dost begin.
> Injustice never yet took lasting root,
> Nor held that long, impiety did win:
> The babes unborn shall, O! be born to bleed
> In this thy quarrel, if thou do proceed."

Bolingbroke answers that he is the champion of his country's liberties. To this the reply is that he does not know what will be in his mind when he shall see himself advanced and strong. Fortune favours him, and when Richard, returning from Ireland, lands in Wales, all the land is in confusion.

In the Second Book of Daniel's poem all turn their faces to the rising sun, and Richard is deserted. Left with a few friends—the Bishop of Carlisle, Montague Earl of Salisbury, Sir Stephen Scrope—Richard is invited to a conference and advised by his friendly counsellors to go. He is waylaid in a pass between rocks and the sea—

> "To Flint from thence, unto a restless bed,
> That miserable night he comes conveyed;
> Poorly provided, poorly followéd,
> Uncourted, unrespected, unobeyed:
> Where if uncertain sleep but hoveréd
> Over the drooping cares that heavy weighed,
> Millions of figures fantasy presents
> Unto that sorrow wakened grief augments.
>
> "His new misfortune makes deluding sleep
> Say 'twas not so:—false dreams the truth deny,
> Wherewith he starts, feels waking cares do creep
> Upon his soul, and gives his dream the lie;
> Then sleeps again:—and then again as deep
> Deceits of darkness mock his misery.
> So hard believed was sorrow in her youth
> That he thinks truth was dreams, and dreams were truth."

He sees from a turret in the morning a hundred thousand enemies; his panders and his parasites have joined their rising fortune. Bolingbroke

pleads to him necessity; Richard agrees to be carried in the train of Bolingbroke to London. Daniel describes their passage through the streets. Next follows the grief of Isabel, who, looking out to see her husband's entry into London, mistakes in the distance Bolingbroke for Richard, and has her joy turned into envy and sorrow as he comes near. Then Daniel paints an interview between the fallen Richard and his queen before closing his Second Book with Richard's deposition.

The Third Book begins with comment upon Bolingbroke's endeavours to establish his usurpation—

> "Succession, conquest, and election, straight
> Suggested are, and proved in all their kinds.
> More than enough they find, who find their might
> Have force to make all (that they will have) right."

The story passes to Henry's coronation; the first political acts of his reign; the action of the Parliament towards Richard; the Bishop of Carlisle's pleading for his right; the conspiracy to kill Henry IV. at the Twelfth Night shows, and Aumerle's disclosure of it. This plot and its discovery led, says Daniel, to the determination that Richard must die. The manner of Richard's death—whether by voluntary starvation, as was given out, by murder as many said, or whether he may not really have escaped—is a problem now to the historians. Daniel, like Shakespeare, tells a tale of murder.

The Fourth Book of Daniel's "Civil Wars" carries on the action to the death of Henry IV., dealing, of course, especially with the rebellion of the Percies and the courage of the young Prince of Wales. Civil war was afoot—

> "O war, begot in pride and luxury,
> The child of malice and revengeful hate,
> Thou impious good, and good impiety,
> That art the foul refiner of a state:
> Unjust-just scourge of men's iniquity,
> Sharp easer of corruptions desperate,
> Is there no means, but that a sin-sick land
> Must be let blood with such a boisterous hand?"

With the death of Henry IV. Daniel associates the incident of the prince's taking of the crown from his bedside.

These were the Four Books published by Daniel in 1595.

The Fifth Book, added in 1599, passed rapidly on to the civil wars of Lancaster and York. Daniel imagines that the spirit of Henry V.

appears to him, and asks why the past heroes of England are neglected by her poets. For himself, his task is now to show the evil that has been, "and only tell the worst of every reign;" but he does not fail to celebrate the praise of Henry V., after whose short reign followed an infant king. The trouble follows of the reign of Henry VI.—"a right good man, but yet an evil king; unfit for what he had in managing"—

> "Of humble spirit, of nature continent;
> No thought to increase he had, scarce keep, his own:
> For pardoning apter than for punishment;
> He chokes his power, to have his bounty known.
> Far from revenge; soon won; soon made content;
> As fitter for a cloister than a crown:
> Whose holy mind so much addicted is
> On the world to come, that he neglecteth this."

Presently comes into the tale the marriage with Margaret of Anjou. The murder of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, the queen's favour to the Earl of Suffolk, his seizure and death by violence at sea, the passion of the queen at this, and the Jack Cade insurrection in Kent, are the other incidents of the Fifth Book.

In the Sixth Book, published in 1602—the last that appeared in the reign of Elizabeth—Daniel represents Nemesis calling upon Pandora to give two gifts of knowledge out of her box to the peaceful nations of Europe—one of the art of printing, and the other of the art of making gunpowder—the one to publish, the other to defend, impious contention and proud discontents. Spenser had said of the monster Error in fight with the Red Cross Knight, "Her vomit full of books and papers was;" Daniel now finds a dispersed mischief in the art of printing—

> "Whereby all quarrels, titles, secrecies,
> May unto all be presently made known;
> Factions prepared, parties allured to rise;
> Sedition under fair pretensions sown;
> Whereby the vulgar may become so wise
> That (with a self-presumption overgrown)
> They may of deepest mysteries debate,
> Control their betters, censure acts of state."

Here, as throughout, Daniel writes with a clear bias towards authority. The death of Talbot and his son in France is an important incident also in this Book.

Two more Books, the seventh and eighth, were first added in 1609 to an edition of Daniel's "Civil Wars" then published. They ended with Edward IV.'s marriage to Elizabeth Woodville. Daniel said in the dedication to the Countess of Pembroke that he hoped to continue the work "unto the glorious Union of Henry VII.," but he never did. Peaceful succession of James I. had taken away the reason for a work begun when dread lest there should be civil war after Elizabeth's death made discourse upon such themes, what every true English poet's work should be, a real part of the life of England.

Drayton, like Daniel, in opening his poem, after statement of his theme, has a stanza of invocation that puts aside convention. This was Daniel's—

> "Come, sacred Virtue; I no Muse but thee
> Invoke; in this great labour I intend,
> Do thou inspire my thoughts; infuse in me
> A power to bring the same to happy end;
> Raise up a work for later times to see,
> That may thy glory and my pains commend:
> Make me these tumults rightly to rehearse,
> And give peace to my life, life to my verse."

This was Drayton's:

> "O Thou, the wise Director of my Muse,
> Upon whose bounty all my powers depend,
> Into my breast thy sacred'st fire infuse;
> Ravish my spirit this great work to attend:
> Let the still night my laboured lines peruse,
> That when my poems gain their wished end,
> Such whose sad eyes shall read this tragic story
> In my weak hand may see Thy might and glory."

Drayton's "Barons' Wars."

Drayton's poem, first published in Chaucer's stanza as "Mortimeriados" in 1596, and republished with much alteration as "The Barons' Wars" in 1603, has Roger Mortimer for Drayton's hero—

" Brave Mortimer, that somewhat more than man,
Of the old heroes' great and god-like strain."

The poet seeks to give to the character of Mortimer an epic dignity. The tale of war being throughout associated with Mortimer's fortunes, that include a single theme of love in Mortimer's relations with Queen Isabella, Drayton's poem excels Daniel's in artistic unity. Drayton has one man at the centre of the tale from first to last. In Daniel's poem, though there is one struggle, it is continued through successive generations. It is heroic without a hero, for it is not based on the story of one man, unless he be Richard II., from whose want of heroism the succeeding evils had their rise. Daniel sings Arms; Drayton sings Arms and the Man.

"*The Barons' Wars.*"

"The bloody factions and rebellious pride
Of a strong nation, whose ill-managed might
The prince and peers did many days divide;
With whom wrong was no wrong, right was no right,
Whose strife their swords knew only to decide,
Spurred to their high speed by their equal spite;
Me from soft lays and tender loves doth bring
Of a far worse than civil war to sing."

What Care planted, Dissension strove to crop. The Church took the sword, instead of opposing to bloodthirsty war the Word of God. After a glance over the preceding course of events, when Gaveston was Edward II.'s minion, Drayton swiftly comes to the beginning of his action in the hatred of the Barons for the new favourites, the Spensers, a hatred shared by the Queen Isabella. Among those with whom she now took counsel was young Roger Mortimer, a baron from the Welsh Marches, who became her intimate companion.

"This was the man, at whose unusual birth
The stars were said to counsel to retire,
And in aspects of happiness and mirth
Marked him a spirit to greatness to aspire,

That had no mixture of the drossy earth,
But all compact of perfect heavenly fire;
So well made up that such a one as he,
Jove in a man like Mortimer would be."

Barons complain of the dishonour to the State; the queen grieves for her husband's alienation from her. Then Mortimer appears. She temporises with the factious Barons, while still, in the English counties and among the Welsh, men muster for battle.

"Yet while they play this strange and doubtful game
The queen stands off, and secretly gives aim."

Drayton's First Canto closes with success of Edward II. against the Welsh Marchers and his sending the Mortimers to the Tower.

The Second Canto tells, in heroic strain mixed with lament for vigour misapplied, of Edward's forcing the passage of the river at Burton-on-Trent. Then follows the king's victory at Boroughbridge and the execution of the Earl of Lancaster.

The Third Canto tells of Mortimer's escape out of the Tower by contrivance of Queen Isabella, who mixed sleepy potions for his keepers. Keeping still to the spirit of heroic poetry, the queen is likened to Medea in her cell, and the recipe for her sleeping draught is a prescription in a stanza. It was a potion

"In which she plantain and cold lettuce had,
The water-lily from the marish ground,
With the wan poppy, and the nightshade sad,
And the short mosse that on the trees is found,
The poisoning henbane, and the mandrake drad,
With cypress flowers that with the rest were pound;
The brain of cranes among the rest she takes,
Mixed with the blood of dormice and of snakes."

Mortimer's escape from the Tower is told in poetical detail throughout, admirably blended with Isabella's love and care for him.

"She sighed and prayed, and sighed again and wept,
She sees him how he climbs, how swims, how lands:
Though absent, present in desires they be,
Our soul much farther than our eyes can see."

A little later in this canto comes the stanza, describing Mortimer, that recalls Antony's praise of Brutus at the close of Shakespeare's

"Julius Cæsar." * The stanza was not in the first edition of 1596, but in 1603 it stood thus:

"Such one he was, of him we boldly say,
In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suit,
In whom in peace the elements all lay
So mixed, as none could sovereignty impute;
As all did govern, yet did all obey:
His lively temper was so absolute,
That 't seemed, when heaven his model first began,
In him it showed perfection of a man."

So the stanza stood in editions of "The Barons' Wars" published in 1605, 1607, 1608, 1610, and 1613; but in 1619, after Shakespeare's death, it was brought by revision into still closer resemblance to the passage in "Julius Cæsar." Then it became, as final text:

"He was a man, then boldly dare to say,
In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit;
In whom so mixed the elements did lay,
That none to one could sovereignty impute;
As all did govern, so did all obey:
He of a temper was so absolute
As that it seemed, when Nature him began,
She meant to show all that might be in man."

In the Fourth Canto of "The Barons' Wars," says the Argument,

"The Queen in Hainault mighty friends doth win,
In Harwich haven safely is arrived,
Garboils in England more and more begin,
King Edward of his safety is deprived,
Flieth to Wales, at Neath receivéd in,
Whilst many plots against him are contrived:
Lastly destroyed, the Spensers and his friends
Are put to death, with which this canto ends."

The Fifth Canto tells of the dethronement of King Edward, his seizure from under the protection of the Earl of Leicester, and his murder in

* "His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, This was a man!"
—*Julius Cæsar:* Act v., sc. 5.

prison. There Drayton makes Richard find a forgotten chronicle of the nine kings of England who preceded him, and, giving a stanza to each from William the Conqueror downward, represents the doomed king to whom the murderers are sent, tracing the troubles of the land down to the happier reign of his father, who was stout, just, and sage.

> "'O God,' quoth he, 'had he my pattern been,
> Heaven had not poured these plagues upon my sin!'"

Edward, then turning the leaf, finds record of the day of his own birth, weeps for the wasted life, "and on his death-bed sits him down at last." Then come the cruel murderers, and the last shriek of their victim's agony affrights in dead of night the simple people who dwell near. They lift their eyes, with heaviness oppressed, praying to Heaven to give his soul good rest.

The Sixth and last Canto tells of Mortimer, now Earl of March, and the enamoured queen in their high state at Nottingham, with the Queen's Paradise, which she called the Tower of Mortimer. But the young king, Edward III., by way of a cave that communicated with the castle keep, entered at night with an armed band.

> "Unarmed was March, she only in his arms,
> Too soft a shield to bear their boisterous blows."

The queen pleads in vain, Mortimer (March) is torn from her, and led a prisoner to London, where the Parliament proceeds against him to the death. Mortimer, in prison, writes to the queen his farewell letter, and the poem closes vigorously with the passion of the queen on reading it.

There was high aim in the shaping of this poem. The first sketch of it appeared in the same year as the second part of "The Faerie Queene," containing the fourth, fifth, and sixth cantos, when Spenser had won from his countrymen a general acceptance as the greatest English poet of his time, Chaucer's successor. Setting aside "The Faerie Queene" and Shakespeare's plays, Drayton's "Barons' Wars" must take rank as the best heroic poem written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The poet sought in all ways to give to the treatment of his subject epic dignity. The action is one great in itself and in its consequences,

national, and associated with first principles of civil polity. There is greatness in the persons, and for the chief person Drayton uses all arts of the poet to enlarge and raise the character of Mortimer. The thoughts are noble, and associated clearly with the action. There is a strong passion of love well blended with strong passion of war. There is care to maintain the level of heroic thought in treatment of mere trivial incidents. There is even some suggestion of an episode of the past in the description of Edward's glance over the chronicle of reigns of predecessors that he found, before his murder, in the prison. If there could have been a clearer view of greatness in the consequences of the action, that could have been presented to us by an episode of the future, this heroic poem, though without epic "machinery," would rank among our epics. But it is enough to say that Drayton, with an eye towards epic, did achieve the writing of a true heroic poem, laboured carefully in the first writing, and twice revised.

In 1597 Drayton first published another book, founded on the history and legend of the land, "England's Heroical Epistles," in imitation of the *Heroides* of Ovid. There was a new and enlarged edition in 1598; other editions followed in 1599 and 1600. There was an edition in 1602 with "Idea"; and the "Heroical Epistles" were joined to the revised edition of "The Barons' Wars" in 1603. In his preface Drayton said of this work that two points in it were especially to be explained:

"England's Heroical Epistles."

"First, why I entitle this 'England's Heroical Epistles'; secondly, why I have annexed notes to every Epistle. For the first, the title, I hope, carrieth reason in itself; for that the most and greatest persons herein were English, or else that their loves were obtained in England. And though Heroical be properly understood of demigods, as of Hercules and Æneas, whose parents were said to be the one celestial the other mortal, yet is it also transferred to them who, for the greatness of their mind, come near to Gods: for to be born of a

celestial incubus, is nothing else but to have a great and mighty spirit, far above the earthly weakness of men, in which sense Ovid (whose imitator I partly profess to be) doth also use Heroical. For the second, because the work might in truth be judged brainish if nothing but amorous humour were handled therein, I have interwoven matters historical, which unexplained might defraud the mind of much content."

There was a separate dedication of each pair of Drayton's "Heroical Epistles." Rosamond to King Henry II. and King Henry II. to Rosamond, the author dedicated to Lucy Countess of Bedford; King John to Matilda and Matilda to King John followed without separate dedication. Queen Isabel to Mortimer and Mortimer to Queen Isabel were dedicated to Anne, wife of Sir John Harrington and mother to the Countess of Bedford; Edward the Black Prince to Alice Countess of Salisbury, and Alice Countess of Salisbury to the Black Prince, were dedicated to Sir Walter Acton. The others were: Queen Isabel to Richard II. and Richard II. to Queen Isabel, dedicated to Edward Earl of Bedford; Queen Katherine to Owen Tudor, and Owen Tudor to Queen Katherine, dedicated to Sir John Swinnerton, alderman of London; Elinor Cobham to Duke Humfrey, and Duke Humfrey to Elinor Cobham, dedicated to Drayton's "worthy and dearly esteemed friend" Mr. James Huish; William de la Poole, Duke of Suffolk, to Queen Margaret, and Queen Margaret to William de la Poole, Duke of Suffolk, dedicated to Elizabeth, "sole daughter and heir of that famous and learned Lawyer, Laurence Tanfield, Esq.;" Edward IV. to Jane Shore, and Jane Shore to Edward IV., dedicated to Sir Thomas Munson; and there were yet three more, dedicated successively to Sir Henry Goodere of Polesworth, to the poet's "most dear friend Mr. Henry Lucas, and to Sir Henry Goodere's wife, the Lady Frances. These three pairs of letters were exchanged between Mary, the French queen, and Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey,

and the Lady Geraldine; Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guildford Dudley. It is to be noted that Drayton represents the Earl of Surrey writing to Geraldine from Florence, and, by adopting from Nash's "Jack Wilton" the fiction of the tournaments in Italy, and of Geraldine shown to Surrey by Cornelius Agrippa in a magic glass, gives wider currency to these inventions. But, as to Cornelius Agrippa's glass, Drayton observes in a note that "in honour of so rare a gentleman as this earl, invention may make somewhat more bold with Agrippa above the barren truth."

The measure of these "Heroical Epistles" is the rhymed couplet of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." It was used by Drayton with an easy strength, while in France it was beginning to pass into general use as heroic couplet, lending itself more and more to artificial tricks of style. With later generations this couplet will take, through French influence, long and strong hold upon English literature. Drayton's use of it may be illustrated by Queen Katherine's praise of Welsh as Owen Tudor spoke it:

Heroic Couplet.

"If thou discourse, thy lips such accents break,
The Spirit of Love doth seem from thee to speak.
The British Language, which our vowels wants
And jars so much upon harsh consonants,
Comes with such grace from thy mellifluous tongue
As the sweet music of a well-set song,
And runs as smoothly from those lips of thine
As the pure Tuscan from the Florentine;
Leaving such seasoned sweetness on the ear,
The voice though passed, the sound abides still there:
As when in Nisus tower Apollo lay,
And on his golden viol used to play,
The senseless stones were with such music drown'd
As many years they did retain the sound."

Michael Drayton was engaged also in fellowship of work with the playwrights between 1597 and the end of Elizabeth's reign. He was then forty years old, and stood but

midway in his life among the poets, for he lived and wrote until the age of sixty-seven.

Two or three pieces by Samuel Daniel remain to be considered before we leave him also, at the age of about forty, entering the reign of James I.

Daniel's Octavia to Antony.

Daniel lived, under Elizabeth, in great houses, as private tutor to the young, and in 1601, when presenting his works to Sir Thomas Egerton, said: "Such hath been my misery that whilst I should have written the actions of men, I have been constrained to bide with children, and, contrary to mine own spirit, put out of that sense which nature had made my part." He was tutor at Appleby and Skipton Castle to Anne Clifford, then a girl of about eleven, daughter of Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, when he published, or just after he published, "The Poeticall Essayes of Sam. Danyell, newly corrected and augmented." Besides the Fifth Book of the "Civil Wars," this volume contained, in fifty-one stanzas of octave rhyme, "A Letter sent from Octavia to her husband Marcus Antonius into Egypt," with a sonnet of dedication to the Countess of Cumberland:

> "Most virtuous Lady, that vouchsaf'st to lend
> Ear to my notes, and comfort unto me."

The letter is the forsaken wife's plea to the husband who has been caught in the toils of Cleopatra. This is its closing stanza, to which Daniel gave a second couplet as a finish to the letter:

> "Come, come away from wrong, from craft, from toil,
> Possess thine own with right, with truth, with peace:
> Break from these snares, thy judgment unbeguile,
> Free thine own torment and my grief release.
> But whither am I carried all this while
> Beyond my scope, and know not where to cease?

Words still with my increasing sorrows grow:
I know to have said too much, but not enow.
Wherefore no more, but only I commend
To thee the heart that's thine, and so I end."

In the next reign Daniel wrote also a Tragedy of Cleopatra.

At the close of Elizabeth's reign Daniel began writing "Epistles" in the manner of Horace, the first three being addressed to Sir Thomas Egerton, the Lord Henry Howard, and the Countess of Cumberland. He published also, with a dedication to Fulke Greville, "Musophilus: containing a General defence of Learning." This is in dialogue between Philocosmus—who dissuades from an ungainful art, and counsels work that looks to more substantial profits than "that idle smoke of praise"—and Musophilus, who asks:

Daniel's "Epistles."

"Musophilus."

"What good is like to this,
"To do worthy the writing, and to write
Worthy the reading, and the world's delight?"

In this poem, except the first stanza and another here or there which is in octave rhyme, the main body of the verse consists of six-lined stanzas corresponding to the measure of the octave rhyme without its final couplet. Thus in the lines on critics who misuse their learning for depreciation of the writings of their fellow-labourers, there is one stanza of octave rhyme followed by six-lined stanzas:

"Yet why should civil learning seek to wound
And mangle her own members with despite?
Prodigious wits! that study to confound
The life of wit, to seem to know aright;
As if themselves had fortunately found
Some stand from off the earth, beyond our sight,
Whence overlooking all as from above,
Their grace is, not to work but to reprove.

"But how came they placed in so high degree
Above the reach and compass of the rest?

Who hath admitted them only to be
Free denizens of skill, to judge the best,
From whom the world as yet could never see
The warrant of their wit soundly exprest."

There is no power in critical trifling to stay the energies of honest thought. Our country, Daniel argues, great in deeds, shall be great also in utterance of the spirit that produces them :

" Or should we careless come behind the rest
In power of words that go before in worth ?
Whenas our accent's equal to the best,
Is able greater wonders to bring forth,
When all that ever hotter spirits expressed
Comes bettered by the patience of the North."

Daniel looks boldly to a future that is now our present, when our English literature spreads its wealth of thought through a new world. " And who," he asks,

" And who, in time, knows whither we may vent
The treasure of our Tongue ? to what strange shores
This gain of our best glory shall be sent
To enrich unknowing nations with our stores ?
What worlds in the yet unformed Occident
May come refined with the accents that are ours ? "

Next he looks to the relation of thought to deed in all true literature :

" Or who can tell for what great Work in hand
The greatness of our style is now ordained ?
What powers it shall bring in, what spirits command ?
What thoughts let out, what humours keep restrained ?
What mischief it may powerfully withstand,
And what fair ends may thereby be attained ? "

So worthily true poets understood their art when Shakespeare could achieve its highest aims.

Daniel published also a prose " Defence of Rhime " in the

first year of James I., as answer to a paper of objections to it published by Thomas Campion in the last year of Elizabeth. Thomas Campion—nearly a generation younger than the Edmund Campion who was executed as a Jesuit in December, 1581—may or may not have been of Edmund's kin; his family, his birthplace, and the year of his birth, are not known. He studied at Cambridge, and was admitted in 1586 to Gray's Inn. Taking medicine for his profession, he graduated as M.D., and practised in London. In 1593 young Dr. Thomas Campion was known for his verse, though he had not yet published anything. George Peele, in "The Honour of the Garter," addresses him as one "that richly clothes conceit with well-made words." Thomas Campion was a good Latin poet, and in 1595, when his age may have been thirty, his first published work was a collection of Latin epigrams, to which many more were added afterwards in an edition published twenty-four years later. We learn from his epigrams that Campion was very thin, and that Barnabe Barnes, William Percy, and Charles Fitzgeoffrey were among his friends and fellow-rhymers. In 1601 Thomas Campion published "A Book of Airs," followed by more such books in the reign of James. Dr. Campion was a poet and musician, who fitted his own songs to his own music. This first "Book of Airs" contained songs of his own to some of which the music was written by himself, and to others by Philip Rosseter. The "Airs," before they were collected, had been written for private use among his friends, and had been copied and recopied until errors were multiplied. Other men also claimed pieces of his work as theirs. England under Elizabeth was full of song. Orchestral music was developed in the reign of James, but the reign of Elizabeth was for the musicians, almost exclusively, an age of song. Thomas Campion, in the address "To the Reader" of his

"A Defence of Rhime."

Thomas Campion.

"A Book of Airs."

"Book of Airs," compared airs in music to epigrams in poetry. They should not be clogged with long preludes, or have rests for necessity of the fugue, but give only the naked air, without guide or prop or colour but its own. "The lyric poets," he says, "among the Greeks and Latins were first inventors of Airs, tying themselves strictly to the number and value of their syllables: of which sort you shall find here only one song in Sapphic verse; the rest are after the fashion of the time, ear-pleasing rhymes without art." They are rhymes by a musician who wrote with an instinctive sense, or sometimes a formed knowledge, of the airs to which they would be set, and the Sapphics at the end of the collection are much less successful than the rhymes. In the rhymes there is full union of verse with song. Take this Air, for example—

"Follow your saint, follow with accents sweet!
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet!
There, wrapped in clouds of sorrow, pity move,
And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her love:
But if she scorn my never ceasing pain,
Then burst with sighing in her sight and ne'er return again!

"All that I sung still to her praise did tend;
Still she was first, still she my song did end:
Yet she my love and music both doth fly,
The music that her echo is, and beauty's sympathy.
Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight:
It shall suffice that they were breathed and died for her delight!"

Campion's Sapphics, of course, show the unfitness of our language for verse founded on the Latin rules of quantity. He invokes the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, seeking light and purity—

"Rescue, O rescue me from earthly darkness!
Banish hence all these elemental objects!
Guide my soul that thirsts to the lively fountain
Of Thy divineness!

"Cleanse my soul, O God! my bespotted image,
Altered with sin so that heavenly pureness
Cannot acknowledge me, but in thy mercies,
O Father of Grace.

"But when once Thy beams do remove my darkness;
O then I'll shine forth as an angel of light,
And record, with more than an earthly voice, Thy
Infinite honours."

The spirit of the Latin lyrical poets often breathes through Thomas Campion's rhymed English songs, but in such Sapphics as these there is the form alone, dead and disfigured. Horace himself, alive again as Thomas Campion, could not have written English Sapphics.

Yet Campion, in 1602, attacked rhyme in a little book printed at London by Richard Field for Andrew Wise, entitled "Observations in the Art of English Poesie. By Thomas Campion. Wherein it is demonstratively prooued, and by example confirmed, that the English toong will receive eight seuerall kinds of numbers, proper to it selfe, which are in this booke set forth, and were neuer before this time by any man attempted." "Observations in the Art of English Poesie."

Daniel replied to this book immediately with his prose pamphlet, published in the same year and reprinted in 1603, "A Defence of Rhime against a Pamphlet entitled Observations in the Art of English Poesy. Wherein is demonstratively proved that Rhime is the fittest Harmony of Words that consorts with our language."

Campion dedicated his argument to the still living author of "Gorboduc," Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst; and Daniel dedicated his reply to William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. Campion, having rejected rhyme as a corruption derived from the barbarians of Italy, recognises dactyl, trochee, and iambic, as the three feet that distinguish Greek and Latin verse; spondee, tribrach, and

anapæst being "but as servants to the first." As English does not lend itself to the formation of dactyls, English verse must be iambic or trochaic, and will be of eight kinds, simple and compound. These are (1) iambic, pure or licentiate; in discussion of the licentiate iambic Campion is really carrying on the story of the development of our ten-syllabled blank verse, the licences being those variations from the pure iambic which were contributing to power of expression; (2) the iambic dimeter or English march, as

"Raving war, begot
In the thirsty sands
Of the Libyan isles,
Wastes our empty fields."

(3) the trochaic verse, said to suit best for epigram; (4) our English elegiac, where of each pair of lines the first is a licentiate iambic, the second is framed of two united dimeters, thus

"Constant to none, but ever false to me,
Traitor still to love, through thy faint desires,
Not hope of pity now nor vain redress
Turns my grief to tears and renewed laments;"

(5, 6, 7, 8), the next four were Sapphics, Anacreontics, with two lyrical variations on the Sapphic,—this:

"Rose-cheeked Laura, come;
Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's
Silent music, either other
Sweetly gracing."

and this:

"Just beguiler,
Kindest love, yet only chastest,
Royal in thy smooth denials,
Frowning or demurely smiling,
Still my pure delight."

Campion illustrated his argument with verse of his own

making, and closed his pamphlet with a chapter on the quantity of English syllables.*

Daniel's "Defence of Rhime."

Daniel, in his reply, refers to Campion, with all due courtesy, as one "whose commendable rhymes, albeit now an enemy to rhyme, have given heretofore to the world the best notice of his worth." Daniel looks back to the history of Literature in Europe, and in England, since the Latin times. He points to the wonderful architecture of this State of England, and asks "whether they were deformed times that could give it such a form. . . . But shall we not tend to perfection? Yes, and that ever best by going on in the course we are in, where we have advantage, being so far onward, of him that is but now setting forth; for we shall never proceed, if we be ever beginning, nor arrive at any certain port, sailing with all winds that blow." But Daniel, who brings to the argument a larger sense of Literature than Campion, and whose wisdom is in all things of the form we should now call conservative, preferring quiet growth to sudden change, is wisely temperate in seeking truth. He sees in the poets of his time faults of self-love and affectation, and he objects to the coinage of new words, sign mainly of the new exuberance of strength that would force upon the language new-coined words for fuller stronger utterance of the new wealth of thought:

"disguising," he said, "or forging strange or unusual words, as if it were to make our verse seem another kind of speech out of the course of our usual practice, displacing our words, or inventing new, openly upon a singularity; when our own accustomed phrase, set in the due place, would express us more familiarly and to better

* Among Mr. A. H. Bullen's numerous aids to the study of good literature, is an edition of "The works of Dr. Thomas Campion," privately printed at the Chiswick Press in 1889, the first collection of Thomas Campion's works.

delight than all this idle affectation of antiquity or novelty can ever do. And I cannot but wonder at the strange presumption of some men, that dare so audaciously to introduce any whatsoever foreign words, be they never so strange; and of themselves, as it were, without a Parliament, without any consent or allowance, stablish them as Free-Denizens in our Language. But this is but a character of that perpetual Revolution which we see to be in all things, that never remain the same, and we must herein be content to submit ourselves to the law of Time, which in a few years will make that for which we now contend, Nothing."

These are the last sentences of Daniel's "Defence of Rhime." But by this time we have found that, while the greater number of the words audaciously introduced into our language by the men who wrote under Elizabeth and James have faded into nothing, yet there remains a smaller number—but not very small; it may be as large as one in three—that took root, grew, and have stood the test of use throughout succeeding centuries in aid of the rich voice of England speaking worthily.

CHAPTER XII.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL"—"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"—"TWELFTH NIGHT"—"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

FOR the theatre still Shakespeare, about twice a year, is furnishing new plays. We will take in this place a play of uncertain—perhaps mixed—date. Shakespeare's "All's Well that Ends Well" was first printed in the folio of 1623. In the list of plays given by Francis Meres in 1598, in his *Palladis Tamia*, there is one of which no trace remains under the name then given to it, "Love's Labour's Won." It follows in the list "Love's Labour's Lost," and may survive under another title. "All's Well that Ends Well" is a story of Love's labour won, but Shakespeare may well have been unwilling, in some later reproduction of the play, to continue a name that had been given only for an ephemeral purpose, to connect a new venture with a recent success when he was first taking his place as an independent dramatist. His later revision of this early work would include, therefore, a change of title, and in several passages towards the close of "All's Well that Ends Well"—as at the end of the fourth scene of the fourth act—

"All's Well That Ends Well."

> "All's well that ends well—still the fine's the crown;
> Whate'er the course, the end is the renown;"

in the middle of the first scene of the Fifth Act,

> "All 's well that ends well yet;"

in the last words before the Epilogue,

> "All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
> The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet;'

and in the Epilogue itself,

> "All is well ended, if this suit be won
> That you express content;"—

it is perfectly clear that the play as we have it was designed by its writer to be known by the title it now bears.

If, therefore, the successful enterprise of Helena was first shown upon the stage as "Love's Labour's Won," there must have been some later revision of the play through which we get it in its present form. Coleridge and Tieck both thought that there was evidence of this within the play; they saw in it a mixture of earlier with later work. Unless it be "The Taming of the Shrew," the only other play of Shakespeare's with a plot that might fairly have been called "Love's Labour's Won" is "The Tempest." But "The Tempest" in its plan and treatment is a masterpiece in Shakespeare's ripest manner, and we have no reason to ascribe to interpolation of a later touch the piece of internal evidence that shows it not to have been written earlier than 1603. With allowance for some later revision, "All's Well that Ends Well" may, perhaps, fairly be regarded as the play known to Meres as "Love's Labour's Won," and, if so, its first production would have been while "Love's Labour's Lost" was fresh in the playgoer's memory. If this be so, however, we have evidence of fact showing insertion of lines in accordance with the change of title, to corroborate the belief that there was, in this case, later revision.

The story of the play is taken from the ninth novel of the third day in Boccaccio's "Decameron," of which there was a translation in William Painter's "Palace of Pleasure." With the heroine's name altered to Virginia, there was an early Italian play on this tale of Boccaccio's. It was first acted in Siena at the marriage of the Magnifico Antonio Spanocchi, and it was first printed at Florence in 1513. Its author was Bernardo Accolti, who died in 1534, aged seventy-six. Shakespeare took Boccaccio's tale doubtless from Painter's translation of it. It could only be read as example of a truth still illustrated daily in the lives of men and women, expressed of old in a ballad, "Love will find out the way," and after Shakespeare's day expressed in a line of Lord Lyttelton's, which says that "Love can hope where Reason would despair." Helena's love did not despair of achieving what her reason might have thought impossible. Her courage was at last rewarded, and Love's labour won.

But in the revision, with the change of title, Shakespeare may have wished to indicate the larger human truth of which the love tale was but a particular expression. Not in love only, but in all affairs of a man's life, right spirit and a firm resolve bent fearlessly upon the end that must be laboured for, may conquer difficulties that would seem to most men insurmountable. The end crowns the work: all's well that ends well for this world or for the next. When disappointment came in the expected hour of her success, Helena, labouring on, looked steadily to the end, saying, "All 's well that ends well yet." Who has not constant experience of our habitual flinching from the means to a desired end, when the means are by fulfilment of what seem impossible conditions? Whoever under such conditions keeps the end in view, and fearlessly resolves, against all odds, to labour on for its attainment, sets many a weak head shaking at what nowadays is called

his optimism. When he succeeds, he is credited with the luck that often comes to sanguine people. When he appears to fail, if it be really a good end that he has battled for, what is his loss, although he wait even until the next life before the end proves all was well?

Helena in this play has something to do that looks like an impossibility. She puts her whole heart into it, and does it. In the face of his feudal sense of rank, she wins Bertram, a ward of the king's, on his own ground united to her by his feudal lord. "Strange is it," says the king,

> "Strange is it, that our bloods
> Of colour, weight, and heat, poured all together
> Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
> In differences so mighty."

From that success she is cast out, as it seems, for ever, by Bertram's refusal, though her husband, to live with her, unless she can perform impossibilities which he suggests only as a way of emphasizing his repudiation. With her heart in her work, and an end worth working for, she still finds the way to the end, undaunted by all show of lions in the path and all report of lions round the corner. That is obviously the gist of the tale; it is grounded on a universal truth, with fortitude of love for the particular example.

We may notice a phrase in an answer of the Clown's to the old Lord Lafeu near the close of the Fourth Act, the Clown being one of the added characters. He had been celebrating the devil as the Prince of this World, and adds, "I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for Pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire." It is but a step from that phrase to the Porter's in "Macbeth" of—"The primrose way to the everlasting bonfire."

Characters added by Shakespeare to the tale, to vary and enlarge its action, are all contrived to give elevation to the character of Helena or show at its true worth the world she has to conquer. Not only are touches of womanly tenderness and self-respect made in the character itself to soften incidents that would admit of hard interpretation, but the Countess, Bertram's mother, is added to the story that she may take part with Helena against her son, and that her noble spirit of womanhood may, with a warm zeal, speak Helena's praise. The cheery Lord Lafeu, constant in admiration of her, brings experience of honourable age to judgment of her worth; and Bertram's follower, Parolles (opposite to Lafeu as a young fop and fool, whom it stirs the old man's bile even to look upon, and who is foil also to the brave Bertram as a bragging coward), represents the sort of man who, while believed in and accepted as companion, can lead a true spirit astray. It is Parolles by whom Bertram is encouraged to spurn true love from his side; it is the same fop, braggart, coward, who is ready to become his pander to the false. Parolles is no part of the original tale. Shakespeare's additions, then, apart from other dramatic uses and all modifications of the tale, were clearly designed to support the character of Helena, by helping us to see dignity and worth in her love and a true heart in her labour.

"Much Ado About Nothing"

"Much Ado About Nothing" was first printed in quarto in the year 1600. In the register of the Stationers' Company, on the twenty-third of August, together with the Second Part of "Henry IV.," it was entered to Andrew Wyse and William Aspley, for whom it was printed by Valentine Sims in the same year 1600. Meres's list of 1598 does not include "Much Ado About Nothing," and the "Henry IV." included in that list may have been only the First Part. The Second Part of "Henry IV.," therefore, may have been written

between 1589 and 1600, followed within the same period by "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Henry V." Of "Henry V." we have internal evidence that it was finished between April and September, 1559. These plays, therefore, evidently lie together in Shakespeare's course of work.

The chief characters in Shakespeare's comedy are Benedick and Beatrice; but the story of Hero, with which they are interwoven, provides all the action. There is, as we shall find, good reason for this in Shakespeare's conception of the play. The story of Hero is taken, with Shakespeare's variations, from one of Bandello's tales—his twenty-second—wherein the Signor Scipione Attellano narrates how the Signor Timbreo di Cardona, being with the King Piero (that is Pedro) of Aragon, in Messina, fell in love with Fenicia Lionata, and the various and fortunate accidents that happened before he took her for his wife. There is no known translation of this tale; but before 1600 there was in England a great demand for novels translated from the Italian. Bandello himself may have borrowed the ground-plan of his tale from Ariosto, whose story of Ariodantes and Geneura, beginning towards the close of the fourth canto of his "Orlando Furioso," extends over the fifth canto and into the beginning of the sixth. That part of the "Orlando Furioso" had been first published in 1515, nearly forty years before Bandello wrote his tale. We may regard, therefore, the story of the fraud practised against Hero as having its origin from Ariosto, in 1515, from whom Spenser adapted it as—in the abused lover—an image of intemperate haste, in the Second Book of his "Faerie Queene," the Book of Temperance. The tale of the Squire who was brought to mischief through Occasion, and made the victim of Furor, begins at the eighteenth stanza of the fourth canto of Spenser's Book of Temperance. Here, as in Ariosto and in Bandello, the deceiver is not a hard-natured Don John, as Shakespeare

wisely represents, but a bosom friend who slips into falsehood through a secret rivalry in love. Shakespeare's Hero is Spenser's Claribella, Shakespeare's Margaret is Spenser's Pryene, Don John is "Philemon, false faytour Philemon," and Claudio is Phedon; but Phedon in mad fury slew Claribella, poisoned Philemon, and was chasing Pryene when Guyon, the Knight of Temperance, saved him from Fury. And when he had told his tale,

> "Said Guyon, Squire, sore have ye been diseased,
> But all your hurts may soon through Temperance be eased."

Spenser took his tale from Ariosto, but one or two touches in it suggest that he may also have read Bandello, the dates of the several versions being, Ariosto, 1515; Bandello, 1554; Spenser, 1590. At a time when all the polite world of England read Italian tales, it is not unlikely that Shakespeare thought it worth while to pick up as much Italian as would enable him also to read them; but Sir John Harrington's translation of Ariosto appeared in 1591, a year after the publication of the first three cantos of the "Faerie Queene."

Bandello's tale was Ariosto's "Ariodantes and Geneura," translated into an Italian prose romance of daily life, according to the custom of that skilful story-teller. It was Bandello's custom to connect incidents of his stories in a definite way with places and persons, and with actual historical events, which gave them an air of exact record; he was ingenious also in the invention of details that filled in the outline of his story and served well to realise its incidents. It was from Bandello only that Shakespeare could have taken Messina as the scene of his tale, Leonato as the name of Hero's father, and brought in Don Pedro, Prince of Aragon. This particular tale of Bandello's has not come down to us in an old translation, and there is no modern translation of it; but Bandello's stories were familiar in England. The

"Tragical Discourses," written out of French and Latin by Geoffrey Fenton, and published in 1567, were praised by his friend George Turbervile (who himself versified "Tragical Tales"), for helping to bring Bandello home to English readers—

> "Now men of meanest skill what Bandel wrought may view,
> And tell the tale in English well that erst they never knew,
> Discourse of sundry strange and tragical affairs,
> Of loving ladies' hapless haps, their deaths and deadly cares."

The "tragical affair" of Hero is, however, treated as fortunate by Bandello for its happy ending.

"*Much Ado about Nothing.*"

In Shakespeare's treatment of the story—which is itself a tale of Much Ado about a supposition that was Nothing—though the old tale, skilfully adapted, is the story of the play, yet it becomes wholly subordinate to the scenes showing the loves of Benedick and Beatrice, whose wit-combats are also, from Shakespeare's point of view, Much Ado about Nothing. With all their wit, they are as far removed from the real duties of life as the unreasoning deliverances of Dogberry and Verges, and they also make Much Ado about Nothing.

In one of his earliest plays, "Love's Labour's Lost," Shakespeare had represented a king of Navarre and many kindly lords of his court putting aside the work of life for banquet of the mind. Biron is the wittiest of them; but, when it comes to choosing of wives, his Rosaline says to him—

> "Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
> Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
> Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
> Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
> Which you on all estates will execute
> That lie within the mercy of your wit:
> To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
> And therewithal to win me, if you please,
> You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
> Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
> With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
> With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
> To enforce the painéd impotent to smile."

In "Much Ado about Nothing" the young idleness of mockery in Benedick and Beatrice is changed to noble earnest by contact with the real sorrows of life. The soul of the whole play speaks clearly in the scene between Benedick and Beatrice after the great wrong that has been done to Hero.

Benedick is no mere jester, though he has a buoyant spirit and a ready wit that finds delight in kindly mockery. He is a man of noble temper and proved courage in the field. In Beatrice, too, there is a high, noble spirit, full of strength and tenderness, but she also is gifted with a ready wit that finds delight in kindly mockery. Many a love between man and woman, ending in life-long alliance for the noblest work, may have begun with wit-combats like those of Benedick and Beatrice. But such love could not rest on the Much Ado about Nothing of the pleasant raillery. Its foundation was a common interest in the realities of life. Unloving mockery Shakespeare gives only to the men who are like devils in mood, Richard III. and Iago. Here we have loving mockery expressed in form of the most genial comedy. It is evident from the first that Benedick has spacious lodging in the mind of Beatrice. In the first scene, when the messenger brings news of victory and the return of Don Pedro and his soldiers to Messina, Beatrice, with merry gibe, asks only whether Benedick is coming back. When he returns with his companions, she takes possession of him. Neither yet knows the deeper interest that underlies their readiness to pelt each other with small flowers of rhetoric, and keep up a lively strain of banter that has not a note of malice in it.

The summer sport with its garden scenes is dated at the outset in July.

"*Claudio.* —from my house—if I had it.

Benedick. The sixth of July: your loving friend, Benedick."

The base trick against Hero, Shakespeare did not allow to be, as in the original tale, the act of a gentleman who loves her. He transfers this infamy to a man whose whole mind jars against the right music of life, and who, as brother to Don Pedro, against whom also he had plotted, is linked naturally to the story. By this change the poet also lightens the serious part of the tale of a load that would have dragged heavily at the robes of comedy.

The tricks upon Benedick and Beatrice, by which they are brought together, do not cause them to love, but open to their generous minds a knowledge of themselves, which had lain buried under a too-persistent playfulness that was at odds with serious speech, and gave no matter for earnest thought. The suggestion to each that there was

love in the other had more truth in it than the suggesters knew. Through belief of that suggestion, the bar of idle talk—the Much Ado about Nothing—broke down. Observe how the high spirit of Beatrice answers to the words she hears when hidden in the arbour :-

> " What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
> Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much?
> Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
> No glory lives behind the back of such.
> And, Benedick, love on: I will requite thee,
> Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.
> If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
> To bind our loves up in a holy band;
> For others say thou dost deserve, and I
> *Believe it better than reportingly.*"

There is delightful escape from that part of the old tale which would have been most unfit for a comedy, by transferring the discovery of the plot against Hero from a repentant lover or confession by Don John, to the worthy watchmen under Dogberry and Verges, who transform what would have been tearful dole into the brightest comedy. It is comedy also in perfect accord with what may be considered as the point of view from which the play has been constructed. Dogberry and Verges exercise wonderfully the little wit they have, but in the scene of the hearing of Conrade and Borachio it may be observed that, while Dogberry is the man of empty words, the Sexton, who says little, does all the real business of the examination.

In the opening scene of the Fourth Act—within a public church, if we are so to interpret some suggestions in preceding scenes, although the scene itself rather suggests a chapel in the house of Leonato—the loving care of Beatrice for Hero, her unbroken faith, " Oh, on my soul, my cousin is belied," her womanly resentment of the cruel insult that has struck her cousin down, bring her when all others have left, face to face with Benedick in an hour of human suffering and trial. The direct speech between them is now heart to heart; frank admission of the love between them, with a very little touch of the old playful attitude towards each other, from which all mocking is gone; but out of it flashes her noble, passionate resentment of the wrong done to her cousin. Their dialogue is of few words, every word to the point; and its climax with the cry of Beatrice, "Kill Claudio!" It is a noble scene; and if ever the part of Benedick be here so acted as to produce laughter, let the actor wear sackcloth and ashes, and restudy his part.

In the first scene of the Fifth Act, when Benedick comes to challenge Claudio, Shakespeare represents him firm and of few words, which are contrasted with a pelting of small jests at him by Claudio and Don Pedro. The play of wit about him is used now as foil to his own manly simplicity, and when Benedick has left them Don Pedro says, "He is in earnest."

"*Claudio.* In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claudio. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit.

Claudio. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man."

What Thomas Carlyle called the "apes of the Dead Sea" undertake to cure him. They dwell by the living waters, they are our giants, who can speak plain words of truth and join them to true deeds.

"Twelfth Night" is not included in Francis Meres's list of comedies assigned in his *Palladis Tamia* of 1598 to Shakespeare.

"Twelfth Night."

In the second scene of the Third Act of "Twelfth Night" Maria says of Malvolio, that "he does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies." This has been regarded as an allusion to some of many maps contained in the folio volume of the translation by William Philip of "J. Huighen van Linschoten his Discours of Voyages into the Easte and West Indies, in foure Bookes," published in 1598. The reference is really to a map of the world—"the new map"—published in 1600. This was the first map of the world engraved in England on Mercator's projection. It was given in that year by Hakluyt in his "Voyages."* The latest geographical discovery recorded

* The map was engraved in 1880 for publication by the Hakluyt Society as "The Map of the World, A.D. 1600. Called by Shakespeare 'the New Map with the Augmentation of the Indies.' To illustrate the voyages of John Davis."

on it was of Northern Nova Zemlya, made by the Dutchman Barents in 1596. Earlier in the same second scene of the Third Act of "Twelfth Night" Fabian says to Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "You are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard." Shakespeare seems to have been lately reading Hakluyt. The year of the new map was also the year of the foundation of the India Company, which then began its trade by fitting out four ships, and obtained its first charter in December, 1600. Use was made, therefore, of all information that could be obtained from Linschoten or others in aid of a right mapping of the Indies, and the map excelled all that had preceded it in its delineation of the Eastern seas.

Of Mercator it may be said by the way, that the name was the Latinised surname of Gerhard Kauffmann, who died in 1594. He invented his projection in 1556. Edward Wright, who died in 1615, first applied Kauffmann's idea to navigation. Wright published in 1599 "Certain Errors in Navigation Detected and Corrected," and was then occupied with Hakluyt, Molyneux, and others in the production, upon Mercator's plan, of "a true hydrographical description of so much of the world as hath been hitherto discovered." In this map, besides a full supply of lines of latitude and longitude, there are lines radiating in all directions from a dozen or more centres on different parts of the map. These lines, intersecting one another, form to profane eyes such a web as might be spun by a mad spider.

Shakespeare's allusion to this new map fixes the date of "Twelfth Night" as not earlier than the year 1600.

The next piece of evidence as to the date of the play is in the autograph diary of John Manningham preserved in the British Museum (Harleian MSS. 5353). Of the Readers' Feast at the Middle Temple on the 2nd

of February, 1602 (new style), Manningham says:—"At our feast wee had a play called 'Twelve Night or What You Will,' much like the 'Comedy of Errors,' or 'Menechmi' in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called 'Inganni.' A good practise in it to make the steward beleeve his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a lettre, as from his lady, in generall termes, telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparraile, &c., and then when he came to practise, making him beleeve they tooke him to be mad." Olivia being in mourning for her brother, Manningham mistook her for a widow.

This passage proves that the play was written before February, 1602. The reference to the new map shows that it was not written before the year 1600. The time of writing may, therefore, be positively fixed within a limit of about eighteen months; and we may fairly assume it to have been late in the year 1600 or early in the year 1601.

There was no edition of "Twelfth Night" earlier than the first folio of 1623.

Question as to the possible source of the suggestion of the plot only concerns the tale of the shipwreck, of the love of Viola, and of cross-purposes arising out of her resemblance to her brother Sebastian. Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the Clown, Malvolio, Maria, and their doings, are interwoven with the tale by Shakespeare. They are all his, and are no part of any piece that might or might not be thought to have suggested the plot of "Twelfth Night."

One starting-point for the invention of the tale of Viola and Sebastian was an Italian novel by Matteo Bandello, the thirty-sixth of the second part of his collection of two hundred and fourteen tales, showing how "Nicuola, enamoured of Lattantio, goes into his service dressed as a page, and after many incidents marries him; and what happens

to a brother of hers." In the "Histoires Tragiques" of Belleforest (1572), largely founded on Bandello, the story is told again in French, with some abridgments. In a book by Barnaby Riche, first published in 1581 (reprinted in 1606), entitled "Riche his Farewell to the Military Profession," the novel was recast and told in English, with change in the names of the characters, as the tale of "Apolonius and Silla."

The subject of Bandello's novel was made also the groundwork of two early comedies in Italy, one called "Gl' Ingannati" (the Mistaken), the other "Inganni" (Mistakes).

Of these, "Gl' Ingannati" was the earlier. It was acted at Siena in 1531. Some part of the other play (by N. Sechi) was perhaps borrowed with variation from its predecessor, but the differences are of a kind to make its resemblance to "Twelfth Night" less instead of greater. The oldest known copy of "Inganni" is of the year 1562, but the title of the play describes it as having been acted at Milan in 1547. "Inganni" was turned into French by Pierre de Larivey (Giunti), who wrote nine comedies, all taken from his native Italian. This was printed in 1611 as "Les Tromperies."

There were frequent editions of both these Italian plays; of "Gl' Ingannati" in 1537, 1538, 1550, 1554, 1562, 1563, 1569, 1585; of "Inganni" in 1562, 1566, 1582, 1587, 1602, and other years.*

This is the plot of

"Gl' Ingannati":—

The scene is in Modena. An old merchant, Virginio, has a son and a daughter, Fabrizio and Lelia. He lost his son and his property

* A sketch of "Gl' Ingannati," with a full translation of the scenes which are most suggestive of the action in "Twelfth Night," was published in 1862 by Thomas Love Peacock.

in the sack of Rome, when Lelia was thirteen years old. The comedy being first acted in 1531, Lelia was supposed to be, at the time of performance, in her seventeenth year. A rich old man, Gherardo Foiani, desires to marry her. But the damsel's love is for a youth, Flaminio de' Carandini, who had once flirted with her, and is now enamoured of Isabella, daughter of the old Gherardo. Lelia leaves, therefore, the convent where she had been placed, puts on male dress, takes the name of Fabio degl' Alberini, and supplies the place of a page whose service she knew that Flaminio had lost.

Flaminio sends her often with letters and messages of his love to Isabella Foiani. Isabella, taking Lelia for a young man, falls madly in love with her. Lelia, as Fabio, replies that she cannot return love for love unless Isabella puts an end to Flaminio's pursuit of her. That, and some jesting with the old man Gherardo, and the servant who had not succeeded in fetching Lelia from the convent to be married to Gherardo, is the substance of the story of the First Act of "Gl' Ingannati."

In the Second Act of "Gl' Ingannati," Lelia, as Fabio, tells Flaminio that he can get no kind answers from Isabella. Why does he not give her up? Has he never loved anyone else?—Yes, once, a Lelia. Then why does he not go back to her? Sent urgently by Flaminio to Isabella, and summoned urgently to Isabella by Isabella's maid, Pasquella, Lelia goes and, as Fabio, gives hope to Isabella that her love will be returned, on condition that she drive away Flaminio. There is no such selfishness in Shakespeare's Viola. Her love is true enough for sacrifice.

Isabella kisses Fabio in the doorway. Other servants of Flaminio, jealous of Fabio, see the kiss and report it. After Lelia has told Flaminio that Isabella would not listen to suit for him, and again asked whether he has not anyone else to love?—Yes, there was a Lelia: Isabella may think I still care for her. Tell Isabella that I hate Lelia. "Ah me!" says Lelia.—"What is the matter? Are you in pain?"—"Yes, in the heart."

There is in this Act a little comic business with a Spaniard, Giglio, who wants two words with Isabella. The Spaniard promises her maid a rosary, that he does not mean to give; the maid intends to take the rosary, but does not mean to keep her promise of admitting him into the house.

In the beginning of the Third Act of "Gl' Ingannati," Lelia's brother, Fabrizio, comes into Modena with his tutor, Piero, a pedant, and a greedy servant. Fabrizio had been taken away from Modena when very young. Piero will show him the town. Two touting hotel-

keepers (one being host of "The Fool," the other host of "The Pig") contend for possession of the guests.

Lelia's father has learnt from one of the nuns that his daughter is living in page's dress with a young man. Fabrizio, while his servants sleep, walks abroad; and the innkeeper, as he goes out, observes to him that he is exactly like a page in the town, who also goes dressed in white. Fabrizio, in his walk, meets Isabella's maid, who mistakes him for Fabio.

Gherardo will not keep his engagement to Lelia when he learns that she has run away in male dress from her father's keeping. Fabrizio in his walk comes upon the two old men, and is mistaken by them both for Lelia. His father calls him a hussy, and he takes his father for some mad old man who ought to be locked up. Both the old men agree that the poor girl has lost her wits. They get him into Gherardo's house. There he is to be locked up with Isabella till he can be dressed as a maiden should be.

In the Fourth Act of "Gl' Ingannati," Fabrizio's tutor and servant quarrel over his disappearance. The tutor comes upon his old master, Fabrizio's father, tells him that his son was, in the sack of Rome, made prisoner to a captain who was afterwards killed, and that the Court then took the captain's property and set his prisoners at liberty. His son, the tutor tells Virginio, is now in Modena, lodged at the sign of "The Fool." At "The Fool" Virginio finds a bill to pay, but not his son.

Meanwhile Gherardo, meeting Lelia herself as Fabio, thinks she has escaped from his house. He greets Fabio as Lelia, his dear wife, who enters the house to Isabella. Giglio is tricked out of his rosary. The servant is reproved for having let the supposed Lelia escape, but replies that she is still locked up with Isabella. Thus Fabrizio, mistaken by Isabella for Fabio, becomes to Isabella all she has desired.

In the Fifth Act of "Gl' Ingannati" there is a general storming of Isabella's room. There Piero finds Fabrizio, and causes him to be known to his father as Fabrizio, not Lelia. Flaminio follows in wrath, to find in Isabella's room his faithless page. Her old nurse, Clementia, tells the story of Lelia's service to him as Fabio. Lelia then enters in female dress, and Flaminio takes her for his wife. The Spaniard, Giglio, is fooled again. Isabella learns how she has changed the sister for the brother.

In "Inganni" the brother and sister are twin children of a Genoese merchant, Anselmo. They were taken to sea at four years old, and, for convenience, both children were dressed as boys. They were captured by corsairs and sold to slavery, the girl always abiding by

her character of boy. Both become by course of events bought servants in Naples, where they can meet at will, and know their relationship. The girl, Ginevra—called Roberto—is in the service of Massimo Caraccioli, whose daughter Portia loves her as a man, and whose son Gostanzo Ginevra loves her as a woman. When Portia's love puzzles Ginevra too much, she substitutes her brother for herself. But Gostanzo loves a Dorotea, who, with all that concerns her, is taken from the "Asinaria" of Plautus, except the addition of an incident from Terence. Gostanzo transfers his affection from Dorotea when Ginevra tells him who she is. The father Anselmo, no longer a slave, makes his appearance at the end of the play with a great deal of money. The money ensures full contentment, with his children's marriages to Portia and Gostanzo.

Here is a combination of old Latin comedy mixed with a story also of a Latin flavour, having some family likeness to that of "Gl' Ingannati." It is lower, however, in form, and much less like "Twelfth Night," where the genius of Shakespeare lifts the old story from the lower ground on which it dwells, of the earth earthy, into the fresh air and sunshine, making Innocence herself the teller of the love-dreams of the young.

Shakespeare's treatment of the tale gives us the comedy — as "Romeo and Juliet" was the tragedy—of love's young dream. The play was named perhaps from the whimsical drawings of partners that were a part of "Twelfth Night" sport, and from the association of that time with the acting of light-hearted masques and plays. The twelfth night after Christmas ended with special jollity the twelve days of the Christmas festival. Choosing of kings and queens on that day by lot is said to have been a way of commemorating the homage of the three kings who, guided by the star, came on the twelfth day to the infant Jesus.

"*Twelfth Night*,"

in Shakespeare, is a masque of love with comedy cross-purposes arising from confusion of partners. It is alive with song and jest. Shakespeare's age was about thirty-seven when he wrote it. It was written

not very long after the "Merchant of Venice;" and "Hamlet" was, after "Twelfth Night," possibly the next play that Shakespeare wrote.

While all that was gross in old forms of the tale of brother and sister disappears in Shakespeare's treatment of it, the ideal of young love has its finer life brought out by contrast with the doings of Sir Toby and his friends. This use of contrast is akin to the artistic heightening of our sense of the ideal in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," by using as a foil to the bright fancy that plays through the fairy scenes the comic dulness of Nic Bottom and his friends.

In the city of Illyria there is a young Duke Orsino inspired by nature with sweet yearnings after love. He is in the position of young Romeo enamoured of fair Rosaline. Nature begets a desire, and Chance, that determines Rosaline as the first object, may transfer it to a Juliet, but the yearning itself lies in the fine spirit of youth that no chance of outward fortune can destroy. The First Act of "Twelfth Night" opens to soft music with suggestion of this, in lines full of the delicious sense of harmony:—

> "If music be the food of love, play on:
> Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
> The appetite may sicken and so die.
> That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
> O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odour." *

The fitful and swift movements of love fancy are expressed in the next lines:—

> "—— Enough; no more:
> 'T is not so sweet now as it was before.
> O, spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou,
> That notwithstanding thy capacity
> Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
> Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
> But falls into abatement and low price,
> Even in a minute! So full of shapes is fancy,
> That it alone is high-fantastical."

* Pope, in his edition of Shakespeare, altered in this passage "sound" to "south," and the change has been generally accepted. It is vaguely poetical; but the rustle of the summer breeze over the crisp leaves and blossoms of a bank of violets, stealing and giving odour, is an image more clearly presented to the mind when the word is left as, I believe, Shakespeare wrote it.

The first lines having thus struck the keynote of the play, a short dialogue begins the story. Near to the duke's palace is the house of a rich maiden, daughter of a count who has been twelve months dead. Her brother, who had succeeded to his father's large possessions, has also died, and she inherits all. She pleads long mourning for her brother against the duke's suit for her love.

There is set over her great household a stately steward, who is capable and faithful, only ridiculous through his self-love.

There is in her household Feste, her father's fool, a skilled musician.

As sons of gentlemen wore great lords' liveries, so this great lady has in the service of her chamber a maid, Maria, well enough educated to have a handwriting like her own, well enough dressed to make it doubtful to Viola, when first seeing Olivia and Maria together, which is the lady of the house.

A greedy uncle, who would live jovially at other folks' expense, Sir Toby Belch, has quartered himself upon his young niece, and has invited to share his corner in the great house a rich dull-witted knight, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, whom he brings in as his niece's wooer, and so means to gull out of a substantial part of his income of three thousand ducats a year. We learn, indeed, that he has got possession of two thousand of his friend's ducats before the year is out. Thus Sir Toby keeps his own money untouched, draws a good income from Sir Andrew, and lives riotously at his niece's cost.

A well-to-do knight, who is so jovial and so thrifty withal, is, in Maria's eyes, worth catching for a husband. She is angling for him, and will catch him. There is no young dream in her love: Sir Toby and Maria pair with a love that is not, like the duke's, "more noble than the world," it does prize "quantity of dirty lands."

The play is a tale of two households—Olivia's and Orsino's—as they are affected by the coming of the brother and sister who seem doubles of each other. The time of action of the play is three months. "Three months this youth hath tended upon me," says Orsino of Viola in the Fifth Act. But the three months are supposed to pass between the third and fourth scenes of the First Act. From the fourth scene of the First Act to the end of the play, the time of action is two days.

Brother and sister, Viola and Sebastian, are thrown separately ashore on the coast of Illyria from a wreck, and the saving of Viola, with her resolve to serve the duke for a time as a page, is set between the first scene, showing the duke's love-passion, and the third scene, which sets forth the relations of Sir Toby Belch with Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Maria humouring Sir Toby.

Then the three months pass, and we find Viola, as the boy Cesario, high in Orsino's confidence, employed by him as ambassador of love to Olivia. And she is faithful in the trust, although her own dream of love has come to her, with Orsino for ideal. In the fifth scene we may note that the Clown has a quick eye for Maria's policy. "Well, go thy way," he says: "if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria." To which Maria replies, "Peace, you rogue; no more o' that."

When Malvolio speaks contemptuously of the Clown—whereby he whets in him the appetite for a revenge to come—Olivia defines her steward's weakness: "O, you are *sick of self-love*, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite." "Richard III." gives us the tragic side of life to a man's self alone—"Richard loves Richard. That is, I am I." In Malvolio we may say we have the same fault shown on the comic side. Malvolio aspires to the hand of Olivia as Richard to the crown, with motives alike selfish and therefore mean.

Thus we have the young love that sacrifices all to its ideal, in Orsino, Viola, Olivia, brighter by contrast with the less ethereal ways by which Sir Toby and Maria become man and wife, and with the yet more opposite nature of the man by self-love wedded to himself.

The First Act ends with Olivia's love fixed upon the youth Cesario, upon the sister saved out of the shipwreck.

The Second Act begins by opening the story of the shipwrecked brother. Of his escape from drowning, it may be observed that hope enough was given to Viola in the second scene of the First Act to take the tragic element out of the action of the play. The captain then had said,

> "I saw your brother,
> Most provident in peril, bind himself—
> Courage and hope both teaching him the practice—
> To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea;
> Where like Arion on the dolphin's back,
> I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
> So long as I could see.
> *Viola.* For saying so there's gold,
> Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope—
> Whereto thy speech serves for authority—
> The like of him."

Sebastian had been saved by Antonio when he was a wreck past hope, and after three months' nursing is fully recovered. He goes to the town; Antonio following. "When came he to this town?" Orsino asks at the end; and Antonio replies:

"To-day, my lord; and for three months before
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company."

"To-day" here means the second day of the action after the third scene of the First Act. At the end of the First Act Viola had left Olivia, and Malvolio was sent after her with a ring. After the scene that prepares for Sebastian's coming, we have in the Second Act Malvolio following with the ring, and asking Viola, "Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?" Viola replies, "Even now, sir." In the third scene of the Second Act it is night of the same day. Sir Toby and his friends are making a night of it. Malvolio comes as steward to rebuke them—again preparing the way for a retaliation on himself—and Maria says: "Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night. Since the youth of the Count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him."

It may be worth noting that when, immediately afterwards, Maria says of Malvolio, "sometimes he is a kind of Puritan," it is into the mouth of the witless Sir Andrew Aguecheek that Shakespeare puts an expression of unreasoning ill-will to the name:—

"*Sir Andrew.* O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir Toby. What, for being a Puritan! Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir Andrew. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough."

And to the same imbecile knight Shakespeare gives (Act III., scene 2) a reference to the Brownists, who were much dreaded in Elizabeth's time for their advocacy of freedom of opinion in matters of doctrine. "Policy I hate," says Sir Andrew; "I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician." Was not this meant for good-natured satire upon that unreasoning clamour against earnest men which comes often from poverty of wit?

The first day of action, after the three months' interval, ends with the third scene of the Second Act, when Sir Toby's making a night of it has gone far into the morning. "Come, come," he says, "I'll go burn some sack, 't is too late to go to bed now."

The next scene opens in Orsino's palace with the morning of the second day. To this one day all following incidents of the play belong. There is again the prelude of soft music:—

"Give me some music;—now, good morrow, friends:—
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night."

Feste, the clown, who is to sing it, is not at hand. Let the music then be played until he comes. And so the spirit of young love then speaks again with music in the air.

In this scene is a passage that has been perverted into show of evidence that Shakespeare was not happy in his wife Anne, because she was older than he, although there is no good ground whatever for supposing that Shakespeare's married life was unhappy. Orsino asks Cesario if his fancy has been caught by some far favour. Viola answers, "A little, by your favour." "What kind of woman is't?" "Of your complexion." "She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?" "About your years, my lord?" "Too old, by heaven." And then Orsino reasons that the woman should take an older than herself,

> "For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
> Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
> More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
> Than women's are;"

which reasoning, before the end of the scene, Orsino, in the fitfulness of his love fancies, absolutely reverses:

> "There is no woman's sides
> Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
> As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
> So big to hold so much: they lack retention.
> Alas! their love may be called appetite,
> No motion of the liver, but the palate,
> That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt."

Here, as elsewhere, the variation is designed. Between the earlier and later view of the relative powers of love in men and women is an interval of about ten minutes, within which the Clown has said to Orsino, "The melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything, and their intent everywhere." Certainly those critics have put to sea who suppose a dramatist is thinking of himself when he is living in the persons of his story.

Sir Toby's delight in Maria's trick upon Malvolio completes her conquest of him. "I could marry the wench," he says, "for this." Sir Andrew, with no more wit of his own than an echo, says, "So could I too." "And ask no other dowry with her but such another

jest," says Sir Toby. "Nor I neither," says Sir Andrew. And Sir Toby does marry her, as Fabian tells at the end.

"Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompence whereof, he hath married her.'

In the Third Act, it is in the third scene—in the middle of the play—that Sebastian first comes among the other persons of the story, and the few hours' confusion begins between brother and sister, which leads on to the happy close. At the first, when Antonio, finding her as Cesario, mistakes Viola for Sebastian, and at the profession of ignorance says,

"Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be called deformed but the unkind,"

Viola's after-thought is,

"He named Sebastian: I my brother knew
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate. O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love."

The Fourth Act is of cross-purposes that lead to the close of the Act with the marriage of Sebastian to Olivia, who takes him for Cesario.

"*Oli.* Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by; there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?
Sebastian. I'll follow this good man, and go with you,
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true."

There is not in Bandello, nor in Belleforest, nor in Barnabe Riche, nor in "Gl' Ingannati," nor in "Inganni," this consecration of the lady's love.

The Fifth Act is occupied with the untying of the knot; the close of this Act being, according to the testimony of the priest, only two hours after the marriage of Olivia. The lapse of three months since the shipwreck is twice made clear: by the testimony of Antonio that he had nursed Sebastian for three months, and the reply of the duke, "Three months this youth hath tended upon me." It is equally clear that from the beginning of the fourth scene of the Second Act we have the adventures of a single day. Malvolio was not long kept in the dark. Sir Toby cannot be said to have gone to bed drunk last night, for he drank till it was too late to go to bed, and burnt more sack. He has gone through the day as usual, with cunning enough to amuse himself and keep Sir Andrew well in hand:

"*Fabian.* This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir Toby. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so."

When Sir Andrew proposes to make peace by giving Cesario his horse grey Capilet, Sir Toby sees his way to a bit of filching, and says to himself, "Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as you." But Sir Toby is drunk before the day is over, very drunk when we see the last of him. Whether he was sober when he married Maria, does not matter to her. He is a knight with good possessions, which he will not diminish while he lives a short life and a merry one on the contents of other folks' pockets, and cellars. Maria will have made, in the world's opinion, a good match. She will soon be a knight's widow, with handsome possessions; and she will have no difficulty in changing the unsavoury name of Lady Belch for that of some good man whom she may really care for.

But to Olivia and to Orsino, who finds in Viola "his fancy's queen," Sebastian and Viola will bring the satisfaction of young longing for a love that glorifies all beauty of the world, that feeds on music, and "lies rich when canopied with bowers." Their pure ideal will put noblest aims into the workday life of all their years to come. They will wake from the young dream of perfections impossible on earth, but wake to a reality of helpful sympathy and trust, that makes the light of every day the light of God upon the way to heaven.

"The Taming of the Shrew" is an old play revised by Shakespeare. It was first printed in the folio of

1623, and not published in quarto until 1631, though there may have been a quarto of which issue was stayed in 1607 or 1609.

"The Taming of the Shrew."

A copy of the first known edition of the older play is dated 1594, and is in the library of the Duke of Devonshire. It is entitled "A Pleasant Conceited History, called The Taming of a Shrew. As it was sundry times acted by the Right Honorable the Earle of Pembrook his servants. Printed at London by Peter Short, and are to be sold by Cuthbert Burbie, at his shop at the Royal Exchange." It was reprinted in 1596 and again in 1607.

This older play is given as presented before Christopher Sly. Shakespeare took the idea of the "Induction" as he found it, and was answerable only for touches that enhance its humour. Thomas Warton, in his "History of English Poetry," says that he had seen, in a collection afterwards dispersed, a volume of comic stories by Richard Edwards, published in 1570, that contained a tale with incidents resembling those of the induction to "The Taming of the Shrew." That volume could not again be found. But in the papers of the old Shakespeare Society Mr. H. G. Norton printed in 1845, from a fragment of a book printed about 1620, a tale, called "The Waking Man's Dream," which, he thought, might be part of a reprint of the book that Thomas Warton saw. I do not think it was. "The Waking Man's Dream" gives, moralised at length, the same story that is to be found in Goulart's "Admirable and Memorable Histories," published in 1607. In Goulart it is a short story, which may be repeated here in full :—

"*The Waking Man's Dream.*"

"Philip called the good Duke of Bourgondy, in the memory of our ancestors, being at Bruxells with his Court and walking one night after supper through the streets, accompanied with some of his fauorits : he found lying vpon the stones a certaine Artisan that was

very dronke, and that slept soundly. It pleased the Prince in this Artisan to make a triall of the vanity of our life, whereof he had before discoursed with his familiar friends. Hee therfore caused this sleeper to bee taken vp and carried into his Pallace; hee commands him to bee layed in one of the richest beds, a riche Night-cap to bee giuen him, his foule shirt to bee taken off, and to have an other put on him of fine Holland: whenas this Dronkard had disgested his wine, and began to awake: behold there comes about his bed, Pages and Groomes of the Dukes Chamber, who drawe the Curteines, make many courtesies, and being bare-headed, aske him if it please him to rise, and what apparell it would please him to put on that day. They bring him rich apparrell. This new Monsieur amazed at such curtesie, and doubting whether hee dreampt or waked, suffered himselfe to be drest, and led out of the Chamber. There came Noblemen which saluted him with all honour, and conduct him to the Masse, where with great ceremonie they giue him the Booke of the Gospell, and the Pixe to kisse, as they did vsually vnto the Duke: from the Masse they bring him backe vnto the Pallace: hee washes his hands, and sittes downe at the Table well furnished. After dinner, the great Chamberlaine commandes Cardes to be brought with a great summe of money. This Duke in Imagination playes with the chiefe of the Court. Then they carrie him to walke in the Gardein, and to hunt the Hare and to Hawke. They bring him back vnto the Pallace, where hee sups in state. Candles beeing light, the Musitions begin to play, and the Tables taken away, the Gentlemen and Gentle-women fell to dancing, then they played a pleasant Comedie, after which followed a Banket, whereas they had presently store of Ipocras and precious Wine, with all sorts of confitures, to this Prince of the new Impression, so as he was drunke, & fell soundlie a sleepe. Here-upon the Duke commanded that hee should bee disrobed of all his riche attire. Hee was put into his olde ragges and carried into the same place, where hee had been found, the night before, where hee spent that night. Being awake in the morning, hee beganne to remember what had happened before, hee knewe not whether it was true in deede, or a dreame that had troubled his braine. But in the end, after many discourses, hee concluds that all was but a dreame that had happened vnto him, and so entertained his wife, his Children and his neighbours, without any other apprehension. This Historie put mee in minde of that which Seneca sayth in the ende of his 59 letter to Lvcilivs. No man saies he can reioyce and content himselfe, if he be not nobly minded, iust and temperate. What then? Are the wicked depriued of all ioye? they are glad as the Lions that haue found their prey.

Being full of wine and luxury, hauing spent the night in gourmandise, whenas pleasures poored into this vessell of the bodie (beeing to little to conteine so much) beganne to foame out, these miserables wretches crie with him of whome Virgill speakes—

"'Thou knowest, how in the midest of pastimes false & vaine,
We cast and past our latest night of paine.'

"The dissolute spend the night, yea the last night in false ioyes. O man, this stately vsage of the aboue named Artisan, is like vnto a dreame that passeth. And his goodly day, and the years of a wicked life differ nothing, but in more and lesse. He slept foure and twenty houres, other wicked men some-times foure and twenty thousands of houres. It is a little or a great dreame: and nothing more."

The story is told also in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and before its use in the old play it was evidently taken seriously as a picture of the vanity of earthly pomp. In "The Waking Man's Dream" the story is told as an old one, and after a prelude asking "who can in these passages of this world distinguish the things which have been done from those that have been dreamed? Vanities, delights, riches, pleasures and all are past and gone; are they not dreams?" the writer believes that the serious pleasantness of this example "will supply its want of novelty, and that its repetition will neither be unfruitful nor unpleasing."

The old moral of this tale was dropped by the first dramatist who used it, and was not revived by Shakespeare, who has only enlivened with many delightful touches the picture of a man who is little more than animal in his perceptions, with little more than animal desires and apprehensions, not, like Falstaff, by the misuse of his brains, but simply because he has never learnt to use them. It is rather Seneca's thought that no man can rejoice and content himself if he be not nobly minded, just and temperate.

Christopher Sly represents the untaught mind in relation

with a life it cannot understand; with little more than instinct in the place of reason, with good-humour bound in its ideas within the limits of a poverty that went to no school but the pothouse, and with feeble struggle after apprehension of a better state. Shakespeare has given in Sly his picture of man lowest in intellect, not because he has been degraded from a better state, but because there have been none to lift him from the dust. The sketch is a very genial one, and Christopher Sly is not without the kindly qualities that Shakespeare recognises always as the raw material of life. There were such qualities in Lancelot Gobbo; but even Lancelot Gobbo is, in the intellectual scale, high above Christopher Sly.

The old play makes Sly, when he awakes in the lord's chamber, believe himself at first in his old quarters, and say, gaping, "Tapster, gis a little small ale. Heigho!" Shakespeare makes a strong point of this: "For God's sake, a pot of small ale!" Sly cries, fully awake; and when sack is offered him, and all his powers of calling for whatever can give most delight have been insisted on till he believes at last he is a lord, he asks for "once again a pot o' the smallest ale." If Midas, uneducated to the sense of higher pleasures, leaves the good sack of our literature, whereof he can have more than enough to sustain health, strength, and pleasure through a lifetime, and sends, let us say, daily to circulating libraries for the poor sort of novels of the day, the footman of Midas will come to the library-keeper with Christopher Sly's demand for "once again a pot o' the smallest ale." When his Christopher Sly sat as audience at a play, there may have been a good-humoured turn of thought in Shakespeare's mind not very remote from that which caused Ben Jonson to pour scorn upon his critics in the playhouse. But Shakespeare had no scorn for the shortcomings of men and women who were, to his mind, for the most part good

fellows if they were not all poets, and if the companionship of the world had failed often to furnish the most wholesome training to their minds.

Pleasant studies may be made of the touches with which Shakespeare puts new life into the old play of "The Taming of a Shrew," that was presented before Christopher Sly. On the first page, the nobleman who enters from hunting, tells, in the elder play, that night is drawing on, by declaiming, in five lines, about its gloomy shadow that leaps from the Antarctic to view Orion's drizzling looks; which is entirely in the manner of the elder poetry. Shakespeare cuts all that out; but he develops the next three lines, which are about coupling the hounds and seeing them well fed, into thirteen or fourteen lines of dialogue that present the huntsman keen in recollection of his sport, and full of interest in the several achievements of his dogs, Merriman, Clowder, Silver, Belman, Echo. Dramatic and poetic form is thus given to the lord inspirited by the day's chase; while in each play the thought is the same—"Let the dogs have good suppers; they have earned them well."

Transference of the scene of the play from Athens to Padua, change of the names of characters, improvements in the conduct and the interweaving of the separate courtships of the sisters, and a new wealth of wit added to the scenes that directly concern Katharine and Petruchio, are all joined to such touches as these, that again and again add grace to the poetical side of "The Taming of the Shrew."

Among the changes of name is that of Ferando to Petruchio. One of the earliest comedies of modern Europe, "Gli Suppositi" of Ariosto, founds its jests upon the actions of persons representing others than themselves, who are *Suppositi*, substitutes. This Italian comedy was translated in 1566 by George Gascoigne, who awkwardly reproduced

the Italian word by calling the play "The Supposes."* In Gascoigne's translation the name of Petruchio occurs. In the first scene of the Fifth Act of "The Taming of the Shrew" the incidents suggest some inspirations from Ariosto's comedy through Gascoigne's translation, and in that scene the word "supposes" is used in the sense derived from "Gli Suppositi":—

> "Here's Lucentio,
> Right son to the right Vincentio;
> That have by marriage made thy daughter mine
> While counterfeit *supposes* bleared thine eyne."

This was first pointed out by John Payne Collier. It may be said in passing, that some critics believe the part of the play that tells the courtship of Bianca to have been arranged, in concert with Shakespeare, by another dramatist.

The main feature in Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" is generally more or less missed in the acting, and sometimes overlooked in the reading. There is an old undated poem of 1550 or 1560, once popular, called, "A merry Ieste of a shrewde and curste Wyfe, lapped in Morrelle's Skin, for her good behaviour." The shrewish wife, when kindness fails, is whipped by her husband mercilessly in a cellar, and then tied in the salted hide of an old horse, Morel, that keeps her wounds smarting. So she is forced to yield the supremacy to her husband, who is then kind to her for the rest of her days. That story was current at the time when Shakespeare revised the "Taming of a Shrew," and the brutal cure for a shrew involves a view of the case which is in flat contradiction to Shakespeare's lesson.

There is an old tradition of the English stage which makes the actor of Petruchio go through his part with a cart-whip in his hand which he is continually cracking. It

* "E. W." viii. 263, 264.

is quite possible that even in Shakespeare's time some actor blundered upon this way of confounding in the mind of the spectator the rough spirit of the tamer of the wife in Morel's skin with the better wit and wisdom of Petruchio. Petruchio is a gentleman who tames a woman of bad temper by showing her in himself its inconvenience, while he is so far from any possibility of striking her with a whip that he does not even strike her with his tongue. As Katharine herself puts it:

> "—I, who never knew how to entreat,
> Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
> With oaths kept waiting, and with brawling fed,
> And that which spites me more than all these wants,
> He does it under name of perfect love."

There is not a word or an act of Petruchio towards Katharine, in all his boisterous assumption of a temper like her own, that can live in her mind and spoil the happiness of after-days with the sting of unkindness. They are both choleric; the meat is over-roasted, it will do them harm. The attendance is not good enough, the dresses are not good enough, for her. She learns to flinch from the discomfort caused by a rash temper in a man who at the wildest pays her honour, and does not stab her with one bitter word. That is the "Taming of the Shrew" in Shakespeare's fashion. Face her boldly, flinch from nothing but temptation to unkind retort. Show temper, too, until she longs for peace; but when the peace comes let there be memories of many loyal and no cruel words associated with the rougher part. The "Wife Lapped in Morel's Skin" was tamed as brutal men tame beasts into a state of fear, placed far away from true companionship. Katharine learnt to flinch from nothing but her own fault set before her eyes, by one who at the same time mixed it with all fulness of affection to herself.

CHAPTER XIII.

OF OTHER POETS, CHIEFLY DRAMATISTS, FROM 1596 TO 1603.

Palladis Tamia has been often named as an authority for the dating of plays written by Shakespeare before 1598. It was compiled by Francis Meres, who published it in 1598 as the second part of "Wit's Commonwealth," a similar book first published in 1597, at the suggestion of John Bodenham, who began the work, though he was aided by other compilers working for the publisher, Nicholas Ling.

"Wit's Commonwealth:" Bodenham.

Bodenham's book was called *Politeuphuia*, "Wit's Commonwealth." From the first sentences of Nicholas Ling's letter "to his very good friend Mr. Bodenham" we learn the relation of the publisher to the work: "What you seriously began long since, and have always been very careful for the full perfection of, at length thus finished, although perhaps not so well to your expectation, I present you with, as one before all most worthy of the same, both in respect of your earnest travail therein, and the great desire you have continually had for the general profit." Bodenham seems to have conceived the plan, begun to work at it, and passed it on to the publisher for completion. Ling describes it as an "old and new burthen of Wit; new in its form and title, though otherwise old, and of great antiquity, as being a methodical collection of the most choice and select Admonitions and Sentences, compendiously drawn from infinite

variety—Divine, Historical, Poetical, Politic, Moral, and Humane."

The book is a compilation of witty and wise sayings, classified into sections of God, Heaven, Angels, Virtue, Peace, Truth, Conscience, Prayer, Blessedness, Love, Jealousy, Hate, Women, Beauty, Dissimulation, Folly, Flattery, Suspicion, Thoughts, Wit, Wisdom, Sermons, Memory, Learning, Knowledge, Eloquence, Poetry, Admiration, Schools, Ignorance, Goodness, Comfort, Patience, Friendship, Temperance, Innocency, Kings, Nobility, Honour, Liberality, Benefits, Courtesy, Justice, Law, Counsel, Precepts, Consideration, Office, Ancestry, War, Generals in War, Policy, Courage, Fame, Rage, and about twice as many topics more. Each topic is headed with a definition: thus of Rage—"*Defin.* Rage is a short fury, the inflammation of the blood and alteration of the heart: it is a desire of Revenge, or regardless care of friends and enemy of all reason, and as uneasy to be guided by another as a furious Tyrant." The sentences are short, many derived from the Greeks and Latins, to which a few have their sources given, as "He overcometh a stout enemy that overcometh his own anger. *Chilo.*"—"There is no safe counsel to be taken from the mouth of an angry man. *Anax.*" This book of sentences—thoughts expressed sententiously—was very popular. It reached an eighteenth edition in 1661, and continued to be reprinted until the end of the seventeenth century; there was an edition in 1678, another in 1699.

Palladis Tamia, compiled by Francis Meres, was a similar book, issued in 1598 as a Second Part of "Wit's Treasury." Francis Meres, son of Thomas Meres, of Kirton in Holland, Lincolnshire, was M.A. of Cambridge when he was incorporated at Oxford in July, 1593. He was a minister and schoolmaster. His *Palladis Tamia* became a noted school-book, in which the

Palladis Tamia: Meres.

religious element of life was carefully included. It was divided, like *Politeuphuia*, into sections, as Of God, with sub-sections of His unity, simplicity, and perfection: God is invisible and incomprehensible; God is not the author of Sin; the patience and longanimity of God; God's Providence; the mercy and love of God; the justice of God. Christ. The Holy Ghost. Heaven. Angels. The Word of God. The Church. Preachers. Sermons. A Christian. Man. Good Men: the Gifts of Men are Diverse; so many Men, so many Minds; Wicked and Ungodly Men. Woman. The Soul. The Mind. The Goods of the Mind. The Diseases of the Mind. The Heart. Conscience. Doctors and Doctrine. Arts and Disciplines. Education. Parents. Children. Cockering. Youth. Virtue. Faith; Hope; Charity. Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, Temperance. Abstinence; Prayer; Almsdeeds. Devotion. The Fear of the Lord. Perseverance. Piety. Goodness. Humility; Patience; Obedience; Repentance; Truth, Concord, and many more. In Meres's book there is a more systematic ordering of the sections, the source is given of each sententious passage, and there is a larger proportion of long sentences, because there is a larger citation of similes, more use of euphuistic ornaments of style. Thus, while every thought sententiously expressed is confined, in each book, within limits of a grammatical sentence, simple sentences abound in Bodenham's "Wit's Commonwealth," while in Meres's Second Part the sentences are usually complex and compound. Both were small books, of a size convenient for the sleeve pocket, and were used by the polite reader as storehouses of good matter for flavouring conversation when conversation was practised as an art. Both also were designed for use in schools, and they were largely used as school-books for the training of boys to neatness in expression of sound thought. Sentences in Bodenham and Meres were turned by the schoolboys into Latin, and there

was a dictionary specially compiled to lessen difficulty found in the translation of those books. Because the shorter sentences in Bodenham were easier to translate than the longer sentences in Meres, which had, perhaps, been partly designed as an exercise book for the more advanced boys in a school—to be taken, therefore, after Bodenham's—*Politeuphuia* was in chief demand and was more frequently reprinted.

Both books consist—Bodenham's wholly and Meres's almost wholly—of general maxims; but *Palladis Tamia* has become inseparably associated with the study of English writers under Elizabeth by the fact that on twelve of its three hundred and thirty-three small leaves—leaves 275 to 288—Meres treats of "Poetrie," "Poets," "Painting," "Music," with distinct citation of poets, painters, and musicians then living in England. While teaching how to compare English poets with poets of the old classical world, he gives an index to Elizabethan opinion in a section—leaves 279 to 287—called "A comparative discourse of our English poets with Greek, Latin, and Italian Poets." In this section he secured for his book, by chance, lasting connection with the study of Shakespeare by giving a list of plays of Shakespeare known to him in 1598.

Meres on Contemporary Poets.

Meres names as our three old poets Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate; likens Chaucer to Homer; says that "Piers Plowman was the first that observed the true quantitie of our verse without curiositie of rime." He cites as a verse-chronicler Harding "(after his manner of old harsh riming)"; supposes that John Skelton "applied his wit to scurrilities and ridiculous matters;" considers that as Gonsalvo Perez, "in translating the Ulysses of Homer out of Greeke into Spanish, hath by good iudgment auoided the fault of Ryming, although not fully hit perfect and true versifying: so hath Henrie Howarde that true and noble Earle of

Surrey in translating the fourth book of Virgils Æneas, whom Michael Drayton in his Englands heroycall Epistles hath eternized for an Epistle to his faire Geraldine." The Englishmen named by Meres as Latin poets are Walter Haddon, Nicholas Carr, Gabriel Harvey, Christopher Ocland, Thomas Newton, Thomas Watson, Thomas Campion, Brunswerd, and Willey. We have met with all these except the two last named. John Brownswerd, who died on the fifteenth of April, 1589, at the age of about fifty, was a Cheshire man, who studied at both universities, and became head-master of the grammar school at Macclesfield. His friend Thomas Newton edited his Latin verse in the year of his death as *Progymnasmata quædam Poetica, sparsim collecta et in lucem edita studia et industria Thomæ Newton, Cestreshyrii.* Richard Willey dedicated to Lord Burghley *Ricardi Willei Poematum Liber*, published by Tottel in 1572, Meres cites, as enrichers of the English tongue, Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Chapman. Of George Chapman we have yet to speak. Sidney he calls our rarest poet, who yet wrote his "Arcadia" in prose. Of the "Faerie Queene" Meres says he knows not what more excellent poem may be written, and, as Achilles was greater than Hector because he was extolled by Homer, "so Spenser's Elisa the Faerie Queen hath the advantage of all Queenes in the worlde, to bee eternized by so diuine a Poet. As Theocritus is famoused for his Idyllia in Greeke, and Virgill for his Eclogs in Latine: so Spenser their imitatour in his Shepheardes Calender, is renowned for the like argument, and honoured for fine Poeticall inuention, and most exquisite wit." Parallels are then found for Daniel, who "hath diuinely sonetted the matchlesse beauty of his Delia," through whom "euery one passionateth when he readeth the afflicted death of Daniel's distressed Rosamond;" and whose "Civil Wars" of York and Lancaster, like Drayton's "Civil Wars" of

Edward II. and the Barons, are to be paralleled with Lucan's Civil Wars of Pompey and Cæsar. "As Virgil doth imitate Catullus in the like matter of Ariadne for his story of Queen Dido: so Michael Drayton doth imitate Ouid in his 'Englands Heroical Epistles.' As Sophocles was called a Bee for the sweetnes of his tongue, so in Charles Fitz Iefferies 'Drake;'" and Drayton is termed Golden-mouthed, "for the purity and preciousnesse of his stile and phrase." Meres next cites the "passionate penning" of Drayton's "tragedies" after the manner of "The Mirror for Magistrates," "valiant Robert of Normandy, chaste Matilda, and great Gaveston," and tells that Drayton "is now penning in English verse a poem called Polyolbion, Geographical and Hydrographicall of all the forests, woods, mountaines, fountains, riuers, lakes, floods, bathes and springs that be in England." In the next paragraph Meres bears witness to the personal character of Drayton: "As Aulus Persius Flaccus is reported among al writers to be of an honest life and vpright conuersation: so Michael Drayton (*quem toties honoris et amoris causa nomino*) among schollers, souldiours, Poets, and all sorts of people, is helde for a man of vertuous disposition, honest conuersation, and wel gouerned carriage, which is almost miraculous among good wits in these declining and corrupt times, when there is nothing but rogery in villanous man, and when cheating and craftines is counted the cleanest wit, and soundest wisdome." Praise follows next of Warner "in his absolute Albion's Englande": "I have heard him termd of the best wits of both our Vniuersities, our English Homer." Indeed, we seem to be, for a small country, very well supplied with Homers. Warner is likened also by Meres to Euripides: "As Euripides is the most sententious among the Greek Poets: so is Warner among our English Poets."

Next comes the important reference to Shakespeare, important not for anything in the opinion it expresses, but

for some definite information that it gives: "As the soule of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweete wittie soule of Ovid lives in mellifluous and hony-tongued Shakespeare; witnes his 'Venus and Adonis,' his 'Lucrece,' his sugred Sonnets among his private friends, &c.

"As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for tragedy among the Latines, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy, witnes his 'Gentlemen of Verona,' his 'Errors,' his 'Love's Labor's Lost, his 'Love's Labour's Wonne,' his 'Midsummers Night Dreame,' and his 'Merchant of Venice;' for tragedy, his 'Richard the 2,' 'Richard the 3,' 'Henry the 4,' 'King John,' 'Titus Andronicus,' and his 'Romeo and Juliet.'

"As Epius Stolo said that the Muses would speake with Plautus' tongue, if they would speak Latin, so I say that the Muses would speak with Shakespeare's fine filed phrase, if they would speake English."

The next following parallels touch with their praise Marlowe and Chapman's "Hero and Leander;" apply Horace's *Exegi monumentum ære perennius* to Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, and Warner; match with six famous Italian poets Mathew Roydon, Thomas Atchelow, Thomas Watson, Thomas Kyd, Robert Greene, and George Peele.

Of these we have left hitherto unmentioned Thomas Atchelow, or Achelley, who published in 1576 one of Bandello's tales, "newly translated into English meter, 'A Most Lamentable and Tragicall historie, Conteyning the outrageous and horrible tyrannie which a Spanish gentlewoman named Violenta executed upon her lover Didaco, because he espoused another, being first betrothed to her.'" Thomas Achelley was a friend of Watson's, and one of those whose commendatory verses were prefixed to Watson's Ἑκατομπαθία. There has been, very doubtfully, ascribed to

Thomas Achelley a poem on twenty-three leaves, published in 1632 under the initials A. T.—Achelley's initials reversed—"called "The Massacre of Money." It may have been by a son of his, bearing the same Christian name, who was of Brasenose when he matriculated at Oxford in 1616, and was at Broadgates Hall when he became M.A. in 1620. He came from Shropshire.

Meres then celebrates as the chief heroic poets of his time Spenser and Warner; as the best lyric poets, Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, and Breton; as the best tragic poets, Lord Buckhurst, Dr. Legge of Cambridge, Edward Ferris, whom he calls the author of the "Mirrour of Magistrates," Marlowe, Peele, Watson, Kyd, Shakespeare, Drayton, Chapman, Dekker, and Benjamin Johnson. He cites two Latin tragedies by Dr. Legge, one of "Richard III.," the other of the "Destruction of Jerusalem."

Thomas Legge was born at Norwich in 1535, became a famous scholar at Cambridge, who graduated M.A. in 1560, and was made in 1573 Master of Caius College, in which office he was thought to be too friendly to the Romanists. In 1575 he proceeded to the degree of LL.D., having already taught in the university as Regius Professor of Civil Law. It was in 1579 that his Latin tragedy of "Richard III." was acted at Cambridge. His last tragedy of the "Destruction of Jerusalem," after careful preparation, was stolen from him just when it was about to be acted. Thomas Legge was Vice-Chancellor in 1592-93, became then a Master in Chancery, and died in 1607.

As our best poets for comedy Meres cites Edward, Earl of Oxford, Dr. Gager of Oxford, "Maister Rowley once a rare Schollar of learned Pembroke Hall of Cambridge," John Lyly, Lodge, Gascoigne, Greene, Shakespeare, Thomas Nash, Thomas Heywood, "Anthony Mundye, our best plotter," Chapman, Porter, Wilson, Hathway, and Henry Chettle.

As the best for satire, Meres names "Piers Plowman," Lodge, Hall of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, of whom and of other writers in Meres's list, whose names now occur for the first time, more will be said in later pages of this chapter, "the author of 'Pygmalion's Image' [John Marston], and the author of Skialetheia [Edward Guilpin]."

As Iambic poets, Meres names Gabriel Harvey and Richard Stanyhurst; as Elegiac poets, Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyat the elder, Sir Francis Bryan, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Edward Dyer, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, Whetstone, Gascoigne, Samuel Page, sometime Fellow of Corpus Christi College in Oxford, Churchyard, Breton. As Pastoral poets, Meres names Sidney, Chaloner, Spenser, Stephen Gosson, Abraham Fraunce, and Richard Barnfeild; as Epigrammatists, Heywood, Drant, Kendal, Bastard, Davies; as Royal poets, James VI. of Scotland, and Elizabeth of England. Richard Barnfeild said of James VI.,

> "The King of Scots, now living, is a poet,
> As his Lepanto and his Furies show it."

Of Elizabeth, Meres writes that she is "not only a liberal patrone vnto poets, but an excellent poete herself, whose learned, delicate and noble Muse surmounteth, be it in Ode, Elegy, Epigram, or in any other kind of poem, Heroicke, or Lyricke."

Meres passes then to favourers of poets, among whom he first celebrates "learned Mary, the honourable Countesse of Pembrook, the noble sister of immortall Sir Philip Sidney." Presently he goes on with his lists of poets, and pairs with George Buchanan's "Iephthe," as a tragedy able to abide the touch of Aristotle's precepts and Euripides' examples, Bishop Watson's "Absalon." Next follows a list of translators. Dr. Johnson for his Frogge-fight out of Homer, and Watson for his "Antigone" out of

Sophocles; Phaer for Virgil's "Æneid;" Golding for Ovid's "Metamorphoses;" Harington for his "Orlando Furioso;" the translators of Seneca's tragedies; Barnabe Googe for Palingenius; Turbervile for Ovid's Epistles and Mantuan, and Chapman for his inchoate Homer. As Emblematists, Meres cites Geoffrey Whitney, Andrew Willet, and Thomas Combe. Then he names, each with a classical parallel, Gervase Markham's translation of Solomon's Canticles into English verse, Charles Fitzgeoffrey's poem upon the life of Drake, and Tusser's Husbandry. He praises Tarleton and Wilson for skill in improvising verse, and refers to the "great and externall commendations" earned in this way by "our wittie Wilson" in his challenge at the Swan on the Bankside.

Next follow references to Harvey's attack on the dead Greene, to the liberties Nash took with Harvey, to the trouble brought upon Nash by his "Isle of Dogs." "Yet God forbid that so braue a witte should so basely perish, thine are but paper dogges, neither is thy banishment like Ovid's, eternally to conuerse with the barbarous Getes. Therefore comfort thy selfe, sweete Tom, with Cicero's glorious return to Rome, and with the counsel Æneas gives to his sea-beaten soldiors—lib. i., Aeneid.

> "'Pluck up thine heart, and drive from thence both feare and care away:
> To think on this may pleasure be perhaps another day.'"

Then the section ends with parallels for Peele's death by the pox, Greene's by a surfeit of pickled herrings and Rhenish wine, at which Nash was present; and Marlowe's pitiful end, stabbed, as the story here runs, by a serving-man who was his rival in lewd love.

Thus we get from an Elizabethan minister and schoolmaster, who unquestionably loved the poets and the players of his time, and was a personal friend of Drayton and some

other good writers, his own summary account of what he took to be the best verse literature of his day.

The Drama.

It was not until 1597 or 1598 that a new growth began in the drama, round about Shakespeare, who for a few years had stood as a single oak among much underwood. Young dramatists who would reach maturity in the reign of James I., were then producing their first works: among them Ben Jonson, whose first dramatic utterances were just known to Meres. Thomas Kyd, whom Ben Jonson afterwards styled "sportive," with sober reference to his surname and laughing reference to his plays, represents the old drama through the little that remains of much that he may have written. In one play it is the old drama with touch of the new energy, in scenes added by Ben Jonson to his "Spanish Tragedy."

Thomas Kyd.

Thomas Kyd was the son of Francis Kyd, a London scrivener. He entered Merchant Taylors' School on the twenty-sixth of October, 1565, and was, therefore, at school with Spenser, who left Merchant Taylors' in 1569. Kyd may have begun life in his father's business as scrivener. If so, he left that for literature, and was, perhaps, in Nash's mind when he spoke of those who left "the trade of *noverint* whereto they were born" to "pose as English Senecas, attempt Italian translations or two-penny pamphlets, and botch up a blank verse with ifs and ands." Kyd had his classical school training under Mulcaster, and could translate from French and Italian. His first book was a translation of Tasso's *Padre di Famiglia*, under the title of "The Householder's Philosophie, first written in Italian by that excellent orator and poet, Torquato Tasso, and now translated by T. K." This was published in 1598. Thomas Kyd had a brother John, who was admitted in February, 1584, to the freedom of the Stationers' Company, and for him he wrote, in 1592, the year of John's death, "The Truethe of the most wicked

and secret Murthering of John Brewen, goldsmith of London, committed by his own wife." Kyd wrote plays, and was a friend of Marlowe's. He wrote probably the "Rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune," first printed in 1589, but perhaps acted at Court in 1582, as "A History of Love and Fortune."* There is ascribed to him also, with reasonable confidence, "The Tragedye of Solyman and Perseda. Wherein is laid open Love's Constancy, Fortune's Inconstancy, and Death's Triumphs." It was entered at Stationers' Hall on the twentieth of November, 1592, but the earliest edition now extant is of 1599. The only play to which he is known to have put his name when printing it, was translated from the French, entered for publication in January, 1594, and published in 1595, as "Pompey the Great, his Faire Cornelia's Tragedie: effected by her father and husband's downcast, death, and fortune."

The French theatre was rising from translations to imitations of the Greek and Latin plays. Ronsard had translated the "Plutus" of Aristophanes. Octavien de Saint-Gelais had translated six comedies of Terence. Étienne Jodelle, Sieur de Limoudin, who died in 1573, aged forty-one, wrote plays of his own with choruses in imitation of the Greek, '*Cléopâtre captive*,' '*Didon se sacrifiant*.' His '*Eugène*' represented the disorders in the French Church under Henri II. Jodelle died neglected by the Court he served, and his last verse was a sonnet of reproach to Charles IX. Gabriel Bounym, in '*La Sultane*,' brought Turks on the stage in France. They were familiar, as we have seen, to playgoers in England. Jacques de la Taille, who died, twenty years old, in the same year as Jodelle, was the first writer of prose comedy in France, and in his '*Corrivaux*' he followed the traces of Ariosto and Macchiavelli. Larivey, a good writer of comedy, who was of about the same age as Jacques de la Taille, but lived until 1612,

The French Theatre.

* Reprinted by J. Payne Collier for the Roxburghe Club in 1851.

professed himself an imitator of the comic poets of Italy. He was Italian born, and translated his Italian name, Giunti, into L'Arrivé. Among these dramatists it was Robert Garnier, born in 1545, at Ferté Bernard, in Maine, who held the chief place among French writers of tragedy. He studied law at Toulouse, left law for poetry, and died in 1601. Garnier took Seneca for his model, but applied classical themes to the life of his own time. In his '*Porcie*,' like English dramatists under Elizabeth, he took a parable from civil war, avowedly that he might paint in it calamities like those of his own time; for civil war in France was actual and present when Garnier wrote. Garnier earned praise also for improvements in the versification of French plays. It was he who first gave regular form to the use of masculine and feminine rhymes. His themes were '*Hippolyte*;' '*Marc Antoine*;' '*la Troade*;' '*Antigone*;' '*Bradamante*;' '*Sédécie*;' '*Cléopâtre*,' and the '*Cornélie*' that Kyd turned into English. But, with all his merits, Garnier is too rhetorical, and Kyd pleased rather the critical world than the public at large by his translated play; while his own "Spanish Tragedy" pleased the public at large rather than the critical world that found much in it to be ridiculous. There was nothing in it more ridiculous than in some older plays of the same sort; but it fell upon times when Shakespeare had given to the thoughtful a new sense of what a play could be.

Kyd's authorship of "The Spanish Tragedy" is inferred from a passage in Thomas Heywood's "Apology for Actors, containing three briefe Treatises. (1) Their antiquity; (2) their ancient dignity; (3) the true use of their quality," a pamphlet of sixty pages, first published in 1612. Heywood says, "Therefore, Mr. Kyd, in his 'Spanish Tragedy,' upon occasion presenting itself," thus writes:

> "Why, Nero thought it no disparagement,
> And kings and emperors have true delight
> To make experience of their wits in plays."

There can be little doubt that the shorter play called "The First Part of Jeronimo" was written after the success of "The Spanish Tragedy," as a dramatic enlargement of the story of preceding action, which is sufficiently narrated in the First Act of that play. I do not at all doubt that the First Part was written, not by Kyd, soon after the "Spanish Tragedy" appeared, to catch some profit from the popularity of the main piece. Prynne, in his "Histriomastix," quoted against plays, from Richard Braithwaite's "English Gentlewoman," the story of "a late English gentlewoman of good rank" who spent much of her time at the theatre. When she came to die, she was exhorted by her minister to repent and call upon God for mercy. To which she made no reply but "Jeronimo! Jeronimo! O let me see Jeronimo acted!" and so closed her dying eyes.

"The First Part of Jeronimo."

"The First Part of Jeronimo with the Warres of Portugall and the Life and Death of Don Andrea," was first published in 1605, and was reprinted (from a copy among Garrick's books in the British Museum) in the edition of Dodsley's Old Plays published in 1825, with Additional Notes and Corrections by "the late" Isaac Reed, Octavius Gilchrist, and John Payne Collier, the editor. Thomas Hawkins, in his three volumes of plays illustrating "the Origin of the English Drama," published at the Clarendon Press in 1773, included among his specimens "The Spanish Tragedy." He called Langbaine's statement that there was a First and Second Part of Hieronimo a mistake, and said they were the same plays with varied titles, issued in the same year by different printers. Here he made two mistakes in the correction of one right statement of a fact.

"*The First Part of Jeronimo*"

begins with the King of Spain and other chief Spaniards of the story banqueting at the house of Jeronimo, who is during the feast

created Marshal of Spain. His first words are of affection for his young son Horatio, who is to kneel by him and join in thanks for the honour conferred on their house. Jeronimo remembers also that it is his year of jubilee; he is fifty years old this day. Then an ambassador returns from Portugal with refusal of the tribute left now three years in arrear. There must be war against Portugal; but the King of Spain takes Jeronimo's advice that a new ambassador be sent, able as any to avert war by his friendly reasoning, and bold as any, if need be, to raise his gall up to his tongue. Jeronimo names Don Andrea. The king assents to this; but would have named Horatio, were he not too young. The lords assent, one saying,

> "Let it be Don Andrea,
> He's a worthy limb,
> Loves wars and soldiers, therefore I love him."

All then go out except Lorenzo, the King's nephew, who feels himself slighted. Lorenzo is chief villain of the tale, and knows it very well. "I hate Andrea," he says,

> "I hate Andrea, 'cause he aims at honour, when
> My purest thoughts are in a pitchy vale,
> Which are as different as heaven and hell.
> One peers for day, the other gapes for night.
> That yawning beldam with her jetty skin,
> 'Tis she I hug as mine effeminate bride,
> For such complexions best appease my pride.
> I have a lad in pickle of this stamp,
> A melancholy discontented courtier,
> Whose famished jaws look like the chap of death:
> Upon whose eyebrows hang damnation;
> Whose hands are washed in rape and murders bold:
> Him with a golden bait I will allure
> (For courtiers will do anything for gold)
> To be Andrea's death at his return.
> He loves my sister; that shall cost his life:
> So she a husband, he shall lose a wife.
> O sweet, sweet policy, I hug thee! Good:
> Andrea's Hymen's draught shall be in blood."

Before Lorenzo gives instructions to his "lad in pickle," Lazarotto, Horatio and Andrea meet as dearest friends, and Bellimperia, Lorenzo's sister, takes leave of Andrea in the presence of his friend. Then

Lorenzo talks with his lad Lazarotto, his "soul's spaniel," his "life's jetty substance," his "sweet mischief, honey damnation," and plots with him to cross the love of Andrea and Bellimperia. Jeronimo and his son Horatio enter behind, and hear the plot arranged by Lazarotto. Alcario, the Duke Medina's son, loves Bellimperia. Lorenzo shall place him in his private gallery to court his sister with rich gifts. If she be not so won, Lazarotto will murder Andrea upon his return to Portugal. These being gone, Jeronimo and Horatio express their feelings. Horatio will write letters to his friend. "Murder Andrea!" Jeronimo's wife, Isabella, enters, and the little household is together on the stage. She departs, and Horatio remains astonished at Lorenzo's plot. "Murder Andrea!" But Jeronimo says he will foil the plotters. "My mind's a giant, though my bulk be small." Several such allusions in this piece to the small bulk of Jeronimo show that the part was acted, or meant by its writer to be acted, by Burbage, who was the first Hieronimo of "The Spanish Tragedy."

We pass to Portugal, where Andrea, unable to persuade, defies, and is gallantly answered by the king and his son, Balthazar. Between Balthazar and Andrea there are friendly valiant challenges to meet and charge each other in the coming fight. We return to Spain, where Alcario is set by Lorenzo on his sister Bellimperia. Lorenzo tells him that he is in person exactly like Andrea, and would be mistaken for him by Bellimperia if he wore Andrea's clothes.

> "I have a suit just of Andrea's colours,
> Proportioned in all parts:—nay, 'twas his own:
> This suit within my closet you shall wear."

Andrea is expected home in a few days. The suit is worn. Bellimperia mistakes Alcario for Andrea; but so also does Lazarotto, who had arranged to kill Andrea upon his return. Having been kept ignorant of Lorenzo's after-thought, he kills Alcario believing him to be Andrea. Then Andrea returns. Lazarotto is carried off to execution, persuaded by Lorenzo that he will plead for him, while Lorenzo makes sure of his death. There are some superfluous touches of eccentric business for Jeronimo in dictating to his son a letter. This had no object but to satisfy a public that would think nothing of Jeronimo unless he were a little mad. Last comes the fight between Spaniards and Portuguese, in which single heroes slay each other. Andrea and Balthazar meet, miss each other, meet again, till at last Balthazar in distress is rescued by Portuguese, who kill Andrea. Horatio rescues his friend's body,

overcomes Balthazar and makes him prisoner, but Lorenzo, coming by, takes up Balthazar's weapons and claims the prisoner as his. The Portuguese are defeated, Andrea's funeral procession passes. In following Andrea's body, Horatio has a vision of Andrea's ghost, with Revenge for a companion, and hears dialogue between them that precisely joins this "First Part" to the beginning of "The Spanish Tragedy." The First Part ends with Horatio hero of the day. Jeronimo looks in to take leave of the audience—

> "Embrace them, and take friendly leave.
> My arms are of the shortest,
> Let your loves piece them out.
> You're welcome all, as I am a gentleman.
> For my son's sake, grant me a man at least,
> At least I am."

The only addition in this piece to the story of the death of Andrea, as narrated in the opening of "The Spanish Tragedy," the narrative on which I take it to have been founded, is the plotting of Lazarotto and Lorenzo to thwart the loves of Bellimperia and Andrea, and the whole episode of Alcario arising out of it. But there is nothing in "The Spanish Tragedy" that turns on this.

"The Spanish Tragedy."

The earliest known edition of "The Spanish Tragedy" refers to a yet earlier impression, in its title of "The Spanish Tragedie, containing the lamentable ende of Don Horatio and Bel-imperia: with the pittiful death of old Hieronimo. Newly corrected and amended of such grosse faultes as passed in the former impresion." This was printed, without date, "by Edward Allde for Edward White," and again, in 1599, "by William White, dwelling in Cow Lane." There was another edition in 1602, including the insertions for which Philip Henslowe paid Ben Jonson forty shillings on the twenty-fifth of September, 1601. This was said, therefore, upon its title-page to be "Newly corrected, amended, and enlarged, with new additions of the Painters part, and others, as it hath of late been diuers times acted." It was printed by William White for Thomas

Pavier, and sold at the "Cat and Parrots," near the Exchange. In 1605 the same publisher followed it with the first issue of "The First Part of Jeronimo." In 1610 Pavier produced another edition of "The Spanish Tragedy."

"*The Spanish Tragedy*"

begins with the ghost of Andrea brought by Revenge to see the retribution that falls on his enemies. This is a feature illustrating the strong influence of Seneca's plays on the old English drama. The ghost of Tantalus is so brought in by a Fury at the opening of Seneca's "Thyestes." The ghost of Thyestes, at the opening of Seneca's "Agamemnon"—*opaca linquens Ditis inferni loca*—incites his son Ægisthus to avenge old wrongs on Agamemnon. There was like use of a ghost at the opening of our old play of "The Misfortunes of Arthur."

The ghost of Andrea describes what he saw in the under-world, tells how Minos Æacus and Rhadamanthus agreed in sending him to Pluto, and how Proserpine begged of Pluto that she might give his doom.

> "Pluto was pleased and sealed it with a kiss.
> Forthwith, Revenge, she rounded thee in the ear,
> And bade thee lead me through the gates of horn,
> Where dreams have passage in the silent night:
> No sooner had she spoke, but we were here,
> I wot not how, in twinkling of an eye.
> *Revenge.* Then know, Andrea, that thou art arrived
> Where thou shalt see the author of thy death,
> Don Balthazar, the Prince of Portingale,
> Deprived of life by Bellimperia.
> Here sit we down to see the mystery,
> And serve for Chorus in this tragedy."

The opening scenes then fully set forth in dramatic narrative the part of the story that precedes the action of the play. It is to be noted in this narrative that there is no softening of the fact that Andrea was slain in fair fight, "brave man at arms, but weak to Balthazar." The unknown writer of "The First Part of Jeronimo," wishing to exalt Andrea, made Balthazar weak to Andrea, Andrea killed by the Portuguese who rescued Balthazar from his prevailing arms. That variation helps to show that "The First Part of Jeronimo" was not by Kyd.

Attended by Hieronimo, the Spanish king and his brother of

Castile, who is father to fair Bellimperia and the villain Lorenzo, receive from the war the general who tells the defeat of the Portuguese, the death of Andrea, and the capture of Balthazar. The king decides on the divided claims to the great prisoner of war. Lorenzo shall have his weapons and his horse, Horatio his ransom; and, as Lorenzo has the larger state, it is he who shall have the prisoner in guard as guest of Spain.

The scene changes to Portugal, whose king, viceroy for Spain, has conceded tribute. He mourns for his son Balthazar, whom he thinks dead. A base Villuppo, who owes grudge to an Alexandro, accuses Alexandro of having, in the battle, shot Balthazar in the back. Alexandro is imprisoned till the manner of his death shall be determined, and Villuppo is to have reward.

The scene changes to Spain, where Horatio tells at length to Bellimperia the story of Andrea's death, and Bellimperia resolves that Andrea's friend, Horatio, shall be her second love. Her brother Lorenzo urges upon her the love of Prince Balthazar, who pleads vainly for himself and sees Horatio favoured. The king of Spain and his lords banquet in state. Hieronimo graces the banquet with a masque of three kings, two of Portugal and one of Spain, who all submitted to the arms of Englishmen. So ends the First Act, with Andrea's ghost dissatisfied because he sees "nothing but league, and love, and banqueting." Revenge bids him be still, and wait to see love turned to hate and hope into despair.

At any time a person in this play of Kyd's may drop into a few lines of Latin verse or a few words of Italian. At the beginning of the Second Act, Lorenzo is urging Balthazar not to despair in his suit to Bellimperia. His argument begins with lines of translation from the hundred and third sonnet of Serafino: *

> "In time the savage bull sustains the yoke;
> In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure;
> In time small wedges cleave the hardest oak;
> In time the flint is pierced with softest shower;
> And she in time will fall from her disdain,
> And rue the sufferance of your friendly pain."
>
> *Balthazar.* No, she is wilder and more hard withal
> Than beast or bird or tree or stony wall."

* "*Col tempo el vilanello al giogo mena*
El Tor si fiero, e si crudo animale,
Col tempo el Falcon s'usa à menar l'ale
E ritornare à te chiamando à pena," &c.

But Kyd here is quoting Serafino through Thomas Watson, and closely following the first lines of the forty-seventh sonnet of his Ἑκατομπαθία:

> "In time the bull is brought to wear the yoke;
> In time all haggard hawks will stoop the lures;
> In time small wedge will cleave the sturdiest oak;
> In time the marble wears with weakest shewres:
> More fierce is my sweet Love, more hard withal
> Than beast or bird, than tree or stony wall."

Lorenzo draws, by bribery, from Bellimperia's servant, Pedringano, a knowledge of his sister's love for Horatio. Pedringano shows to Lorenzo and Balthazar Horatio and Bellimperia talking love together, and agreeing to meet at dusk in a garden bower. A scene follows, in which the King of Spain bids the ambassador from Portugal report his willingness to confirm peace by the marriage of Prince Balthazar with his niece, Bellimperia. Then Bellimperia meets Horatio at the bower, setting her false servant, Pedringano, to watch against intrusion. Lorenzo and Balthazar, with Pedringano and another servant, Cerberine, all disguised, break on the love-talk when its passion draws towards a climax. They seize Horatio and hang him in the arbour, Lorenzo adding a few stabs.

Bellimperia cries wildly, "Murder! murder! Help, Hieronimo! help!" She has her mouth stopped, and is hurried away.

Hieronimo has heard the cry in the night, and enters in his shirt, cuts down the body, and discovers it to be the body of his son. His wife Isabella enters, and they both lament.

Here follows the first of the additions of Ben Jonson. It is a poetical expansion of the lament and of the first signs of madness in Hieronimo, that has natural pathos. The Act ends with Hieronimo running into Latin verse while he holds his sword's point at his breast. But he must live for revenge. The ghost of Andrea complains that he sees no revenge yet on his enemies, but is bidden wait. He talks of harvest when the corn is green.

The Third Act begins with the King of Portugal about to burn Alexandro alive for the murder of Prince Balthazar, when the ambassador returns from Spain. The truth is made known, and the punishment is transferred to Villuppo, his false accuser. Then we return to Spain, and hear Hieronimo—Jeronimo—lamenting in a style at which Ben Jonson laughed when, in "Every Man in his Humour,"

he made Master Mathew, the weak-headed town fop, read them to Bobadil.*

" Oh eyes! no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears:
Oh life! no life, but lively form of death:
Oh world! no world, but mass of public wrongs,
Confused and filled with murder and misdeeds.
Oh, sacred heavens! if this unhallowed deed,
If this inhuman and barbarous attempt;
If this incomparable murder thus
Of mine but now no more my son
Shall unrevealed and unrevengéd pass:
How shall we term your dealings to be just,
If you unjustly deal with those that in your justice trust?'

After more lamentation (which is supposed to be made under a window of the house of the Duke of Castile, the king's brother), a letter, thrown from the window, drops at Hieronimo's feet, written by the imprisoned Bellimperia with her blood for want of ink. It calls upon him to revenge his son's death on his murderers, Balthazar and her brother Lorenzo. Hieronimo resolves that he will try by circumstances what he can gather to confirm this writ. Lorenzo enters, and the second of Ben Jonson's interpolations is of a few lines of dramatic dialogue, in which Hieronimo, more distinctly than in the first text, causes Lorenzo to suspect the marshal's knowledge of his guilt. Has Cerberine, the other servant engaged in the murder of Horatio, told anything? Cerberine's mouth must be stopped. Pedringano is paid to shoot him after summoning him, as if on some duty, to come at an appointed time to the place where he is to be shot. Lorenzo then secures that the watch shall also be upon the spot. Pedringano shoots Cerberine, and is seized by the watch. Lorenzo causes Pedringano to believe that he has already secured the king's pardon, and that it is in a box which a page carries. The page stands pointing

* " Indeed here are a number of fine speeches in this book. *O eyes, no eyes but fountains fraught with tears!* There's a conceit! *fountains fraught with tears! O life, no life, but lively form of death!* Another! *O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs!* A third! *Confused and filled with murder and misdeeds!* A fourth! O, the Muses! Is't not excellent? Is't not simply the best that ever you heard, captain? Ha! how do you like it?

"*Bobadil.* 'Tis good."

to the box while, condemned by the Marshal Hieronimo, whose office gave him the position of Chief Justice, Pedringano defies the executioner. So he is comically hanged. But there is found on his dead body by the hangman a letter written to Lorenzo when he was in some despair and threatened to reveal the truth. Of Cerberine the letter says,

> "You know, my lord, I slew him for your sake,
> And was confederate with the Prince and you;
> Won by rewards and hopeful promises,
> I helped to murder Don Horatio too."

Hieronimo is passionate on this, and the Third Act ends with the attainment by him of a certain knowledge that the letter which had fallen at his feet told truth.

At the beginning of the Fourth Act Hieronimo's wife, Isabella, "runs lunatick;" Bellimperia, at her window, complains of the restraint put on her by her "accursed brother, unkind murderer," and is taken from the window by Lorenzo's servant, Christophel. Lorenzo, content that his accomplices, Cerberine and Pedringano, now can tell no tales, sends his ring to Christophel with word that Bellimperia may be set free. Bellimperia meets her brother with reproach, but he beguiles her with false explanations, and Balthazar renews his love-suit. Then, in the first draft of the play, two Portuguese entered, one saying, "By your leave, sir," to the marshal, and Hieronimo answering, "Good leave have you; nay, I pray you, go." Between these two little sentences there is interpolation of a passage in which the mad Hieronimo dwells on his son—

> "'Tis neither as you think, nor as you think,
> Nor as you think: you're wide all—
> These slippers are not mine, they were my son Horatio's
> My son, and what's a son?"

Then, after a picture of the growth of a son whose life brings sorrow to his parents, the old marshal passes to his lost Horatio with a tenderness that gradually breaks into a fury of revenge. After this he talks madly to the Portuguese, as Kyd had planned the scene, goes out and comes back with a dagger and halter, talks of suicide, looks at each of the two ways of death—

> "This way or that way: soft and fair, not so;
> For if I hang or kill myself, let's know
> Who will revenge Horatio's murder then?
> No, no, fie no; pardon me, I'll none of that.
> [*He flings away the dagger and halter.*

This way I'll take, and this way comes the king,
[*He takes them up again.*
And here I'll have a fling at him, that's flat;
And, Balthazar, I'll be with thee to bring—
And thee, Lorenzo—here's the king, nay, stay;
And here, aye, here: there goes the hare away.

Enter KING, AMBASSADOR, CASTILE, *and* LORENZO.

King. Now, show the Embassador what our Vice-roy saith:
Hath he received the articles we sent?
Hieronimo. Justice! O justice to Hieronimo!
Lorenzo. Back! Seest thou not the king is busy?
Hieronimo. O, is he so?
King. Who is he that interrupts our business?
Hieronimo. Not I: Hieronimo beware! Go by, go by!"

This scene—chiefly, perhaps, for its extravagance in action—made "Go by, Hieronimo!" a catchword especially beloved by laughers at and lovers of the play. Ben Jonson names the play from it, when Master Mathew has "The Spanish Tragedy" in his hand and Bobadil asks him "What new book have you there? What! Go by, Hieronimo?" Even Shakespeare puts the phrase among Christopher Sly's snatches of literature in the beginning of the Induction to "The Taming of the Shrew." When the hostess asks payment for the glasses he has burst, he answers: "Not a denier: Go by, says Jeronimy; Go to thy cold bed and warm thee!"

The ambassador from Portugal reports the viceroy's satisfaction with the proposed alliance, and adds that his majesty will come in person to the marriage, and, for surer knitting of the band of kingly love and everlasting league,

"There will he give his crown to Balthazar,
And make a queen of Bellimperia."

The ambassador produces then for Balthazar "his ransom due to Don Horatio." At the sound of his son's name, Hieronimo exclaims, "Horatio! who calls Horatio?"

"*King.* And well remembered, thank his majesty:
Here, see it given to Horatio.
Hieronimo. Justice! O justice! justice, gentle king!
King. Who is that? Hieronimo?
Hieronimo. Justice, O justice! O my son, my son!
My son, whom nought can ransom or redeem!"

Hieronimo is mad again, Lorenzo keeping him from speech with the king, and telling the king he is mad through pride in his son's advancement. Then follows the longest and the finest of Ben Jonson's insertions in the play. Two of his servants, Jaques and Pedro, whom he has sent with torches to the bower in the garden, speak of the grief that has made him mad. Hieronimo comes in his madness seeking Horatio. He sees his servants with the torches, bids them burn torches at midnoon; night would be dark, to keep her treasons hidden. Moon and stars consent,

"And those that should be powerful and divine,
Do sleep in darkness when they most should shine.
Pedro. Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempting words.
The heavens are gracious, and your miseries
And sorrow make you speak you know not what.
Hieronimo. Villain! thou liest, and thou dost naught
But tell me I am mad: thou liest, I am not mad:
I know thee to be Pedro, and he Jaques;
I'll prove it to thee; and were I mad, how could I?
Where was she the same night when my Horatio
Was murdered? She should have shone. Search thou the book.
Had the moon shone in my boy's face, there was a kind of grace,
That I know, nay I do know, had the murderer seen him,
His weapon would have fallen and cut the earth,
Had he been formed of naught but blood and death."

Isabella, his wife, enters to bring him indoors: "O seek not means so to increase his sorrow"—

"Indeed, Isabella, we do nothing here;
I do not cry: ask Pedro and Jaques:
Not I, indeed, we are very merry, very merry.
Isabella. How? Be merry here? be merry here?
Is not this the place, and this the very tree
Where my Horatio died, where he was murdered?
Hieronimo. Was——do not say what, out!
This was the tree, I set it of a kernel."

Then after the passion of Hieronimo in recollection of the tending of the tree, until

"At last it grew, and grew, and bore, and bore;
Till at length it grew a gallows, and did bear our son:
It bore thy fruit and mine: O wicked, wicked plant!
[*One knocks within at the door.*
See who knocks there.

Pedro. It is a painter, sir.

Hieronimo. Bid him come in and paint some comfort,
For surely there's none lives but painted comfort."

To Hieronimo, as chief of the law, the painter comes, asking justice for the murder of his son. The scene that follows between Hieronimo and the painter rises high into a passion of true poetry. It is followed by Kyd's speech that shows mad Hieronimo resolved upon revenge and mixing scraps of Latin with his passion. Upon this follows Kyd's scene of Hieronimo's discourse with three citizens and an old man. The three citizens are petitioners for justice in civil causes—one of debt, one of the case, one of ejection by lease. The citizens present their papers; but the old man seeks justice for a murdered son. Then in Hieronimo the fury of revenge is stirred again. He'll down to hell,

"That Proserpine may grant
Revenge on them that murdered my son,
Then will I rend and tear them, thus, and thus,
Shivering their limbs in pieces with my teeth.
[*Tears the papers.*

1 *Citizen.* O, sir, my declaration!
[*Exit Hieronimo, and they after.*

2 *Citizen.* Save my bond!
[*Enter Hieronimo.*

3 *Citizen.* Save my bond!

2 *Citizen.* Alas, my lease, it cost me ten pound,
And you, my lord, have torn the same.

Hieronimo. That cannot be, I gave it never a wound;
Show me one drop of blood fallen from the same;
How is it possible I should slay it then?
Tush, no, run after, catch me if you can.
[*Exeunt all but the Old Man.*"

Hieronimo returns to the old man, and they go out leaning on each other after another passion in the strain of Kyd. The Act ends with the marriage of Balthazar and Bellimperia fully agreed upon, and the ghost of Andrea waking Revenge from sleep.

The Fifth Act opens with Bellimperia urging Hieronimo to revenge, herself ready to execute it. Hieronimo is asked once more to grace a banquet with a show. He arranges a play on the tale of Solyman and Perseda, and so divides the parts that in the acting he shall stab Lorenzo, Bellimperia shall stab Balthazar. Isabella meanwhile cuts the arbour down in a mad passion, then stabs herself. The play is acted. The spectators see real deaths, and think them sport. Hieronimo, as the Bashaw of Solyman, kills Lorenzo as Evastus. Bellimperia, as Perseda, kills Balthazar as Solyman, then stabs herself. Hieronimo, running off to hang himself, according to directions of the play, is seized by the spectators, who know, after he has brought forth his dead son and triumphed in revenge, that they have sat at a real tragedy. After a little more interpolation quickening the last stir of emotion, Hieronimo bites out his tongue. But he signs for a pen to write with, then for a knife to mend the pen, then with the knife he kills himself and the king's brother of Castile, Lorenzo's father. "The trumpets sound a dead march; the King of Spain mourning after his brother's body, and the King of Portingale bearing the body of his son." The ghost and Revenge are happy, and propose to each other — with reward and comfort of Hieronimo, Isabella, Horatio and Bellimperia—the most classical tortures of Lorenzo and his father, and of Balthazar, Cerberine and Pedringano, according to the notions of the ancients, in the world to come.

The difference is very great between plays of this kind and Shakespeare's picturing of "kindness ever nobler than revenge."

It is possible, although not certain, that Thomas Kyd, who died about the year 1595, wrote also the old play of "Solyman and Perseda." *

We turn now from "The Spanish Tragedy" to the interpolator of its finest scenes. Apart from Shakespeare, and very different in style and matter of his work, Ben Jonson is the foremost English dramatist. His grandfather was a Scotchman, who left Annandale

Ben Jonson.

* Argument for that opinion will be found in an article by Gregor Sarrazin, *Der Verfasser von "Soliman und Perseda," Englische Studien.* Bd. xv. (1891), pp. 250-263. *See also Englische Studien,* Bd. xvi., 358-362, for some notes on the origin of "Soliman and Perseda," by Emil Koeppel.

for Carlisle, and then served Henry VIII. His father was imprisoned under Mary, lost his estate, and became a preacher of the reformed doctrine. He died a month before the birth of his son Benjamin in 1573. The son afterwards shortened his Christian name always into Ben, and desired to be known as Ben Jonson. For that reason only he is so called.

Ben Jonson's mother married again when her boy was not yet two years old, and gave him a master bricklayer or builder for stepfather. They are said then to have lived in Hartshorn Lane (now Northumberland Street), by Charing Cross.

From his first school inside the church at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, the child was taken by William Camden, the historian, and placed at Camden's own charges in Westminster School, of which he was then second master. Ben Jonson reached the sixth form in Westminster School, then he was put into his stepfather's business, but soon left it to go as a volunteer to the war against tyranny of Spain in the Low Countries.

After one campaign he returned. Directed by the instincts of a rare dramatic genius, he then joined the players. Like Shakespeare, he made himself useful in any way to his companions, acted, and altered plays. He produced a play, not extant, perhaps never printed, on "Richard Crookback," and he added its best passages to "The Spanish Tragedy," in which he played the part of Hieronimo.

Captain Tucca, who, in "Satiromastix," does the personal bullying of Ben Jonson, or Horace Junior, is made to say: "I know thour't an honest low-minded pigmy, for I have seen thy shoulders lapped in a player's old cast cloak, like a sly knave as thou art; and when thou ran'st mad for the death of Horatio, thou borrowed'st a gown of Roscius the stager (that honest Nicodemus), and sent it home lousy, did'st not? Respond, did'st not?"

In the poor beginning of his life as dramatist Ben Jonson, no doubt, joined a travelling company of actors, and played Hieronimo—Burbage's part—to country audiences. His sense of the absurdity of much that he declaimed may even then have caused him to write for himself, and interpolate as actor, a few passages more to his taste, while he tried also to write a play in the approved fashion. Out of this may have come afterwards Henslowe's entries in his diary: "Lent unto Mr. Alleyn the 25 September, 1600, to lend unto Bengemen Johnson upon his writing of his adycions to Jeronimo, xxxx s." And again: "Lent unto Bengemy Johnsone at the apoyntment of E. Alleyn and William Birde, the 22 of June, 1602; in earnest of a booke called Richard Crookback, and for new adycions for Jeronimo, the some of x lb." Alleyn would have advantage over Burbage in playing Jeronimo with Ben Jonson's additions.

Jonson married early, and had deaths of children in 1599 and 1600. His "Every Man in his Humour" in its first form, with Italian characters and a scene laid in Florence, was acted eleven times between the 25th of November, 1596, and the 10th of May, 1597, at the Rose Theatre. In 1598 it was produced, in the form by which it is known to us, with the characters and scene made English, at the Curtain Theatre, where Shakespeare was one of its actors. Friendship between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson must date at latest from that incident of fellowship. "Every Man in his Humour" was a pure comedy, with its fable carefully constructed, and the unity of time preserved. It opens at six o'clock in the morning, and marks cunningly the lapse of the day throughout. "It's six o'clock," says Cob, the water-bearer, in the third scene of the First Act, "I should have carried two turns by this." In the next scene, Bobadil, in Cob's house, asks how the day passes, and is told, "Faith, some half-hour to seven." In the first scene of the

"Every Man in his Humour."

Second Act, at Kitely's house, the bell rings to breakfast (half-past seven). In the second scene of the Third Act, Kitely asks Cash, "What's o'clock," and is answered, "Exchange-time, sir"; ten in the morning. Incidents of the Fourth Act are timed in the first scene of the Fifth as "between one and two" and "after two," and the adventures of the day end with a supper. The next three pieces, produced annually about Christmastide, were of another kind: rather dramatic satires than dramatic tales. The first of them, "Every Man out of his Humour," satirised many follies of the time, especially those of the City. The second, "Cynthia's Revels," satirised chiefly the affectations of the Court. In each of these Ben Jonson sought to lift men's minds—too much by way of scorn, though of a noble scorn—above the grovelling vanities of life; and, as he said in "Cynthia's Revels,"

"Cynthia's Revels."

> "—— by that worthy scorn, to make them know
> How far beneath the dignity of man
> Their serious and most practised actions are."

His labour was

> "That these vain joys, in which their wills consume
> Such powers of wit and soul as are of force
> To raise their beings to eternity,
> May be converted on works fitting men:
> And, for the practice of a forcèd look,
> An antic gesture, or a fustian phrase,
> Study the native frame of a true heart,
> An inward comeliness of bounty, knowledge,
> And spirit that may conform them actually
> To God's high figures, which they have in power."

"Every Man out of his Humour" in 1599, and "Cynthia's Revels" in 1600, were followed in 1601 by the third piece in this trilogy of dramatic satires, "The Poetaster." This play was levelled against the false art of the poet, and maintained the honour

"The Poetaster."

of the true. The real poet treats, with highest aim, of the essentials of life; the poetaster, with a low aim, of its accidents. This broad and firm distinction is drawn very clearly in the play, which crowned the offences of the dramatist for those who would only see personal attacks in pieces that dealt with principles of life and thought.

"Satiro-mastix."

Misunderstood in these his younger days by fellow-poets who saw personality where the whole aim was to lift the public sense of what true Literature means, Ben Jonson found himself put on the stage in a piece called "Satiromastix" by his friends Dekker and Marston. They paid him back in what they took to be his own coin, and set one of his own characters, Captain Tucca, to bully him; but in the characters through which they themselves spoke, they clearly expressed their own friendship and admiration for him, which asked only that he should put away what they regarded as his fault. Says one of them—

> "Where one true
> And wholly virtuous spirit for thy best part
> Loves thee, I wish one ten with all my heart.
> I make account, I put up as deep share
> In every good man's love which thy worth earns
> As thou thyself. We envy not to see
> Thy friends with bays to crown thy poesie.
> No, here the gall lies, we that know what stuff
> Thy very heart is made of, know the stalk
> On which thy learning grows, and can give life
> To thy, once dying, baseness, yet must we
> Dance antics on your paper."

"Fannius!" he interrupts; and his friend adds—

> "This makes us angry, but not envious.
> No, were thy warpt soul put in a new mould,
> I'd wear thee as a jewel set in gold."

Ben Jonson, as we learn from "Satiromastix," was at that time of his life tall, meagre, large-boned, with a pock-

marked face and eager eyes. He was a poet and keen satirist, with a true reverence for all that was noble, a lofty sense of the aims of literature, and a young zeal to set the world to rights, sustained by a bold temper and blemished with an over-readiness for self-assertion.

Too much stress is not to be laid on the personalities of the "Satiromastix." The retort was made in a tone which showed the quarrel to be, as a Latin motto to the printed book expressed, among friends only. The motto said, "I speak only to friends, and that upon compulsion." If Ben Jonson's fellow-dramatists shared the common belief that a real Captain Hannam sat for Captain Tucca of the "Poetaster," and that their comrade attacked them personally when he brought off the poetaster's stomach many words * that had been used in plays of theirs, they could give him a taste of his own whip by way of correction, while expressing hearty admiration of his genius, as in the "Satiromastix" they distinctly did through their own assumed characters of Crispinus and Demetrius Fannius. Ben Jonson is shown by an entry in Henslowe's Diary to have been fellow-worker with Dekker upon two plays in 1599. The "Poetaster" was in 1601; "Satiromastix" was in 1602. In March, 1603, Ben Jonson and Dekker were joint-authors of the pageant prepared in London for the reception of James I. In 1604 John Marston dedicated "The Malcontent" to Ben Jonson as "his candid and cordial friend." Men strong in intellect can wrestle intellectually without narrow spite, and if they lose temper it can soon be found again.

* The words condemned are, retrograde (then recently used by Shakespeare in "Hamlet," "It is most retrograde to my desire"), reciprocal, incubus, glibbery, lubrical, defunct, magnificate, chilblained, clumsy, spurious, snotteries, puffy, inflate, turgidous, ventosity, oblatrant, furibund, fatuate, strenuous, prorumped, clutcht, obstupefact, with the phrases, "balmy froth," "snarling gusts," "conscious damp," and "quaking custard."

Ben Jonson did not intend to deal ungenerously by his fellow-poets, and they had no thought of him that was at all fatal to healthy friendship. Ben Jonson replied to the attack made upon him, in an Epilogue to the "Poetaster," where he made the author say of it in a dialogue—

> "I never writ that piece
> More innocent or empty of offence.
> Some salt it had, but neither tooth nor gall,
> Nor was there in it any circumstance
> Which in the setting down, I could suspect
> Might be perverted by an enemy's tongue."

With the disdainful self-assertion of his Epilogue, Ben Jonson joined a resolve to turn from Comedy, that had been so persistently mistaken by low natures,

> "And, since the Comic Muse
> Hath proved so ominous to me, I will try
> If Tragedy have a more kind aspect;
> Her favours in my next I will pursue,
> Where, if I prove the pleasure but of one,
> So he judicious be, he shall be alone
> A theatre unto me. Once I'll 'say
> To strike the ear of time in those fresh strains
> As shall, beside the cunning of their ground,
> Give cause to some of wonder, some despite,
> And more despair to imitate their sound.
> I, that spend half my nights and all my days
> Here, in a cell, to get a dark, pale face,
> To come forth worth the ivy or the bays,
> And in this age can hope no other grace——
> Leave me! There's something come into my thought
> That must and shall be sung, high and aloof,
> Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the dull ass's hoof."

The fresh strain was his tragedy of "Sejanus," produced in 1603, the year of the death of Queen Elizabeth. This is a fine poem of the fate of power built upon injustice. The favourite of Fortune, who has sought no other God, and who spurns even that deity when

"Sejanus."

adverse to his worldly gain, is shown with his house built upon sand, rising as if to touch the skies and tumbling to dire ruin suddenly at last.

Thomas Dekker refers to himself in two of his prose works * as born in London; and in the dedication of one of his last books, published in 1637, to the Middlesex Justices of the Peace, he says "This is no sermon, but an Epistle Dedicatory, which dedicates these discourses and my three score yeares devotedly yours in my best service." If we take this to be an exact statement of his age, Dekker was born in the year 1575, and began his career as a writer very actively in 1597 at the age of twenty-two.

Thomas Dekker.

In 1598 Dekker appeared first in print with a poem on the fall of Jerusalem, called "Canaan's Calamitie Jerusalems Misery, or the dolefull destruction of faire Ierusalem by Tytus, the sonne of Vaspasian, Emperour of Rome, in the year of Christ's Incarnation 74. Wherein is shewed the woonderfull miseries which God brought upon that Citty for sinne, being utterly ouer-throwne and destroyed by sword, pestilence and famine." The story, taken from Josephus, is told in the six-lined stanzas, rhyming *ababcc*, which King James called Common Verse, and thought most fit for "materis of love." Dekker describes first the riches of old Jerusalem, then passes to Christ's prophecy of its destruction, the signs and tokens, warnings to repentance, that were disregarded. He tells next of the approach of the enemy; the burning in one night of provisions for twenty years by the malice of one of the Jewish captains; and gives a long description of the famine that followed, with great elaboration of the incident of the woman who ate her only son. The poem ends with overthrow of the

"Canaan's Calamitie."

* The "Seven Deadly Sins of London" and the "Rod for Runawayes."

city, and the fate of the seditious captain who sought favour from Titus. The same theme was treated, as we have seen, in a prose book by Nash five years earlier; but with Nash's "Christ's Tears over Jerusalem" there was interwoven an application of the whole story to London, with a call to London to repent. Dekker's poem, in two hundred and thirteen stanzas, only tells the story, and applies the warning in a couplet at the end:

> "God grant we may our hatefull sins forsake,
> And by the Iewes a Christian warning take."

This early piece of Dekker's rhymed a famous piece of history, with due regard to the rough appetite for horrors to which the playhouse also often ministered. Of the first edition of "Canaan's Calamitie" there is not a perfect copy left, but it was reprinted in 1617, 1618, 1625, and 1677.

When Dekker's poem appeared, he had begun to write plays, of which many are known only by entries of their names in Henslowe's Diary. On the eighth of January, 1597, Philip Henslowe sent twenty shillings to Thomas Dowton to buy a play of Dekker's. On the fifteenth of January, 1597-98, Henslowe paid four pounds for Dekker's play of "Phaëton." On the seventh and sixteenth of April, 1599, he made payments to Dekker and Chettle for a tragedy of "Agamemnon." In August of that year Dekker was concerned in a "Stepmother's Tragedy," and received forty shillings for a play called "Bear a Brain." In the next month he was working with Ben Jonson, Chettle, and another, at a tragedy of "Robert the Second, King of Scots." Four months later, in January, 1600 (new style), Dekker was paid for a piece called "Truth's Supplication to Candle Light." In February, 1600, he was paid for his part in a play called "The Spanish Moor's Tragedy," written in partnership with William Haughton and John Day. In the next

Dekker's Early Plays.

month, March, 1600, there is note in Henslowe's Diary of payment for "The Seven Wise Masters," written by Chettle, Dekker, Haughton, and Day. Here was partnership work upon seven plays within one year. None of them remain.

William Haughton.

William Haughton, first mentioned in Henslowe's Diary as "young Horton" in November, 1597, may possibly be the person of that name who, being M.A. of Oxford, was incorporated as M.A. of Cambridge in 1604. The only play of his that has survived, "English-Men for my Money: or, a Woman will have her Will," was a lively comedy, first produced in 1598, but not printed until the year of Shakespeare's death. The date of Haughton's death is not known. There is no record of the plays by him, save entries by Henslowe of names of his lost plays written between 1597 and 1602. One is "The Poor Man's Paradise;" others are "The Tragedy of Merry" and "Cox of Collumpton," both written in partnership with Day. Haughton worked also with Chettle and Dekker upon "Patient Grissel"; with Day and Dekker on "The Spanish Moor's Tragedy"; with Day, Chettle, and Dekker on the "The Seven Wise Masters." Other work of his was on a new version of "Ferrex and Porrex;" and he wrote pieces of his own called "The English Fugitives," "The Devil and his Dam," "Judas," and "Robin Hood's Pennyworths." Haughton joined Peter Pett in "Strange News out of Poland." Peter Pett was author of a verse pamphlet in 1599, "Times Iourney to seeke his Daughter Truth: and Truth's Letter to Fame of England's Excellencie." William Haughton joined with Day in the Second and Third Parts of "The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green," "The Six Yeomen of the West," "The Proud Woman of Antwerp and Friar Rush," and the Second Part of "Tom Dough." With Day and Wentworth Smith, Haughton wrote also "The Conquest of the West

Indies"; with Richard Hathway and Wentworth Smith he wrote, in two parts, "The Six Clothiers"; and he was writing a play called "Cartwright" when last heard of in September, 1602.

John Day.

John Day is described on the title-page of his "Parliament of Bees" as sometime student of Caius College in Cambridge. He was first mentioned by Henslowe in 1598, when he was at work with Chettle on a play called "The Conquest of Brute, with the first finding of the Bath." Before the end of the reign of Elizabeth, John Day was part-author of twenty-one plays, and whole author of one play called "The Bristol Tragedy." The only one of these plays that remains to us is "The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green," published as Day's in 1659, but written by him in partnership with Chettle. John Day continued to write in the next reign. He is to be distinguished from Angell Day, son of Thomas Day, a parish clerk. Angell Day was apprenticed to a stationer for twelve years from Christmas, 1563, and may have been born, therefore, in 1551. He published, perhaps in 1585, an undated pamphlet describing "Wonderful Strange Sights seen in the Heavens over the Citie of London and other places"; also in 1586 a complete letter-writer called "The English Secretorie," and in 1587 "Daphnis and Chloe. Excellently describing the weight of affection, the simplicitie of loue, the purport of honest meaning, the resolution of reason and disposition of Fate," etc. Angell Day wrote also a small poem, in six-lined stanzas of common verse, upon the life and death of Sir Philip Sidney.

Angell Day.

Richard Hathway.

Richard Hathway, another of the dramatists, working more frequently together than alone, who supplied Philip Henslowe with plays, may have been of the Warwickshire family to which also belonged Shakespeare's wife. He appears in Henslowe's Diary

as having a part in fourteen plays between 1598 and 1602, his collaborators being Henry Chettle once, Thomas Dekker once, William Haughton twice, Michael Drayton twice, Anthony Munday three times, John Day five times, Wentworth Smith five times, Robert Wilson once, and William Rankins twice. One only of these plays is extant, "The First Part of the True and Honourable Historie of the Life of Sir John Old-castle, the good Lord Cobham." This was the joint work of Hathway, Drayton, Munday, and Robert Wilson, who received on the sixteenth of October, 1599, ten pounds for the first part and in earnest of a second part. The piece, produced at the beginning of November, 1599, was so successful that Henslowe presented to each of the four authors half-a-crown. This piece followed closely on the production of Shakespeare's "King Henry IV.," and was in further correction of that misuse of Oldcastle's name by the author of "The Famous Victories of Henry V." which had misled Shakespeare into adoption of the name of Oldcastle; afterwards altered by him into Falstaff, with the direct note that "Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man." "The First Part of the Life of Sir John Old-castle" was published in 1600, with Shakespeare's name upon the title-page; but a copy of this edition has been found from which the name of Shakespeare was omitted. The error, therefore, was corrected at the time, no doubt at Shakespeare's wish, by cancelling the title-page.

John Weever.

There is further illustration of desire to wipe away the stain upon the name of Sir John Oldcastle in an early work by John Weever, who was a poet in his youth, but won distinction in the next reign as an antiquary. Weever was born in Lancashire, and was admitted in 1594 at Queen's College, Cambridge, as he said in the beginning of lines written for his epitaph, "Lancashire gave me birth, And Cambridge education." In 1601 John Weever published a little book

called the "Mirror of Martyrs, or the life and death of that thrice valiant Capitaine and godly Martyre Sir Iohn Oldcastle, knight, Lord Cobham." In the dedication to William Couell, B.D., it is said that "this poem . . . some two yeares agoe was made fit for the Print." It was written just after Spenser's death, about the time when Shakespeare was revoking the use of Oldcastle's name in "King Henry IV." and substituting "Falstaff." Reference was to changes of opinion that had brought such a name into contempt when Weever wrote the lines near the beginning of this poem, which have been quoted as indication of the date of Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar."

> "The manie headed multitude were drawne
> By Brutus' speech that Cæsar was ambitious:
> When eloquent Mark Antonie had showne
> His vertues, who but Brutus then was vicious?
> Man's memorie, with new, forgets the old,
> One tale is good until another's told."

In such stanzas of common verse, Weever represents Oldcastle as telling his story, in the manner of the tragedies of the "Mirror for Magistrates," with much biographical detail, due to the poet's interest in early history, and with digressions. That Lord Cobham built a bridge over the Medway at Rochester, and built also the chancel of Trinity Church at Rochester, gives Weever occasion for a long digression on Rochester and the Medway, with a reference to Spenser's "Marriage of the Thames and Medway":

> "But how he courted, how himselfe he carri'd,
> And how the fauour of this Nimph he wonne,
> And with what pompe Thames was to Medway marri'd
> Sweet Spenser shewes (O grief that Spenser's gone!)
> With whose life heauens a while enricht us more,
> That by his death we might be euer pore."

Another digression is in condemnation of the world, with a stanza to enforce each of these adjectives:—The

earth is earthly, foolish, crooked, wily, testy, wondrous, doting, old. The ghost of Sir John Oldcastle tells how in time of his youthful excesses he had an allegorical dream, from which he awoke,

> " Then sigh'd, slipt downe, and 'twixt the sheets and pillow
> I nuzzled in, joined knees and chin together."

He tells of his part in the wars under Henry IV., and of

> " Percie, so cald because he pierst the eie
> Of the Scots king and set Northumberr free."

He puns also on his own name when preparing escape from the Tower.

> " Now to release my body from the Tower
> (How might the Tower include so old a Castle?)

When escaped, he goes by way of Lancashire, and here young Weever, Lancashire born, remembers kindly his own county,

> " Where beauty, virtue, love, wit, and the graces,
> Sit all in triumph on the women's faces."

The story is told of the good knight's capture and burning alive in a cage on a high gallows, with reference once more to the wrong handling of his name :

> " My virtue's fame is like my body's death,
> Kindled with a blast and burnt out with a breath.
> And in this idle age who's once forgotten,
> Oblivion dims the brightness of his glory :
> Envy is ripe before his bones be rotten,
> And overthrows the truth of virtue's story."

Robert Wilson, the actor, who had part in the writing of the play of "Sir John Oldcastle," and who was selected to be one of the queen's company of players in 1583, is known also as writer of one play, "The Cobbler's Prophecy," printed in 1594 as only his. The author was the actor of the whimsical part of Ralph

Robert Wilson.

the Cobbler, to whom the heathen Gods gave power of prophecy, and who thereby warned the Duke of Bœotia that, unless he could turn out of his dominions Contempt and Lust, the parents of Ruina, introduce reforms, and teach his subjects to agree and hold together, the whole State would come to ruin. Such a theme was thoroughly Elizabethan.

William Rankins.

It was in the earlier part of 1601 that William Rankins shared in the writing of three plays, "Hannibal and Scipio," an unnamed play introducing Scogan and Skelton, and "The Conquest of Spain by John of Gaunt." In each play he wrote with the same partner — Richard Hathway — drawn, perhaps, for a few months, by friendship and by want of money to a way of work he had condemned. He had published, in 1587, a pamphlet of twenty-five leaves called "A Mirour of Monsters: wherein is plainly described the Manifold vices and spotted enormities that are caused by the infectious sight of Playes, with the description of the subtile slights of Sathan, making them his instruments. Compiled by Wil. Rankins. *Magna spes est inferni.*" This was followed in 1588 by a pamphlet of sixteen leaves called "The English Ape, the Italian Imitation, the Footesteppers of France." In 1598, when there was much writing of satires, Rankins joined the company of satirists with "Seauen Satyres Applyed to the weeke, including the world's ridiculous follyes. True fœlicity described in the Phœnix. *Maulgre.* Wherevnto is annexed the wandring Satyre."

Thomas Dekker.

We return to Thomas Dekker. Probably he was the person of that name, entered as "gentleman" and "yeoman," of whom the parish registers of St. Giles, Cripplegate, record that he had a daughter Anne christened on the twenty-seventh of October, 1594; a daughter Elizabeth buried in 1598; and a daughter Anne christened in 1602. The poet's marriage before 1594 is inferred from these records. A Thomas Dekker, who may

have been the poet's father, was buried in 1594 in the parish of Saint Saviour's, Southwark; some years afterwards his widow was living near the Globe Theatre in Maid Lane, Southwark. Two plays are extant that were written by Dekker in the last years of Elizabeth's reign, before he took part with John Marston in the writing of "Satiromastix." These are "The Shoemaker's Holiday," and "The Comedy of Old Fortunatus." There followed, in 1603, "The Comedie of Patient Grissil." "The Shoemaker's Holiday" was first printed in 1600, and reprinted in 1610, 1618, and 1631. The title to its first edition, printed by Valentine Sims, was "The Shomakers Holiday, or The Gentle Craft. With the humorous life of Simon Eyre, shoomaker, and Lord Maior of London. As it was acted before the Queenes most excellent Maiestie on New-yeares day at night last, by the right honourable the Earle of Notingham, Lord high Admirall of England, his seruants." This is a light-hearted comedy that Ben Jonson could only have thought well of; for it is brimful of honest mirth, and paints a blunt and jolly shoemaker with a true dramatic humour that lifts Dekker far above the tribe of poetasters. Dekker's next play, "Old Fortunatus"—half-play, half-fairy masque—had, moreover, an elevation of purpose that Ben Jonson would be among the first to recognise. Some of the lost plays, hastily scrambled together by several hands, may have been open enough to adverse criticism; but the pure, light-hearted fun of "The Shoemaker's Holiday," and the wisdom Dekker joined to mirth in the showing of the victory of Virtue over Fortune in "Old Fortunatus," have salt in them that has kept those plays fresh until to-day. Thomas Dekker, after Elizabeth's death, worked on for more than thirty years. We shall meet with him again in James's reign, and find more cause to like his work.

"The Shoemaker's Holiday."

"Old Fortunatus."

John Marston also did no more than begin life as a writer in these last years of Elizabeth. He was of an old Shropshire family. His father was John, son of Ralph Marston, of Gayton, Shropshire. This elder John was admitted member of the Middle Temple in 1570. After first marriage to an Elizabeth Gray, he took as his second wife Maria Guarsi, daughter of an Italian surgeon settled in London. John Marston the elder settled and practised law in Coventry, but he kept chambers in the Middle Temple, at which Inn in 1592 he lectured on law. On the fourth of February, 1592, this lawyer sent his son John, the poet, aged sixteen—born, therefore, in 1575 or 1576—to Oxford, where he matriculated at Brasenose College, and, as "eldest son of an esquire," graduated B.A. on the sixth of February, 1594. John Marston the elder died in October or November, 1599, leaving his house and the main part of his property to his wife, Mary, with remainder to his son John. He left the furniture and law books in his chambers in the Temple to his said son, "who," says the will, "I hoped would have profited by them in the study of the law, but man proposeth and God disposeth." The said son had forsaken law for poetry. He had published in the year before his father's death, "The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image: And Certain Satires," which were entered at Stationers' Hall on the twenty-seventh of May, 1598. They were followed, four months later, by another set of satires, nine in number, called "The Scourge of Villainy." This was republished, with an additional satire, in 1599. Marston produced these satires at the age of twenty-three, and they included some war with another young satirist, the Joseph Hall that lived to be a famous Bishop who had John Milton among his antagonists.

John Marston.

Joseph Hall, born on the first of July, 1574, was of about Marston's age. John Hall, his father, lived at

Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and served there, at Bristow Park, as deputy under the Earl of Huntingdon, President of the North. His mother, Winifred, was a strict Puritan. Young Joseph was first educated at the Ashby Grammar School, and then sent to Emmanuel College, Cambridge. He graduated as B.A. in 1592; in 1595 he was made a fellow of his College; and he took his degree of M.A. in 1596. In that year he contributed to a memorial book of elegies on the death of Dr. William Whitaker, the only English poem it contained. His reputation was high in his university for wit and scholarship, and for two years, like young Gabriel Harvey before him, he was reader of a Rhetoric lecture.

Joseph Hall.

Marston's "Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image" is not a satire, but a poem of 243 lines in six-lined stanzas on the bodily delights of love. Pygmalion dotes upon the naked image he has carved, seeks more than sight, puts his image to bed, prays to Venus, and his metamorphosed image becomes mother to a boy. Young Marston inscribes "to his Mistress" the poem, which, he says,

Satires of Marston and Hall.

> "My wanton Muse lasciviously doth sing
> Of sportive love, of lovely dallying,"

and bids her take compassion as she reads:—"Force me not envy my Pigmalion." With satirical praise of his own Pygmalion, Marston introduces then four satires, with one inserted between the third and fourth under the title of "Reactio." The first satire is of some that seem and be not. It attacks the usual false colours of the world, in characters of Ruscus, Briscus, Castilio, Sporo, Tubrio, and the like. If in this and other satires he has in mind men of his own day who answer to the old types, Marston certainly is not so fond of personalities as the misguided readers who look

Pigmalion's Image, and Satires.

out for them. His second satire is of some who are and seem not; the third of some who are and seem. "Reactio" is against the low spirit of censure that will find dirt in the cleanest street, that will condemn the poet who writes in the praise of God, or can condemn "The Mirror for Magistrates," as Joseph Hall had done in the fifth satire of his first book, *Virgidemiarum*. "Fie," says Marston,

> "Fie, inconsiderate, it grieveth me
> An Academic should so senseless be.
> Fond censurer, why should those Mirrors seem
> So vile to thee, which better judgments deem
> Exquisite then, and in our polished times
> May run for senseful, tolerable rhymes?"

Hall satirised "Pigmalion's Image," and thus there were between the two young Cambridge men some obvious cross-thrusts that broke no bones. The wit-combats of young men, if they be good for anything, are lively, but not bitter, although Dryasdust is apt to argue that they are. The theme of the fourth and last satire appended to "Pigmalion's Image" is the world's habit of magnifying trifles, while making nothing of things really great.

> "Thus petty thefts are paid and soundly whipt,
> But greater crimes are slightly overslipt."

Jove, mightiest of villains, is the master God.

These satires follow the manner of the Latins; they are clearly written in rhymed couplets, and deal very generally with the morals of the world.

"The Scourge of Villanie."

In Marston's series of satires called "The Scourge of Villanie," which followed at the end of the year, and was reprinted in 1599, there is the same general aim; but in this collection the desire to give weight to the sentences sometimes causes a loss of clearness, and what should have been pithy is obscure. The young author offers his book "To Detraction," saying that

"True judgment slight regards Opinion,
A sprightly wit disdains Detraction.

"A partial praise shall never elevate
My settled censure of mine own esteem.
A cankered verdict of malignant hate
Shall ne'er provoke me worse myself to deem:
Spite of despite and rancour's villanie,
I am myself, so is my poesie."

A preface in verse to unworthy readers bids them rail, and ends with this ingenious little ditty—

"But ye diviner wits, celestial souls,
Whose free-born minds no kennel thought controls,
Ye sacred spirits, Maia's eldest sons;

"Ye substance of the shadows of our age,
In whom all graces link in marriage,
To you how cheerfully my Poem runs!

"True-judging eyes, quick-sighted censurers,
Heaven's best beauties, wisdom's treasurers,
O how my love embraces your great worth!

"Ye idols of my soul, ye blessed spirits,
How should I give true honour to your merits,
Which I can better think than here paint forth.

"You sacred spirits, Maia's eldest sons,
To you how cheerfully my Poem runs!
O how my love embraceth your great worth,
Which I can better think than here paint forth."

There followed a prose address "to those that seem judicial perusers," whereto Marston, whose name is not on the title-page, signed himself "W. Kinsayder." The name was taken from a homely word for the cure of mad dogs by cropping their tails. Its root is in the old French *cagnon* or *kignon* ("a little dog"), applied also in Picardy to a pitiably deformed man. In the three books of satires called "The Scourge for Villanie," there is much honest maintenance of

the higher life against the man whose thoughts are low, and there is but one piece directly personal, the added tenth or *Satyra Nova* of the Third Book, on the theme *Stultorum plena sunt omnia.* Here he quotes and satirises Hall's attack on his "Pigmalion"—

> "An Epigram which the Authour *Vergidemiarum* caused to be pasted to the latter page of euery *Pigmalion* that came to the stacioners of Cambridge.
>
> "I Ask'd Phisitions what theyr counsell was
> For a mad dog, or for a mankind Asse?
> They told mee though there were confections store
> Of poppie seede and soueraigne Hellebore,
> The dog was best cured by cutting and *kinsing,
> The Asse must be kindly whipped for winsing.
> Now then W. K. I little passe
> Whether thou be a mad dog, or a mankind Asse."
>
> * Mark the witty allusion to my name.

Marston might well laugh, in a satire addressed to E. G. (Edward Guilpin), a Cambridge friend, at that very poor specimen of academic wit.

Joseph's Hall's six books *Virgidemiarum—i.e.*, of rod-harvests, stripes, or blows—were the work of a clever young man who had read Juvenal and Persius and the satires of Ariosto, and who, because he was the first to write English satire in the manner of Juvenal, ignorantly believed himself to be the first English satirist. "I first adventure," he said in his prologue—

Virgidemiarum, Libri VI.

> "I first adventure, follow me who list,
> And be the second English satirist."

The mistake is of no consequence. Hall's satires are in rhyming couplets of ten-syllabled lines; he thought English rhyme inferior to Latin quantity, but saw that the Latin metres could not be applied to English verse, and laughed at Stanihurst.

"Whoever saw a colt, wanton and wild,
Yok'd with a slow foot ox on fallow field,
Can right areed how handsomely besets
Dull spondees with the English dactylets.
If Jove speak English in a thund'ring cloud,
Thwick thwack, and riff raff, roars he out aloud.
Fie on the forgéd mint that did create
New coin of words never articulate!"

Hall abounds, as Marston does not, in direct criticisms of the English literature of his time, and his criticism is, after the manner of young omniscience, with little knowledge and no doubt. He laughed at the rising drama, crying—

"Shame that the Muses should be bought and sold
For every peasant's brass on each scaffold."

He laughed at what he called "pot fury of the dramatists"—

"One higher pitched doth set his soaring thought
On crownéd kings, that fortune hath low brought:
Or some uprearéd high aspiring swaine,
As it might be the Turkish Tamburlaine:
Then weeneth he his base drink-drownéd spright
Rapt to the threefold loft of heaven height
When he conceives upon his feignéd stage
The stalking steps of his great personage,
Gracéd with huff-cap terms and thund'ring threats
That his poor hearer's hair quite upright sets."

But while Hall attacked the "terms Italianate, big-sounding sentences and words of state" upon the stage, he paid homage to Spenser, then near the end of his career. He was burnt out of Kilcolman in October, 1598, left Cork with despatches dated on the ninth of December, and died in London on the sixteenth of January, 1599: "Renownéd Spenser: whom no earthly wight dares once to emulate, much less dares despight."

But Hall paired in the next line Du Bartas with Ariosto: "Salust of France and Tuscan Ariost." The

satirist in the golden time of Elizabethan vigour talked as usual of the good old times that were gone, when luxury was not, and our

> "Grandsires' words savoured of thrifty leeks
> Or manly garlicke.
> . . . . . .
> But thou canst mask in garish gauderie,
> To suit a fool's far-fetchéd liverie.
> A French head joyn'd to necke Italian:
> Thy thighs from Germanie, and brest from Spain.
> An Englishman in none, a foole in all:
> Many in one, and one in severall.
> Then men were men; but now the greater part
> Beasts are in life, and women are in heart."

If we go back to Occleve, or farther back to Gower, we find that the note has always been the same; sound and true in the steady fixing of attention upon vices and follies to be conquered (since there is small hope for a people that will only praise itself), but with innocent delusion of a bygone golden age. Hall's golden age, however, is not bygone; it is to be found in Spain, if the test of it be a relish for "manly garlic."

Another book of satires that appeared in 1598 was the "Skialetheia, or a Shadow of Truth in Certaine Epigrams and Satyres," by Edward Guilpin or Gilpin, of which one perfect copy remains, and from which there are six quotations in "England's Parnassus." Nothing is known of Guilpin himself, except that he also was one of the young Cambridge scholars who amused themselves in 1598 with the publishing of satires. He says of himself in one of the seventy epigrams that form the first part of his book—

Edward Guilpin.

> "I have sized in Cambridge, and my friends a season
> Some exhibition for me there disburst:
> Since that I have been in Good his weekly role
> And been acquaint with Monsieur Lyttleton,

I have walked in Paul's and duly dined at noon,
And sometimes visited the dancing school."

Six satires follow, with an introductory flourish in praise of the good use of epigram and satire. In his sixth satire Guilpin illustrates the variety of opinion by citing oppositions of critical opinions about Gower, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Sidney. In the fifth satire Guilpin prefers his cell at College to the city, and finds all he can wish for in his little study :

" Here I converse with those diviner spirits
Whose knowledge and admire the world inherits :
Here doth the famous profound Stagirite
With Nature's mystic harmony delight
My ravished contemplation : I here see
The now-old World's youth in an history :
Here may I be grave Plato's auditor,
And learning of that moral lecturer
To temper mine affections, gallantly
Get of myself a glorious victory :
And then, for change, as we delight in change,
(For this my study is indeed my exchange)
Here may I sit, yet walk to Westminster
And hear Fitzherbert, Plowden, Brooke, and Dyer
Canvas a law-case : or if my dispose
Persuade me to a play, I'll to the Rose
Or Curtain, one of Plautus' comedies,
Or the pathetic Spaniard's tragedies;
If my desire doth rather wish the fields,
Some speaking painter, some poet, straightway yields
A flower-bespangled walk, where I may hear
Some amorous swain his passions declare
To his sun-burnt love. Thus my books' little case,
My Study, is mine all, mine every place."

One book of epigrams, published in 1598, was by an Oxford man. This was the " Chrestoleros. Seven Bookes of Epigrames, written by T. B.," that is Thomas Bastard, who was born in 1566 at Blandford, in Dorsetshire. He was educated at Winchester School

Thomas Bastard.

and New College, Oxford, whither he went with a scholarship, and where he was registered in August, 1586, as "*Pleb. fil., æt.* 20." In the next year (1587) Thomas Bastard contributed Latin verses to an Oxford collection made in honour of the memory of Philip Sidney. In 1588 he obtained a fellowship. In May, 1590, he was admitted B.A., and took his M.A. in 1606, being then in orders. Bastard's readiness at satire brought him into difficulty at Oxford, and in 1591, he was, says Anthony Wood, "in a manner forced to leave his fellowship." Bastard took orders, and, through the friendship of the Earl and Countess of Suffolk, became vicar of Bere Regis and rector of Aylmer, in Dorsetshire. Wood's record of Oxford worthies further tells us that "this poet and preacher, being towards his latter end crazed, and thereupon brought into debt, was at length committed to the prison in Allhallows parish in Dorchester, where, dying very obscurely, and in a mean condition, he was buried in the churchyard belonging to that parish on nineteenth April, 1618, leaving behind him many memorials of his wit and drollery."

Thomas Bastard's "Chrestoleros" (serviceable trifling, is the meaning of that word), dedicated to Sir Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy, contains two hundred and ninety epigrams, varying in length from two to sixteen lines, and distributed in seven books. Some of these epigrams are playful, some are loyal, some religious; some are addressed to the praise of Elizabeth, Essex, Sir Thomas Egerton, Mountjoy, Samuel Daniel, Dr. Reynolds. This is his epigram—

"*Ad librum suum.*

"Lye not, my booke, for that were wickednes:
Be not too idle, idle though thou be:
Eschewe scurrilitie and wantonnesse,
Temper with little mirth more gravity.

"Rayle not at any, least thy friends forsake thee:
In earnest cause of writing shew thy witt.
Touch none at all, that no man may mistake thee,
But speak the best, that all may like of it.

"If any aske thee what I doe professe,
Say, that of which thou art the idlenesse."

But Archbishop Whitgift found much offence in sudden outbreak of the idleness of wisdom. It was his way always to put his foot down upon what he thought to be an evil, and on the first of June, 1599, it was ordered by John Whitgift, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Richard Bancroft, Bishop of London, as licensers, "That no satyres or epigrams be printed hereafter." Remaining copies of Marston's "Pigmalion," and "Scourge of Villanie," were presently burnt in obedience to the order that "Such bookes as can be found or are already taken, of the argumentes aforesaid, or any of the bookes above expressed, lett them bee presentlye brought to the Bishop of London to be burnte. J. CANTUAR. RIC. LONDIN."

Whitgift's Edict against Epigram and Satire.

But at St. John's College, Cambridge, satire made for itself in these years a stage, and more than one young member of the university was engaged, Christmas after Christmas, in the production of three successive comedies or moralities that touched, in the spirit of young Hall or Marston, the ills of life, as they affected the career of Cambridge scholars. When they went out into the world, they found their learning useless. When they sought advancement in the Church, they found their careers blocked by simony. These themes, with incidental satire of unpopular Cambridge officials, and much young talk about the writers of the day, not overlooking Shakespeare, give an interest beyond their merits to the three parts of one parable. The First Part, called "The Pilgrimage to Parnassus," was first

The Parnassus Plays of Cambridge.

acted at Christmas, 1597. The other two parts were of "The Return from Parnassus," of which the first was acted probably at Christmas, 1588, the last and longest, stayed for a time, no doubt, by the edict against satires, was produced at Christmas, 1601.

The third and longest of these pieces has been longest known. It was twice printed in 1606; was reprinted by Thomas Hawkins in 1773 among his specimens of the Early British Drama; was included, in 1874-76, in Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt's edition of Dodsley's "Old Plays;" and there was an independent edition of it fitly included by Professor Arber among the volumes of his excellent "Scholar's Library," with an introduction that clearly determined on internal evidence the time of its first production. Lastly, it was reprinted in 1886 with the First and Second Parts, which were then first published from a MS.* found among Thomas Hearne's collections in the Bodleian. This gathering into one volume of the complete series of Parnassus plays was edited by the Rev. W. D. Macray. Each of the three pieces is in five acts, but the short acts of the First Part, "The Pilgrimage to Parnassus," are so many single scenes. The acts in the Second Part are longer. In the Third Part they are longest.

"*The Pilgrimage to Parnassus*"

is the passing of the student at his University through a four years' course of study closed with graduation. This piece, its Prologue says, was written in three days. In the First Act grey-bearded Consiliodorus sends his son and nephew on the Pilgrimage—that is, their course of study at Cambridge—gives them good counsel, and says:

> "If I were young who now am waxen old,
> Whose joints you see are dry, benumbed and cold,
> Though I foreknew that gold runs to the boor,
> I'd be a scholar, though I live but poor."

* Rawlinson D. 398.

The youths, Studiosus and Philomusus, start with a good will and discuss the road. They have to pass first through the craggy and thorny island of Logic.

There they find, in the Second Act, Madido, who draws his inspiration from the pint pot, and will go no farther on the dry way to Parnassus. He invites them to return with him to London, "hire our studies in a tavern, and ere long not a post in Paul's Churchyard but shall be acquainted with our writings." "Give me," says Madido, "but a quart of burnt sack by me, and if I do not with a pennyworth of candles make a better poem than Kinsayder's Satires, Lodge's 'Fig for Momus,' Bastard's Epigrams, Leichfild's 'Trimming of Nash,' I'll give my head to any good fellow to make a *memento mori* of." When Madido is asked how he came into the Isle of Logic, he describes his passage through the Grammar School; the way through the Trivium, or first part of the Seven Sciences, being by Grammar in the school years, Logic and Rhetoric at College in the years before taking the Bachelor degree. "I took shipping," says Madido, "at *Qui mihi discipulus*, and sailed to *Propria quæ maribus;* then came to *As in præsenti*, but with great danger, for there are certain people in this country called Schoolmasters that take passengers and sit all day whipping pence out of their tails; these men took me prisoner, and put to death at least three hundred rods upon my back. Hence travelled I into the land of Sintaxis, a land full of joiners, and from thence I came to Prosodia, a little island, where are men of six feet long which were never mentioned in Sir John Mandeville's Chronicle."

In the Third Act, Philomusus and Studiosus have advanced into the land of Rhetorique, where they meet with Stupido, a young Puritan, whose uncle has bidden him "Study not those vain arts of Rhetoric, Poetry, and Philosophy; there is no sound edifying knowledge in them."

In the Fourth Act Philomusus and Studiosus have escaped from Stupido,

> "that plodding Puritan,
> That artless ass, and that earth-creeping dolt,
> Who, for he cannot reach unto the Arts,
> Makes show as though he would neglect the Arts,
> And cared not for the spring of Helicon."

* *

They are in the land of Poetry, inhabited by many a wanton nymph, and find there Amoroso, by whom they are tempted to stay awhile for the taste of sensual delight. If they be satisfied, they will give up the rest of their travel to Parnassus.

In the Fifth Act they have found the baits of the love poets sourly sweet. Studiosus condemns poetry as answerable for peril to their youth, but he is recalled by Philomusus to a higher estimate of poets as they proceed now through Philosophy, and meet Ingenioso, who has burnt his books and split his pen, and holds it "too far to go to Parnassus to fetch repentance. . . . Apollo is bankrupt; there is nothing but silver words and golden phrases for a man; his followers want the gold, while tapsters, ostlers, carters, and coblers have a foaming pouch, a belching bag, that serves for a chair of state for Regina Pecunia. Seest thou not my host Johns of the Crown, who lately lived like a mole six years under the ground in a cellar, and cried 'Anon, Anon, Sir,' now is mounted upon a horse of twenty mark, and thinks the earth too base to bear the weight of his refined body? Why, would it not grieve a man of a good spirit to see Hobson find more money in the tails of twelve jades than a scholar in two hundred books?" But the young students will not turn back. They reach, after a four years' journey, the laurel grove at the foot of Parnassus, after a clown has been dragged in by a rope because, it is explained to him, "clowns have been thrust into plays by head and shoulders ever since Kemp could make a scurvy face; and therefore reason thou shouldst be drawn in with a cart rope."

"*The Return from Parnassus.*"

The two parts of "The Return from Parnassus" show in a series of satirical scenes what is the worldly profit to be drawn out of a scholar's years of intellectual training. Philomusus and Studiosus have to discover what they can live by. They find Ingenioso writing pamphlets. "For the husbanding of my wit," he says, "I put it out to interest, and make it return two pamphlets a week." He flatters an imbecile patron, and is paid with two groats. Luxurioso hears of a great-nosed ballad-maker deceased [Elderton]. He will to London and write ballads. Philomusus and Studiosus go also to London, They run into debt with Draper, Tailor, Vintner, who discuss their state. The scholars then go into the country, where Studiosus becomes tutor to an ill-bred child for five marks a year with bread and beer and bacon enough, upon condition that he work in the fields through harvest time. Philomusus serves the Church as sexton and bellringer. But they are deprived even of those offices. Luxurioso writes his ballads to small profit, though he travels with a boy who sings them—

"Now listen all good people
Unto a strange event

That did befall to two young men
As they to market went.
The one of them hight Richard,
The truth for to say,
The other they called him Robert,
Upon a holiday."

Ingenioso comes upon a boastful Gullio who so mixes his talk with phrases from the poets that Ingenioso says of it, "We shall have nothing but pure Shakespeare and shreds of poetry that he hath gathered at the theatres." Says Gullio, "Pardon me moy mittressa, ast am a gentleman, the moon in comparison of thy bright hue a mere slut, Anthony's Cleopatra a black browed milkmaid, Helen a dowdy." On which Ingenioso comments aside, "Mark, Romeo and Juliet! O monstrous theft! I think he will run through a whole book of Samuel Daniel's." Upon Gullio's further exclamations Ingenioso's comment is, "Sweet Mr. Shakespeare!" Ingenioso shall write some love-verses for Gullio's mistress. Let him bring samples "in two or three divers veins, in Chaucer's, Gower's, and Spenser's, and Mr. Shakespeare's. Marry, I think I shall entertain those verses which run like these—

"Even as the sun with purple-coloured face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn," etc.

"O sweet Mr. Shakespeare!" When the specimens are brought, Chaucer's and Spenser's vein are not for Gullio, but Shakespeare's is: "Let this duncified world esteem of Spenser and Chaucer, I'll worship sweet Mr. Shakespeare, and to honour him will lay his 'Venus and Adonis' under my pillow, as we read of one (I do not well remember his name, but I am sure he was a king) slept with Homer under his bed's head." All the scholars have found base employment, and are out even of that, at the end of the First Part of "The Return from Parnassus."

The Second Part continues with a fuller series of such illustrations, with severer censure of the thriving of dull ignorance and greed, with what seems to have been bold caricature of a university official, and especially with satire of base traffic in Church livings, the Simony of which that part of "The Return from Parnassus" by its second title professed to be the Scourge.

There is in this part a criticism of authors quoted by John Bodenham in his then new "Belvedere, or, The Garden of the Muses," published in 1600. The criticism begins with contempt for Bodenham himself. Spenser is called

"A sweeter swan than ever sung in Po,
A shriller nightingale than ever blest
The prouder groves of self-admiring Rome.
Blithe was each valley, and each shepherd proud,
While he did chant his rural minstrelsy.
Attentive was full many a dainty ear.
Nay hearers hung upon his melting tongue
While sweetly of his Faerie Queene he sung,
While to the waters' fall he tuned her fame,
And in each book engraved Eliza's name.
And yet, for all, this unregarding soil
Unlaced the line of his desiréd life,
Denying maintenance for his dear relief,
Careless e'er to prevent his exequy,
Scarce deigning to shut up his dying eye."

Of other poets it is said—

"Sweet Constable doth take the wandering ear,
And lays it up in willing prisonment:
Sweet honey-dropping Daniel doth wage
War with the proudest big Italian
That melts his heart in sugared sonneting,
Only let him more sparingly make use
Of others' wit, and use his own the more,
That well may scorn base imitation.
For Lodge and Watson's men of some desert,
Yet subject to a critic's marginal,
Lodge for his oar in every paper boat,
He that turns over Galen every day,
To sit and simper Euphues' Legacy."

There are further comments upon Drayton, John Davies, Henry Lok, and Thomas Hudson—the works of the two last-named simply banished to "old nooks amongst old boots and shoes"—John Marston, Marlowe, Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, Churchyard and Nash.

Henry Lok,* last heard of in 1608 at the age of about fifty-five, was third son of a well-connected London mercer. He studied at Oxford without taking a degree, went to court and sought employment

* Henry Lok's poems were privately published in an edition of 106 copies by Dr. Grosart in his "Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies Library," with a "Memorial Introduction." (1871.)

there. In 1598 he was asking for the post of keeper of the Queen's bears and mastiffs, saying "it is better to be a bear-herd than to be baited daily with great exclamations for small debts." He published in 1597 a metrical paraphrase of Ecclesiasticus, and two hundred Sonnets of Christian Passions, some of which had appeared before, in 1593. Thomas Hudson was in the service of James VI. of Scotland. He published at Edinburgh, in 1584, a translation of the "Judith" of Du Bartas, and contributed in 1585 a sonnet to King James's "Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Arte of Poesie."

Then say the young Cambridge critics, who did scant justice to Lok and Hudson—

> "Drayton's sweet muse is like a sanguine dye
> Able to ravish the rash gazer's eye."

"However, he wants one true note of a Poet of our times, and that is this, he cannot swagger it well in a tavern, nor domineer in a pothouse." This corroborates the record we have had already from Francis Meres, who wrote, as a personal friend, of Drayton's pure and honourable character. Marston is satirized as Monsieur Kinsayder. Ben Jonson is called by Judicio "the wittiest fellow of a bricklayer in England;" while Ingenioso puts in the disguised praise that he is "a mere empiric, one that gets what he hath by observation, and makes only nature privy to what he indites; so slow an inventor that he had better betake himself to his old trade of bricklaying; a bold whoreson, as confident now in making a book as he was in times past in laying a brick."

> "*William Shakespeare.*
> Who loves not Adon's love or Lucrece' rape,
> His sweeter verse contains heart-throbbing lines,
> Could but a graver subject him content,
> Without love's foolish lazy languishment."

In such fashion young Cambridge sat in judgment upon English writers of the last years of Elizabeth.

CHAPTER XIV.

"AS YOU LIKE IT"—"JULIUS CÆSAR"—"HAMLET."

ALL who read Shakespeare are content to hear his works described as a Lay Bible, but many pause when it is added that they are not so by chance.

Shakespeare's Way of Work.

Every play—every tale with a plot in it, good or bad—is somebody's notion of an interweaving of the lives and actions of men and women, with, so far as it has any plot at all, some problem of human life, and in the end somebody's notion of the way to solve it. A dramatist or novelist, with a low view of life, may represent a hero or a heroine opposing hate to hate, or even cutting the knot of a story with a lie. His works would not be a Lay Bible. Shakespeare, I have said, and repeat, never allows evil to be overcome with evil; he invariably shows evil overcome with good, the diseases of man's life healed only by man's love to God and to his neighbour. Love God, Love your Neighbour, Do your Work: subject the active business of life to the commandments upon which hang all the law and the prophets: Shakespeare's plays contain no lessons that are not subordinate to these. From dogmatism he is free, of the true spirit of religion he is full. It is for this reason that we all agree in feeling that his works are a Lay Bible, however they became so.

How could it have come but by the picturing of life with the religious spirit that was in himself? Religion does not forbid cakes and ale. The broadest sympathies are part of

it. The brightest wit may be spent by a dramatist in painting characters and manners of men who speak with their own tongues, and make evil their good, while his own sense of life and truth makes it impossible for him to mislead those whom he is teaching through delight. In Shakespeare's time there was none but Puritan dissent from the opinion set forth by Sir Philip Sidney in his "Defence of Poesy,"* that the purpose of the poet is to delight and teach, but so to delight that he shall not seem to be teaching.

"He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margin with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness, but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue, even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste, which, if one should begin to tell them the nature of the aloes or rhubarbarum they should receive, would sooner take their physic at their ears than at their mouth; so it is in men (most of them are childish till they be cradled in their graves), glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, Æneas; and hearing them, must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valour, and justice, which, if they had been barely (that is to say, philosophically) set out, they would swear they be brought to school again."

And when the study of a play of Shakespeare's begins with "obscure definitions, which must blur the margin with interpretations and load the memory with doubtfulness," its victim may swear safely not only that he is put to school again, but that he is put to a bad school. Shakespeare's first reason for the choice of a story was that it was a good story, which would please his public, and could be told as a play. Next would inevitably come the business of thinking it over, and conceiving its arrangement into acts. But a story

* "E. W.," ix. 133–138.

is good in proportion to its power of interesting all men, and it must owe that power to something which specially comes home to "men as they are men within themselves." A poetic mind, even though much lower than Shakespeare's, cannot dwell on any story without finding whereabouts in it that point of interest must lie, and Shakespeare, having found it, found in it the point of sight from which the whole should be presented. So every tale that Shakespeare told, set to the music in himself, falls into harmony with the best truths of life. The best truths are the simplest—never difficult, abstruse, and dark.

Critics there are who peer into holes of the ground, or search under a microscope, for Shakespeare's meaning in a play; who exercise prosaic wit in theories that convert the "Tempest" into an abstruse psychological parable; or who suppose Acts I.–IV. of "King Henry VIII." to be in no relation to the main design of the play, which is a glorification of the House of Tudor, as shown in Act V. They have yet to learn how Shakespeare seeks to walk with us upon our common earth, over the flowers and under the stars that are his fellow-teachers, with nothing more abstruse in his philosophy than that he sees life as one who has found its highest lessons in the Sermon on the Mount.

Shakespeare took his first notion of "As You Like It" from Lodge's "Rosalynde."* Lodge, who had drawn some part of it from the old song of "Gamelyn," meant his tale to be moral. It was called the "Golden Legacy" of Euphues to the sons of Philautus, because, he said, "here may they read that Virtue is the King of Labours, Opinion the Mistress of Fools; that Unity is the Pride of Nature, and Contention the Overthrow of Families." But Shakespeare has added to the tale new spiritual beauty. He wrote the play when his age was about thirty-five; for it was not in Meres's list in the *Palladis Tamia* (1598); it quotes a line from

* "E. W." x. 61.

Marlowe's "Hero and Leander," published in 1598; and it was entered at Stationers' Hall in August, 1600; but there is no known edition of it earlier than the first folio of Shakespeare's works in 1623.

"*As You Like It.*"

In "As You Like It" there are two discords; each is between brother and brother, each is at the outset fierce. They are set in a play full of the harmonies of life, and are themselves reduced to music in the close. One hatred is distinctly conquered by man's love to man; the other, by man's love to God.

The play opens with the hate of Oliver for his brother Orlando, first told, then shown in action, till one brother is at the other's throat. Faithful affection of old Adam the house-servant strikes, meanwhile, the first note of the higher music. A few words between Oliver and Charles the wrestler touch on the other discord, accompanied also with its softer note in the pure friendship of girls, love between Rosalind and Celia. The first scene ends with a last emphasis upon Oliver's hatred for Orlando, when he stirs the strong wrestler against him.

The second and third scenes, which complete the Act, open to view the other discord through a framework of pure love.

Celia forgets herself in her friend, and is bent only upon cheering Rosalind. They mock Fortune, who "reigns in the gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature." They hear of the cruel strength of the wrestler, from Le Beau, the kindliest of courtly simpletons. And when Orlando has touched the heart of Rosalind with pity for his danger, admiration for his courage, triumph for his victory, there comes resentment of Duke Frederick's injustice to the brave son of Sir Rowland du Bois, and warrant for the nearest sympathy, in finding of what house Orlando came:

> "My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
> And all the world was of my father's mind:"

so the young innocence of another form of love begins to swell into that higher music in which all the discords will at last be lost.

When, in the third scene, the discordant mind of the Duke Frederick breaks on the loving talk of the two girls with banishment of Rosalind, Shakespeare varies in a noticeable way from Lodge's story. Throughout he represents in Celia the unselfish love whose life is in another's happiness. From the first word she speaks, her mind is upon Rosalind, not on herself. Lodge, in his tale, made the Duke

banish her and Rosalind together. They both went to the woods perforce. Shakespeare makes only Rosalind to be banished, with suggestion that her absence will bring worldly gain to Celia. They both go to the woods, by choice of Celia, who sacrifices all gifts of the world to remain true to the lineaments of nature.

The Second Act opens in the Forest of Arden, where the banished Duke finds sweetness in the uses of adversity, and—with a tendency of mind exactly opposite to that of Monsieur Jaques—where he finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, finds also good in everything. In contrast with this mood is the picture of Jaques drawing contempt for human life from contemplation of the wounded deer. He is the cynical gentleman of whom it is said:

> "Thus most invectively he pierceth through
> The body of the country, city, court,
> Yea, and of this our life."

It is the Duke, his opposite in nature, who loves to cope him in these sullen fits, and the cynicism of Jaques, thus introduced, is used poetically afterwards, throughout the play, as foil to throw into relief the truer lessons of humanity.

In the second scene we have Celia and Rosalind missed from court, Orlando suspected, and Oliver to be made answerable for his brother.

In the third scene Orlando is warned of a new plot of his brother's to destroy him.

> "This night he means
> To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
> And you within it: if he fail of that
> He will have other means to cut you off."

But again the note of discord is associated with the harmonies of life that ever rise and swell towards the perfect music of the close. Here it is love between young and old, master and servant; a touching picture of true service, and of old age when it wears its crown of honour. Old Adam, in offering to his young master all the thrifty hire he saved, pleads,

> "Let me be your servant:
> Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
> For in my youth I never did apply
> Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
> Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo

The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you:
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities."

So they also are now bound for the wood, which is the scene of the play during the rest of the Second Act.

Rosalind and Celia, as Ganymede with his sister Aliena, enter with Touchstone for protector, a wise fool who is devoted to Celia—"He'll go along o'er the wide world with me," Celia had said of him when she and Rosalind were planning flight. They are all weary, and Celia has wholly broken down—"I pray you, bear with me; I can go no farther." When the love-lorn Silvius has left old Corin the Shepherd, Celia's next words are:

"I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death."

When the questioning of Corin brings discovery that flock and pasture may perhaps be bought, Rosalind says to the shepherd,

"I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us."

Here Celia's weariness cannot prevent her mind from running out, as usual, in thought for others. There is one thought for the old shepherd, another to cheer Rosalind, who must not think that her friend suffers in her cause; her prompt addition, therefore, to Rosalind's suggestion of the purchase of the farm is, for the shepherd—"and we will mend thy wages;" but for Rosalind,

"I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it."

We are next to see old Adam, also broken with fatigue, as he enters the wood leaning on Orlando. When he sinks with exhaustion, the young man cheers him, and then bears him in his arms to better shelter while he goes to find him food. But this scene has its effect heightened by being set between two scenes of the cynicism of Monsieur Jaques. Of his mirth at a song, the Duke says,

"If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres."

In the second of these scenes, Jaques is happy at the finding of a fool; for he has come upon Touchstone in the forest, and would be himself a fool having

. . . "liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please. . . .
. . . . . .
Invest me in my motley: give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will, through and through,
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaques. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all th' embosséd sores and headed evils
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world."

That peep into the past life of Jaques ought, one would think, to throw clear light upon the meaning of the character, and save Shakespeare from being himself in any way identified therewith. Jaques again serving as foil, his false moralising is immediately followed by the entrance of Orlando, and again there rises the full music of the brotherhood of man. A passage, to which the poet carefully gives emphasis by repetition, sums up in few words Shakespeare's conception of true life as it is set forth in the larger features of the play. Orlando says,

"Whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,
If ever you have looked on better days——"

What are these better days? The days of a more active love to God—

"If ever been where bells have knolled to church;"—

the days of friendly fellowship with man—

"If ever sat at any good man's feast;"—

and fulness of human sympathy—

"If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be,
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword."

Shakespeare prolongs this note by making the banished duke immediately repeat it—

"True is it that we have seen better days," etc.

The poet had no faith in an ideal of Arcadian idleness. "Love's Labour's Lost" disposed of that. When Orlando has gone to find the old man—

"Who after me hath many a weary step
Limped in pure love,"

Jaques, still as foil to the diamond, occupies the interval before his return with a picture of the seven ages of man. One might have supposed that even Nic Bottom himself had imagination enough to see that it was not Shakespeare in his own person, but in dramatic presentment of a cynic, who saw in infancy only "mewling and puking;" in childhood the "whining" schoolboy; who mocked youth in the lover and the soldier, and found in age only the lean and slippered pantaloon, or second childishness and mere oblivion. Upon that last note of contempt follows immediately Shakespeare's fine dramatic comment, his own picture of the worthiness of youth and age, when Orlando enters bearing Adam on his back. The Act ends presently with a visible entwining of men in a group significant of human fellowship. The duke, whose temper is the opposite to that of Jaques, says to the son of good Sir Rowland—

"I am the Duke
That loved your father. The residue of your fortune,
Go to your cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy master is.—
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand."

The Third Act opens with the short scene where Duke Frederick makes Oliver answerable for the disappearance of Orlando, and seizes his land and goods till he has found his brother.

" *Oliver.* O that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.
Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of door;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands.
Do this expediently, and turn him going."

In the second scene of the Third Act Monsieur Jaques meets with Orlando in the wood; the false and the true have a short conflict, in which Jaques is worsted. Says the sick-minded Jaques, in the course of it, "Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery." To which Orlando replies in the right wholesome tone, "I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults."

The dainty pastoral of love proceeds until we reach, in the third scene of the Fourth Act, the close of the first discord. Orlando has missed his love-lesson with Ganymede, and the cause of that yields one of the two great love-lessons of the play. He had seen where

" Under an oak, whose boughs were mossed with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approached
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
Celia. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother,
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived 'mongst men.
Oliver. And well he might do so,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Rosalind. But, to Orlando—Did he leave him there,
Food to the sucked and hungry lioness?
Oliver. Twice did he turn his back, and purposed so.
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.
Celia. Are you his brother?
Rosalind. Was't you he rescued?
Celia. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oliver. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I. I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am."

This is a parable, like that of the Good Samaritan, including even more of the whole body of Christ's teaching about man's love to his neighbour. The help is not to a stranger, but to an enemy—to one who has sought the destruction of the helper. It is not help by a kindly gift, easily spared out of the accidents of life, but help by a risk of life itself. Orlando risks his life in battle with a lioness to save a brother who had followed him with deadly hate. He is not satisfied till he has brought his brother into safety, brought him to shelter, food, and friendship of the duke. Not until he has actively fulfilled all offices of love does he, when sinking from loss of blood, think of himself or Ganymede. And by such Love to his Neighbour, Orlando conquers hatred and transforms it into love.

Close of the other discord in awakening of Love to God could not be shown so fully. Shakespeare was content with one firm touch to make the fact appear. It is significant that this was a touch all his own. In Lodge's story, when the usurping duke brought an army against his brother and his followers within the forest, the Twelve Peers of France, in arms to recover the right of the banished duke, met the invading army, put it to flight, and killed the usurper. The Twelve Peers give place in Shakespeare to a higher power.

Upon the scene of discord that closes the play, the second son of Sir Rowland enters—no stranger with a message, but a brother who adds to the scene one more suggestion of the ties of love—and he it is who reports to the duke in the forest that Duke Frederick

"Addressed a mighty power, which were on foot
In his own conduct, purposely to take

His brother here, and put him to the sword.
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banished brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled."

Shakespeare's substitution of this reconcilement to God for the putting of the evil-minded brother to the sword through the might of the Twelve Peers, is in the highest degree characteristic of his way of teaching.

Upon two points in the close of the play a word or two must yet be added. Celia's sudden love for Oliver is in accordance with her character. There is joy in heaven—in the heaven also of her heart—over one sinner that repenteth. We shall find a like suggestion in the "Tempest" of love awakened in an innocent mind by the beauty of a human face expressing pure and deep emotion. Celia's heart goes out to Oliver in the hour of his repentance; victory nobler than that of Orlando, in which he overthrew more than the wrestler Charles. Moreover, as wife to Oliver, Celia becomes bound by a new tie of affection to Orlando's wife. The cousins become sisters.

And what is Hymen in the closing music of the play? Hymen, who, while soft music plays, leads Rosalind into a little world of human love, and sings what is meant for much more than a marriage song—

"Then is there mirth in heaven
When earthly things made even
Atone together."

Is it a masque in the forest, is it an angel in the world? I do not know; but I look out on life and think it is an angel in the world.

"Julius Cæsar."

Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" was not printed before it appeared in the first folio, of 1623, but there is good reason for believing it to have been written in or before the year 1601. Its date of production might be, therefore, between "King Henry V." and "Hamlet;" but Shakespeare more frequently produced two plays than one in a year.

Mr. Halliwell-Phillips pointed out that in a book

published in 1601—Weever's "Mirror of Martyrs,"—there is distinct reference to the Forum scene in the Third Act of Shakespeare's play:

> "The many-headed multitude were drawne
> By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious;
> When eloquent Mark Antonie had showne
> His vertues, who but Brutus then was vicious?"

This allusion places beyond question the fact that the stanza in Drayton's "Barons' Wars," published in 1603, which gives a character of Mortimer resembling Antony's character of Brutus in the last scene of "Julius Cæsar," was suggested by a passage in Shakespeare's play.

Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" is a play of government, but it is not enough merely to say that it represents government in its chief forms. The sweep of the story brings before us—in Rome, the old centre of rule—unstable populace; democratic tribunes; republicans in their two main types, as the practical republican whose thought is for himself, and the philosophical whose thought is for the world; it paints in feeble man the greed of empire, and tyrannicide as worse than fruitless; it shows oligarchy risen from the ruins with a tyranny far greater than that from which a bare mistrust had caused escape to be sought by murder; it paints civil war, and includes foreshadowings of the disunion between chiefs of equal power. Their strife is shown in the play of "Antony and Cleopatra," that continues the sequence of events to the final triumph of Octavius.

There is all this, no doubt, furnishing material for the two stories; and Shakespeare, as in preceding plays, made use of the historical groundwork as a parable against sedition and a warning of the ills of civil war, while the direct human interest, the centre of action, lay in something else. So in this pair of plays, one, "Antony and

Cleopatra," has its centre in the house of the strange woman by whom many strong men have been slain; but in "Julius Cæsar" the centre of human interest is centre also of the question of government. Religious men, opposed to her in faith, had more than once plotted the assassination of Elizabeth; and that the death of the childless queen might, whenever it happened, bring on another contest for the crown, was in the latter years of Elizabeth's reign widely feared. But a true dramatist like Shakespeare will never place the point of unity, the centre of crystallisation, so to speak, with which every line in a good play, poem, picture, statue, song, or whatever else may claim to be a work of art, has its relation, in anything so abstract and impersonal as the mere conception of government. The central thought of a play of Shakespeare's is to be found always in some one human truth that strikes home to the soul of some one man, through whom it passes insensibly into the souls of all who have been interested in his story.

Which, then, of the persons in this play of "Julius Cæsar" is the one upon whom Shakespeare seeks especially to fix attention? Beyond question, it is Brutus. The centre of interest will lie in him. Shunning, as we must always, the paths of dry speculation which invariably lead those who follow them to deserts far away from Shakespeare's track, we ask, as we must always, what is the most direct and obvious source of our strong human interest in the person whose fortunes are most continuously and visibly affected by the action of the plot. Brutus is represented as a man gentle and noble in the best sense of each word, the most perfect character in Shakespeare, but for one great error in his life. All Rome had so much faith in his unblemished honour that the conspirators who had determined to strike down Cæsar by assassination, in the hour when he was about to grasp the sole dominion of

Rome, strongly desired companionship of Brutus to give to their deed colour of right, and win for it more readily the assent of the people. There is in the blood of Brutus a love of liberty so strong that it is a virtue tending to excess. Upon this, and upon his unselfish concern for the common good, his brother-in-law Cassius works, and by his working sways the scales of judgment, and leads Brutus to do evil that good may come of it. Not for ill done, but for mistrust of what might come; with no motive but the highest desire for his country's good; with no personal grudge in his heart, but a friend's affection for the man he struck: Brutus took part in an assassination. Portents are so inwoven with the action of the play as to suggest the presence of the gods in the affairs of men. The stroke that was to free Rome from a possible tyranny gave three tyrants for one, civil war for peace, and sent to a cruel death, by self-murder, the faithful wife who was dear to Brutus as the ruddy drops that visited his sad heart. The spirit of Cæsar haunted Brutus as his evil spirit, and the last cry at Philippi was, "O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!" as Cæsar's chief assassins were dying by their own hands on the swords that stabbed him. Suggestions of the nature of the error flash out again and again from passages in the Fifth Act. Here is one. At bay on the Plains of Philippi, Cassius says to Brutus:

> "If we do lose this battle, then is this
> The very last time we shall speak together:
> What are you then determinéd to do?"

Brutus replies, with his own natural mind, applying to the killing of himself a reasoning that precisely applies also to the killing of Cæsar:

> "Even by the rule of that philosophy
> By which I did blame Cato for the death
> Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
> But I do find it cowardly and vile,

> *For fear of what might fall*, so to prevent
> The term of life—arming myself with patience
> To stay the providence of some high powers,
> That govern us below."

But the next question of Cassius drives the thought of Brutus from its place of rest, and sends it down the incline of that passion for liberty which makes him now as ready to kill himself as he before was to kill Cæsar. Cassius says :

> "Then, if we lose this battle,
> You are contented to be led in triumph
> Thorough the streets of Rome?
> *Brutus.* No, Cassius, no. Think not, thou noble Roman,
> That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
> He bears too great a mind."

The passion for freedom begets action that contradicts his calm unbiassed sense of right. So against right he had struck Cæsar—doing evil to find good—and brought down upon himself and his country greater evils than he had intended to avert. For the common good he committed crime from which, if it had been for himself, his soul would have recoiled. For it is no more true in public than in private life that good can come of evil done; and let high politics stink as they may, there is no difference between public and private morality. Evil is only to be overcome with good. The noblest motives in a man of purest character cannot turn moral wrong even into political right, and the more completely Shakespeare impresses us with the ideal beauty of the character of Brutus, the more surely he brings home to us this truth.

"*Julius Cæsar.*"

Let us turn now to the conduct of the story which has this truth at its heart. The play opens at a time when there is general belief that Cæsar desires an imperial crown. It is the fifteenth of February, "the Feast of Lupercal," celebrated annually in honour

of a shepherd god, when Cæsar himself, having returned in triumph from the wars, hopes publicly to receive the crown from Antony, supported by the acclamations of the people. The fickle populace are in the streets. Their tribunes, who are expecting Cæsar's grasp at empire, meet them, chide them, drive them to their homes, pluck Cæsar's trophies from the images, and the last words of the scene clearly express their motive:

> "These growing feathers plucked from Cæsar's wing
> Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
> Who else would soar above the view of men
> And keep us all in servile fearfulness."

Here is the aim of Cæsar as seen from without by heads of the democracy.

The second scene shows Cæsar's aim in Cæsar himself, and as seen from without by the republicans. It tells the failure of that day's attempt upon the crown, and begins the tale of the conspiracy with the attempt of Cassius to bring Brutus into it. The scene opens with Cæsar passing to the games, and, as he hopes, to his crowning. But hope of empire brings with it to the childless man desire for a direct heir to the throne. This thought underlies the first words spoken by Cæsar in the play, addressed to his wife and to Antony, who is stripped for the course, and whose touch in the chase, as he passed her, might remove sterility. The same ten lines of the opening of the scene paint Cæsar so far risen above surrounding men that he is treated as a god; and afterwards in his own speech, big with the sense of his sole dignity and power, he assumes the god. "I shall remember," Antony replies to the bidding that he should not forget, in his speed, to touch Calphurnia:

> "When Cæsar says, 'Do this,' it is performed."

So men speak of Divine but not of human power. Upon this glorying in a vain sense of supreme power breaks the despised warning of the soothsayer, who bids Cæsar "beware the Ides of March." Cæsar passes with triumphal music in the hope to return crowned. Cassius remains to work on at his endeavour to bring Brutus into the conspiracy already formed for saving Rome from a sole master by killing Cæsar. The whole dialogue between them has this meaning. Distant shouts of the people cause Brutus to express his fear that they choose Cæsar for their king—

" *Cassius.* Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Brutus. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well."

In the dialogue between them Cassius is the speaker; the words of Brutus are not answers to his persuasion, but detached expression of his own thought prompted once and again by the shouting of the people. And Cassius, though he is seeking to lead Brutus, is unable to put his argument upon ground higher than that which satisfies himself. It is based upon personal resentment that another man should be accounted greater than himself. For this reason Shakespeare has not allowed Brutus to speak a word that would associate his way of reasoning with that of Cassius. Only he asks at last that he may not be any further moved; but he is so far won that, while indicating knowledge of his brother-in-law's aim, he is willing to find occasion to hear more:

" Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.
Cassius. I am glad
That my weak words have struck but thus much show
Of fire from Brutus."

Cæsar then passes, on his return from disappointment, with the angry spot upon his brow. The people, as we learn presently from Casca, had applauded, not the offer of the crown, but the show made of rejection, that it might be urged upon him by their voices. Vexation had been great enough to bring on an attack of the epilepsy to which Cæsar was subject, and as he passes he observes the eye of Cassius upon him, of Cassius, "who looks quite through the deeds of men." His irritation of mind, blended with that knowledge of men which had helped Cæsar to power, then fastens upon Cassius, whom he describes to Antony with a real insight into the danger of his character. Cæsar sums up what has been shown in the preceding argument of Cassius with Brutus—

" Such men as he are never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous."

Then he assumes the god—

" I rather tell thee what is to be feared
Than what I fear,—for *always I am Cæsar.*"

To which Shakespeare at once adds a dramatic touch of irony on the frail man who speaks like an eternal power—

> "Come on my right side, for this ear is deaf,
> And tell me truly what thou think'st of him."

When Casca has been plucked by the sleeve, and has told in terms bluntly contemptuous the tale of Cæsar's disappointment, Cassius does not leave him till he has bidden him to his house. Then Brutus parts from Cassius, with renewed indication that he may be won, since he is willing to hear more.

> "For this time I will leave you:
> To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
> I will come home to you; or, if you will,
> Come home to me, and I will wait for you.
> *Cassius.* I will do so:—till then, think of the world."

"Think of the world!" says Cassius in parting, consciously playing on his brother-in-law's unselfish devotion to whatever he may be brought to regard as the common good. That he knows himself to be playing with what selfish men regard as weakness in a nature higher than their own, Shakespeare shows by taking us down at once into the mind of Cassius. It is to be remembered always that a soliloquy or an aside in Shakespeare, and in our English dramatists generally, represents unspoken thought—

> ——"think of the world.
> [*Exit Brutus.*
> Well, Brutus, thou art noble, yet, I see,
> Thy honourable mettle may be wrought
> From that it is disposed: therefore, 'tis meet
> That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
> For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
> Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
> If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
> He should not humour me."

And he plans then throwing writings in the way of Brutus that seem to represent voices of Roman citizens—

> ——"all tending to the great opinion
> That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
> Cæsar's ambition shall be glancéd at."

Between the second and third scenes of the First Act a month has passed. The two first scenes of the play represent Cæsar's attempt to obtain the crown from the people in the middle of February, at the feast of Lupercal. The story proceeds now to the fifteenth of March, when Cæsar sought to be crowned by the Senate. From the heavens in storm in the third scene of the First Act, to the full bursting of the storm of civil fury at the end of the Third Act, we are in the Ides of March. The action extends over one night and day—the day of Cæsar's murder and the night before it.

Of the portents that formed part of Plutarch's record, Shakespeare makes throughout a poetical use, joining them with the course of events, to represent offended Heaven and the presence of a higher power in affairs of men. The conspirators are gathering in Pompey's porch, under "a tempest dropping fire," safe against observation in deserted streets. But Brutus is not yet enrolled among their number, although Cassius has so used the time that but a few words on the eve of Cæsar's second attempt to be crowned, a few words representing that the plan is formed, and that the blow will be struck against tyranny whether Brutus give it countenance or no, will be enough to win him. The conspirators are meeting in Pompey's porch; Cassius has not joined them, and Metellus Cimber has been sent to his house to fetch him. Under such conditions the scene opens with Casca meeting Cicero in the portentous storm that suggests

> "Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
> Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
> Incenses them to send destruction."

To Casca's recital of the prodigies that moved men's minds, Cicero's answer is—

> "Indeed, it is a strange-disposéd time;
> *But men may construe things, after their fashion,*
> *Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.*
> Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?"

Cæsar was to fall, not for ills done, but for the ills he might do if he wore a crown. "Mistrust of good success," and "hateful Error, Melancholy's child," would do this deed. So Cassius, next meeting Casca, interprets the signs in the heavens "clean from their purpose" as portending a just war against the tyranny of Cæsar—

> "Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
> Most like this dreadful night;

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol."

And Casca recalls that,

"Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place save here in Italy."

Cassius has won Casca to fellowship in the conspiracy, when Cinna, who has been sent as a second messenger after Metellus Cimber to find the missing chief, interrupts their talk in the darkness broken only by the meteors and lightning flashes—

"*Casca.* Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.
Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait:
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?
Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?
Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stayed for, Cinna?
Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
Cas. Am I not stayed for? Tell me.
Cin. Yes, you are. O Cassius! If you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party."

Cassius is cool for action; but in other men the storm that suggests anger of the gods begets fear that seeks shelter under the good name of Brutus, soul of honour, whom men trust for his known worth, and whom the gods must love. The Act is closed with emphasis upon the reason for the strong endeavour to win assent from Brutus to the murdering of Cæsar. Casca says—

"Oh, he sits high in all the people's hearts,
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness."

Cassius replies—

"Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him."

The first scene of the Second Act shows Brutus awake already, made sleepless by the thought that Cassius has for a month past been diligently prompting, with the aid of false shows of a Roman people calling upon Brutus to save Rome from the creation of a tyrant:

> "Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
> I have not slept."

Now, on the night before Cæsar's second grasp towards a crown, which will be surely granted by the Senate in the Capitol, Brutus has left his bed, paces his orchard, wakens his boy, Lucius, to provide light in his study, reads by the light of exhalations whizzing in the air one of the misleading papers studiously set by Cassius in his way. We are shown by a soliloquy the reasons that have brought Brutus, through anguish of a mind at war with itself, to the belief that there is no way to secure the good of Rome except by Cæsar's death. Here Shakespeare represents Brutus as surrendering his better judgment to no good reason for an evil deed:

> —— "for my part,
> I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
> But for the general . . . .
> . . . . to speak truth of Cæsar,
> I have not known where his affections swayed
> More than his reason."

But just men ambitious of a crown have often changed their nature, scorned the base degrees by which they rose, and had a sting put into them:—

> "So Cæsar may:
> Then, lest he may, prevent."

There is no more than mistrust; no argument that could have swayed the mind of Brutus without help from Cassius, who had worked steadily, and with intimate knowledge of that hereditary zeal for liberty which might possibly be urged until it passed the bounds of reason in endeavour to secure the common good.

When Cassius brings the conspirators to Brutus in his orchard, there is recoil from the shameful aspect of conspiracy that fears to show its face, but a few words whispered apart by Cassius to Brutus suffice to make him one of the confederates. Few words would then suffice.—To-morrow Cæsar would be crowned in the Capitol. But he will be struck down. Here are the men who will do it—with you

or without you. With you they strike for liberty with the least risk to Rome. Are you with us? If you are, there is no time left for delay in showing it.—While Brutus and Cassius whisper apart, a few words of talk among the other conspirators, as to the place of sunrise, indicate dawn of the fatal day, and end in a stage group, that speaks to the eye, of cloaked conspirators, from among whom a sword points directly to the Capitol, which in the play is throughout taken as the place of assassination. To the group so formed Brutus approaches, ready to join hands with the conspirators. He will have no oaths, no cruelties, and the weight of influence in men of noble character is shown, here and in later scenes, by the readiness of all who are about him to be ruled by the opinion of Brutus. Cassius is ready to ask Cicero to stand with them. Casca says, "Let us not leave him out." Cinna says, "No, by no mean." Metellus adds, "O let us have him." Brutus dissuades, and Cassius says, "Then leave him out;" and Casca says, "Indeed, he is not fit." Decius asks, "Shall no man else be touched, but only Cæsar?" Cassius then, with good practical insight from the point of view of the conspiracy, urges that Mark Antony will be found a shrewd contriver if he outlive Cæsar. He too should fall. Brutus dissuades, and although Cassius says, "Yet I fear him," he is spared, with the comment of Trebonius, "There is no fear in him; let him not die; for he will live, and laugh at this hereafter."

The eighth hour of the day now dawning is appointed for the murder. Caius Ligarius is named as one who has been hardly used by Cæsar and might join them. "He loves me well," says Brutus. "Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him;" and at the close of the scene, when he enters it is to emphasise the influence of a high character upon surrounding men. Ligarius has risen from a sick-bed at the call of Brutus. Brutus says to him:

> "O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
> To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick."

To which his answer is—

> "I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
> Any exploit worthy the name of honour."

But before the scene so closes, Portia has followed Brutus into the orchard, urging that she may share the secret that has troubled his mind, changed his manner, brought strange men at night to converse with him, "some six or seven that did hide their faces even from

the darkness." Her urging brings out the deep music of the love that is between them. "You are," he says, "my true and honourable wife, as dear to me as are the ruddy drops that visit my sad heart." And she had not pleaded in vain for fullest confidence, when Ligarius knocked at the door.

> "O ye gods!
> Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking.*
> Hark, hark! one knocks:—Portia, go in awhile;
> And by-and-by thy bosom shall partake
> The secrets of my heart:—
> All my engagements I will construe to thee,
> All the charactery of my sad brows."

In the second scene of the Second Act, portents, dreams, and persuasions of his wife cause delay, and almost withhold Cæsar from the Capitol, to which he is drawn by flatteries of those who lead him to his death. There is no flattery from Brutus; the only words he speaks have for him dread significance: "Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight." His closing thought is of repugnance to hypocrisy, when Cæsar says to the conspirators surrounding him:

> "Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
> And we, like friends, will straightway go together,"

And the reflection of Brutus is—

> "That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
> The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon."

Then the Act ends with Artemidorus waiting to warn Cæsar; and Portia at her house-door, who has learnt the secrets of her husband, which fill all her mind and heart with a wife's over-wrought passion of love and anxiety for Brutus. The two passages that bring Portia herself into the story, are thus made to give deep and full expression to the strength of the home love between her and Brutus.

The Third Act opens with Cæsar on his passage to the Capitol, and in the Capitol surrounded by the Senate. He has not listened to the warnings on his path. One not in league with the conspirators wishes them, as he passes, success in their enterprise, and then proceeds to speak with Cæsar. There is a dramatic movement of anxiety as they hurry their preparations in swift speech together; but Cæsar "doth not change," and they are not betrayed. Then as the conspirators gather about Cæsar—surrounding him as if joined in support

to the plea of Metellus Cimber for the recall of his brother Publius from banishment—from the midst of the swords that in another minute will be drawn to slay him, Cæsar, with his last breath, assumes the god, and says:

> "I am constant as the northern star,
> Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
> There is no fellow in the firmament.
> The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
> They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
> But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
> So in the world,—'tis furnished well with men,
> And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive:
> Yet in the number, I do know but one
> That *unassailable* holds on his rank,
> Unshaked of motion."

To Cinna, further urging, he cries, "Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?" And in this mood the earthly god becomes a bleeding piece of clay.

Upon the tyrannicide follows the revolutionary cry, "Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!" With hands washed in the blood of Cæsar, the conspirators cry "Peace," and look to be remembered as "the men that gave their country liberty."

But as they sowed they reap. Antony proves, as Cassius feared he would, "a shrewd contriver." Having sent before him a true promise, though ingeniously misleading, that he would follow Brutus if Brutus could resolve him "how Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death," Antony is received generously by Brutus, who, confident in the purity of his own purpose, has no doubt that he can prove all to have been done for the common good. But Cassius joins to the argument of Brutus touching right and duty only the suggestion that to his mind appears more persuasive:

> "Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
> In the disposing of new dignities."

When Antony, with manly and full expression of his love to Cæsar, obtains leave from Brutus to speak in the order of his funeral, Cassius again uses his shrewder knowledge of a world that is not as it seems.

> "Brutus, a word with you.—
> You know not what you do: do not consent
> That Antony speak in his funeral.

Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?"

But again the influence of Brutus, who brings faith in the justice of his cause, and a large spirit of humanity, into the crooked counsels of conspiracy, prevails. Cassius, in such a world, would be more fit to lead. "I know not what may fall," Cassius says as he yields, "I like it not."

When Antony, left alone with the body of Cæsar, has prophesied the curse of civil war on Italy, the tidings brought by the servant of Octavius that his master is within seven leagues of Rome prepares the way for immediate action, if Antony succeed in stirring up the people to revolt; the coming of the servant also gives dramatic interest to the removal of the body from the stage.

In the Forum Scene it may be observed that Brutus speaks in prose, with brief expression of what he believes to be the sufficient reason for the death of Cæsar; while the speech of Antony, who begins with the whole mind of the populace against him, and, to secure hearing, tells that he comes "to bury Cæsar, not to praise him," is a piece of studied rhetoric, designed to feel its way and rise in boldness until it has stirred the blood of all to fury. He undermines the accusation of ambition, and pauses to give time for the effect of this to appear. Then he shows, but does not read, Cæsar's will, with hints of large gifts in it to the people. Then he shows Cæsar's body, but not until he has worked emotion up by skilful dealing with the mantle under which it lies. By that time he has raised the people into fury against traitors; but while they are rushing to revenge, crying kill, burn, slay, he stays them for the climax of his appeal, which is not to their hearts but to their pockets. They have not heard the will—

"To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas,"

"with all his walks, his private arbours, and new-planted orchards on this side Tiber." Now they may be let slip at their prey. "Mischief, thou art afoot," says Antony. "Take thou what course thou wilt." Tidings follow of the flight of Brutus and Cassius from Rome, and of the entrance of Octavius. The last scene of the Act shows civil fury at its height among the populace. Raging to burn and slay, they meet Cinna the poet, mistake him, when they discover his name, for Cinna the conspirator, and are about to tear him to

pieces, when it is vain for him to tell them that he is Cinna the poet. Their blood is up, and they are raging to destroy.

"*Cin.* I am Cinna the Poet; I am Cinna the Poet.
4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.
Cin. I am not Cinna the Conspirator.
2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna: pluck his name out of his heart, and turn him going.
3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him!"

So much for the liberation of the people.

The first scene of the Fourth Act shows how little has been gained by the removal of a tyranny. The triumvirs are seen in counsel pricking men for death by their own absolute will, and on the lightest impulses of petty jealousy among themselves.

"*Antony.* These many, then, shall die; their names are pricked.
Oct. Your brother too must die: consent you, Lepidus?
Lepidus. I do consent—
Oct. Prick him down, Antony.
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.
Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him."

There could not be more vivid expression of the failure to reap good fruit from an evil deed. Murder of Cæsar has at once produced the ills that Brutus would have given his own life to avert. At once the scene passes to preparation for new discords in the future. If three men share the supreme power, first the weakest must go to the wall; and that is Lepidus, who is at once treated by his colleagues as "a slight unmeritable man, meet to be sent on errands." In a later scene there is a glance that indicates the rivalry to come between Octavius and Antony. But after the short opening scene of the Fourth Act—which shows the ruin of the hope that had caused Brutus to take part in a policy of doing evil that a good might follow—the one theme of the rest of the Act is Brutus. He has brought desolation upon his country; and upon his home, for he has learnt that Portia, made desperate by the griefs with which she was surrounded, swallowed fire, and so inflicted on herself a cruel death. The suppressed anguish in the mind of Brutus now gives its character to all that is said or done by him. There is no part of Shakespeare that surpasses in spiritual beauty the Fourth Act of "Julius Cæsar,"

which represents the bruised spirit of Brutus, with its short-lived powers of resentment and its depth of tenderness laid open by the stir of half-suppressed emotion. Neither the times nor his stoic philosophy will suffer him to sob his heart out for the cruel death of the wife dearly loved: a death that was among thousands of calamities, public and private, that had come of the assassination. He had killed his wife in stabbing Cæsar.

What is known as the Quarrel Scene between Brutus and Cassius represents in Brutus the quiver of suppressed emotion from his own deep-seated private grief passing into unwonted emotion of resentment at what looked in Cassius like want of honour and of friendly care. Cassius is quick of temper; Brutus habitually calm. But Cassius has now to wonder at the sensitiveness of his friend, whose anger has but a short life, and whose amends for it are generous and full—

"Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?
Brutus. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.
Cassius. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Brutus. And my heart too."

But when the poet breaks in to reconcile the generals, it is Brutus who is nervously impatient of his interference, Cassius who says, "Bear with him." When Brutus has called for wine, that he may pledge Cassius, and gain perhaps some artificial strength to restrain utterances of his tortured spirit, Cassius says—

"I did not think you could have been so angry.
Brutus. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cassius. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Brutus. No man bears sorrow better.—Portia is dead.
Cassius. Ha, Portia?
Brutus. She is dead.
Cassius. How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you so?"

In the following council of war the character of Brutus secures assent to his plan of marching at once to Philippi, though again the policy of Cassius is the more astute. After the council has broken up, the tenderness in the soul of Brutus takes new forms:—

Brutus. Lucius, my gown—Farewell, good Messala:
Good night, Titinius.—*Noble, noble* Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.
Cassius. O, my dear brother,
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.
Brutus. Everything is well.
Cassius. Good night, my lord.
Brutus. *Good night, good brother.*"

Then follows a delicate dramatic touch by which Shakespeare puts into the hands of Brutus the book he is to be reading when Cæsar's ghost appears to him. He takes his gown from the hands of Lucius, gently observes upon his drowsiness, and when Varro and Claudius are called, that they may be at hand for sending messages, his overflowing tenderness for others requires that they shall sleep on cushions in his tent—

Varro. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.
Brutus. I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs;
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
Lucius. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Brutus. *Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.*
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Lucius. Ay, my lord, an't please you.
Brutus. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Lucius. It is my duty, sir.
Brutus. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.
Lucius. I have slept, my lord, already.
Brutus. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long;"

and then from the heart quivering with tenderness,

"if I do live,
I will be good to thee."

When the boy falls asleep, Brutus takes thought even to remove his instrument lest it should fall and break, and then he sits to his book, the whole beauty of his character revealed to us, and brought home to our hearts. Yet even he, of purest character with purest aim, has erred in seeking good through evil. Brutus sees his evil spirit in the ghost of Cæsar, whom he will again see at Philippi, as he faces the last ruin of his vain hope, to win a public right through moral wrong by doing as a patriot what he would shrink from doing as a man.

In the Fifth Act of Shakespeare's play the opposing forces meet on the plains of Philippi. It is in their choice of commands that Shakespeare shows Octavius and Antony equal now under press of danger, but with an element of discord in the imperial ambition of Octavius—

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Oct. I do not cross you, but *I will* do so."

Portents again suggest the presence of the gods in the affairs of men. Even Cassius is disheartened by the omens; and in the farewell between Cassius and Brutus, should they never meet again, there is the passage, to which I have already referred, in which Brutus blames self-murder and finds it

"cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The term of life;"

he will arm himself with patience, "to stay the Providence of those high powers that govern us below;" but swerves from the voice of his own reason when it is suggested that he may be led in triumph through the streets of Rome. The one excess of passion in him overrules his judgment in his own case, as it did in Cæsar's.

When Cassius bids Titinius spur towards troops on the field, and bring word to him whether they are friends or enemies (for all are Romans), friendly reception is interpreted as hostile capture. Cassius bids his slave, whom he sets free, hold the sword on which he is resolved to die.

"Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou are revenged,
Even with the sword that killed thee.'

He is revenged also by death inflicted on the prompting of a blind mistrust.

"Mistrust of good success had done this deed,"

says Messala, and adds a comment designed also to apply to the whole tale of the conspiracy.

"O, hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O, Error, soon conceived,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engendered thee!"

And Titinius adds like comment, as he bends over his master's body before dying by his side:—"Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything." From Brutus, the comment is,

"O, Julius Cæsar, thou are mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails."

Shall we ask now where the wit lay under the wigs of critics who wondered why Shakespeare did not end the play of Julius Cæsar with the scene of his assassination?

The end of Brutus is associated with the incident of Lucilius ready to die for him; and, in his own last farewell, with the comfort of the man who earned the trust of all:

"My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me."

Brutus, too, dies upon the sword with which he had stabbed Cæsar:

"Cæsar, now be still:
I killed not thee with half so good a will."

And his praise comes from the lips of his opponent:

"*Antony.* This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
Of common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements

So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

Brutus, seeking with the noblest motives to make evil his good, and seeking it along that path of public life in which men thought themselves less bound to be in all things true, found only that evil sown was evil reaped. The central thought of the play is this truth. The high character of Brutus, and the political aim that half the world would believe just, make the action such as shuts out every exception. It does not limit application of the truth, but makes it universal.

"Hamlet"

Shakespeare's "Hamlet" was first printed in 1603. That First Quarto was entered by James Robertes at Stationers' Hall, on the twenty-sixth of July, 1602, as "A booke called the Revenge of Hamlett Prince Denmarke, as yt was latelie Acted by the Lord Chamberleyne his servantes." The text of this publication was evidently unauthorised, and is very imperfect; but it contains indications of some touches of change that must have been made soon after the piece was first put upon the stage. Thus, the names of Polonius and his servant Reynaldo appear in this First Quarto as Corambis and Montano, and it is to be inferred also from its text that there may have been some early readjustment of the lights and shades of character. James Robertes, who entered the book for publication, seems to have transferred his responsibility to N [icholas] L [ing], for whom and for John Trundell the First Quarto was printed; and a really good text of the play was afterwards obtained and printed in 1604 for N [icholas] L [ing] by I [ames] R [obertes ?]. The text of this Second Quarto, when collated with that of the first edition of Shakespeare's collected plays, published in 1623 by his fellow-players, Heminge and Condell, the edition known as the First Folio, practically assures to us the whole play as Shakespeare left it. The Second Quarto contains passages that are omitted in the First

Folio, and the First Quarto helps now and then to settle a reading. There were three other quartos; one in 1605, one undated (1607?) and one in 1611.

The story of Hamlet actually originates in an old Danish Saga, which found its way, in 1570, from Saxo Grammaticus into the fifth volume of *Histoires tragiques*, by François de Belleforest, as a tale showing *Avec quelle ruse Amleth, qui depuis fut roy de Dannemarch, vengea la mort de son père Horvendille, occis par Fengon son frère, et autre occurrence de son histoire.* An English version of the tale in Belleforest appeared as the "Historie of Hamblet;" and it was also made into an English play, now lost, that preceded Shakespeare's. This must have served as a starting-point for Shakespeare's invention. In an epistle by Thomas Nash, before Robert Greene's novel of "Menaphon," in 1589, there is an allusion to the shifty playwrights, who from English Seneca may draw "whole 'Hamlets,' I should say handfulls of tragical speeches;" and in the Diary of Henslowe the actor there is mention of a "Hamlet" represented, June the ninth, 1594, in the theatre at Newington Butts, which was an old play, from which Henslowe only got eight shillings for his share of the proceeds.

"*Hamlet.*"

Shakespeare's play opens with watch over the sea against attack by Fortinbras for the recovery of land lost thirty years before, when the father of Fortinbras, the King of Norway, lost the land, and with it his life, wagered by him in duel with the father of Hamlet. The time elapsed since that duel, which was on the day of Hamlet's birth, is precisely told in the Fifth Act, where the grave-digger says that he became a grave-digger "that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras," which was "the very day that young Hamlet was born," and presently adds, "I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years." Thus Shakespeare clearly fixes Hamlet's age as thirty. Young Fortinbras can hardly be younger, since his father was killed on the day of Hamlet's birth. We can only think of him as

a young child when his father's brother succeeded to rule in Norway, according to the old usage (illustrated also in "Macbeth") that set aside direct succession if the king's son was not of age to be a leader of the people. But Hamlet was a man in years, though not in action, when he left his uncle free to take the throne.

Throughout the play Fortinbras serves as a foil to Hamlet. Fortinbras is a man of action, who thinks little; Hamlet is a man of the highest intellectual culture, in whom thought is very busy; in whom

> "The native hue of resolution
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
> And enterprises of great pith and moment
> With this regard their currents turn awry
> And lose the name of action."

At the opening of the play there is stir of warlike preparation in Denmark, and strict watch against the sudden energies of Fortinbras, who is expected to make a bold dash for the lands his father lost. Into the midst of the watch comes one from the other world, to give Hamlet something that he must not only think upon, but *do*. As Shakespeare reads life, everyone who has come to manhood has to do his work. In youth we prepare for our work; but after we have entered on life's active duties all study is but the care to keep our arms from rusting, arms that we have daily to use. Hamlet, when the play opens, has only been drawn from his enjoyment of the studious university life by his father's sudden death, followed within a month by his uncle's marriage with his mother. When the play opens he is still at Elsinore, his father "but two months dead; nay, not so much, not two," and his mother had married

> "Within a month,—
> Let me not think on 't. Frailty, thy name is woman."

His mother's marriage pains him yet more than his father's death. When he hears of his father's spirit in arms, his thought flashes at once to suspicion of his uncle. The spirit confirms his suspicion. He has no doubt that it is his duty to avenge the murder of his father. But, in the first conviction, he plans already simulation of madness that shall give give him opportunities of secret observation,

> "As I perhaps hereafter shall think meet,
> To put an antic disposition on."

The device is that of a mind already "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Had Fortinbras been so summoned to action, the king would have been dead in an hour. When, later in the play, by the killing of Polonius, Laertes, who serves also as a contrast to Hamlet, is in Hamlet's position, with a father killed, he is back from Paris in a whirlwind, beating at the palace gates. But at the close of the First Act, Hamlet's exclamation, after he has learnt his duty is,

> "The time is out of joint: O, curséd spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right."

No man healthily active would in Hamlet's position either have felt it necessary to break from the woman whom he deeply loved, or to use the tricks of a feigned madness to cover self-indulgence in a long, last farewell look. Time passes, and much is thought and felt, but nothing done. When the players come, to whom, as delighting him with shadows of action, he had been a good patron at the university, and when one of the players loses himself in the grief of Hecuba, Hamlet reproaches himself with self-comparison.

> "What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
> That he should weep for her? What would he do,
> Had he the motive and the cue for passion
> That I have?"

"About, my brains!" is the result; and still only the brain works. The spirit may have been the devil in a pleasing shape. Hamlet will put its truth to test by the device of the play in which the king shall see the image of his crime.

> "If his occulted guilt
> Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
> It is a damnéd ghost that we have seen."

It does unkennel itself. Hamlet absolutely knows his uncle's guilt; but it is by a method that reveals his knowledge to his uncle, whom an evil conscience had made eager to discover whether some such knowledge did not lie at the root of Hamlet's change to madness, whether real or assumed.

And now, why does not Hamlet kill the king? An easy opportunity offers. But his mind is again too busy; he refrains out of no spirit of mercy, but because he cannot kill the king enough. The

king is praying. Killed now, he might find heaven. Hamlet will wait till he can kill more perfectly, body and soul. Two months have slipped by since Hamlet undertook his duty. This is marked by a passage in the play scene. "How cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within two hours." *Ophelia.* "Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord." At the beginning of the play, it was "Nay, not two months, not two."

The king, who has learnt from Hamlet the danger to himself, loses no time, though Hamlet still delays. Hamlet allows himself to be shipped off to England, with secret orders for his execution there. While he is still thus passive, he sees the forces of young Fortinbras, whose preparation against Denmark has been diverted to the Polack, pass over a plain before him, and again has clear intellectual sense of his own fault. He can tell himself what the play tells to us all, that—

> "He that made us with such large discourse,
> Looking before and after, gave us not
> That capability and God-like reason
> To fust in us unused."

All deeds of Hamlet are by act without premeditation. By sudden impulse he stabs Polonius behind the arras, without time even to give full birth to the thought that he may be killing the king. No thinking of his could possibly have foreseen or brought the pirate ship that came into engagement with the ship carrying him to England; and it was not even with design so to return to Denmark that he leapt to the other deck as the ships grappled for action.

But when he had returned he was again passive. He accepted passively the challenge to the fencing match, and when he at last did kill his own and his father's murderer, it was by action on the impulse of the moment. It was done rashly, as Hamlet said to Horatio of an act of his on board the ship; and Hamlet's comment on this rashness has in it the soul of the play—

> "Let us know,
> Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
> When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us,
> There's a divinity that shapes our ends
> Rough hew them how we will."

There are many Hamlets in the world with intellectual power for large usefulness, who wait, day by day and year by year, in the hope to

do more perfectly what they live to do; die, therefore, and leave their lives unused; while men of lower power, prompt for action, are content and ready to do what they can, well knowing that at the best they can only rough hew, but in humble trust that leaves to God the issues of the little service they may bring.

It is a last touch to the significance of this whole play that at its close the man whose fault is the reverse of Hamlet's—the man of ready action, though it be with little thought, the stir of whose energies was felt in the opening scene—re-enters from his victory over the Polack, and the curtain falls on Fortinbras, King.

CHAPTER XV.

TRANSLATORS — YOUNGER WRITERS AT THE END OF ELIZABETH'S REIGN — SHAKESPEARE HIMSELF FROM 1586 TO 1603.

SIR JOHN HARINGTON was the son of a John Harington who throve in the service of King Henry VIII., and pleased the king by marrying, in 1546, one of his illegitimate daughters, to whom the king had given the lands of two forfeited monasteries. She died soon afterwards, childless; and John Harington the elder, who went into the service of the Princess Elizabeth, published in 1550 a translation of "The booke of freendeship by M. T. Cicero." He also praised in private verse the princess's six gentlewomen, and took one of them—Isabella, daughter of Sir John Markham—for second wife in 1554. Within the first year of their marriage they were imprisoned, with Princess Elizabeth, in the Tower. In 1561 their son John was born, and had Elizabeth, then queen, for godmother. Translators.

John Harington the younger had in his youth the queen for friend. He was educated at Eton and at Christ's College, Cambridge, then studied law at Lincoln's Inn, had reputation at Court for wit, and at home for spending more than his allowance warranted. At the age of about twenty-three he married. While amusing the Court with free epigrams and playful verses, that were passed from hand to hand, he translated Sir John Harington.

for the ladies the twenty-eighth canto of "Orlando Furioso," that canto which Ariosto in its first lines advised ladies, and those who valued ladies, to avoid; he told them that his story was complete without it. The queen thought it impudent to pick out this story of Giocondo for translation, and she bade Harington go home and not show himself again at Court until he brought with him a translation of the whole of the "Orlando." A free translation accordingly was made, in the octave rhyme of the original, with haste and ease, and it was first published, in 1591, as "Orlando Furioso in English Heroical Verse, by John Harington," the translator's age being thirty. Harington prefixed to this first English translation of Ariosto's masterpiece "An Apologie of Poetrie." There was a second edition in 1607, and a third in 1637, "with the addition of the Author's Epigrams," in four books.

Without being a great poet, Harington rhymed easily, and had a ready pen. His version of "Orlando" attempts no subtleties of skill in the exact rendering of lines and stanzas; but as a reproduction of the whole poem for English readers it was, and is, a very pleasant book. It pleased Elizabeth. In the year after its production she honoured John Harington —not yet Sir John—at Kelston, near Bath, an estate that had belonged to his father's first wife, Henry VIII.'s daughter. In 1596 Harington was at Court again, and showed his wit in imitation of Rabelais—or as he wrote it, "the reverent Rabbles (*quem honoris causa nomino*, that is, whom I should not name 'save without reverence.')" The piece was called "A new Discourse of a stale Subject, called the Metamorphosis of Aiax. Written by Misacmos to his friend and Cosin Philostilpnos." "Ajax" stood for "a jakes," and the metamorphosis was really the introduction of a most essential sanitary reform set up, among other curiosities, at his own house at Kelston, the invention of an efficient water-closet with accompanying drainage. The

Rabelaisian style, as Harington used it, was deliberately meant to claim free use of homely words in necessary matters; to defend the honesty of nature. It has not an indecent line, is very wholesome in its aim, but is, in the conventional sense, very indelicate. He cites a story to the point, told, he said, "by a grave and godly lady who was grandmother to all his wife's children":—

"A Hermit and an Angel walking in the streets together met a gong-farmer, with his cart full laden. The poor Hermit, as other men did, stopped his nostrils and betook him to the other side of the street, hastening from the sour carriage all he could; but the Angel kept on his way, seeming no whit offended with the savour, at which the Hermit marvelled. There came not long after by them a woman gorgeously attired, well perfumed, well attended with coaches and torches, to convey her, perhaps, to some nobleman's chamber. The good Hermit, somewhat revived with the fair sight and sweet savour, began to stand at the gaze. On the other side the good Angel now stopped his nose, and both hastened himself away and beckoned his companion from the place. At which the Hermit more marvelling than before, he was told by the Angel that this fine courtesan laden with sin was a more stinking savour afore God and his holy Angels than that beastly cart laden with excrement."

The "Metamorphosis" was followed, in the same year, by a mock apology: "An Apologie. 1. Or rather a Retraction. 2. Or rather a Recantation. 3. Or rather a Recapitulation. 4. Or rather a Replication. 5. Or rather an Examination. 6. Or rather an Accusation. 7. Or rather an Explication. 8. Or rather an Exhortation. 9. Or rather a Consideration. 10. Or rather a Confirmation. 11. Or rather all of them. 12. Or rather none of them." There was also, in the same year, "Vlysses upon Aiax. Written by Misodiaboles to his Friend Philaretes." After his wit had roused attention to his "Metamorphosis," which was reprinted three times in swift succession before it was put under ban, Harington published "The Anatomy of the Metamorphosed Ajax," with detailed plans and drawings

"for the common benefit of builders, housekeepers, and house owners." The queen, who called Harington "that saucy poet, my godson," again bade him withdraw from Court; but in 1598 he was sent to Ireland with the Earl of Essex, by whom he was there knighted for his services in action. Sir John Harington lived until 1612, and there is more to be said to his credit in the next book of this history.

Edward Fairfax.

Edward Fairfax, of Newhall, in the parish of Faiston, Yorkshire, was of a Yorkshire family and married to a Yorkshire woman. He was born at Leeds. His father was Sir Thomas Fairfax, of Denton, and Nun Appleton and Bilborough, in Yorkshire, whose eldest son, born at Bilborough, was Thomas, first Lord Fairfax of Cameron in the Scottish peerage. Thomas was born in 1560, and lived to the age of eighty; but there is no record of the birth-date of his brother Edward, who died five years before him. Edward was very serviceable to his eldest brother, for he lived a studious life upon his own little estate near by, as one of the family (though his legitimacy has been doubted), and had looked after the education of his brother's children. He had also the charge of his brother's affairs while Thomas was much away on diplomatic and military service in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was not till after the accession of James I. that Thomas, first Lord Fairfax, settled down at Denton, where he gave attention to the breeding of his horses and carefully defined the duties of his servants.

Edward Fairfax married a sister of Walter Laycock, of Copmanthorpe, in Yorkshire, and had several children of his own. His translation of Tasso was his chief work. It was first published in 1600, towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth, and dedicated to the queen. It was valued greatly by King James, who gave it a first place in English poetry. It is said to have solaced Charles I. in his confinement, and

Dryden records that he and others had heard Waller say that he "derived the harmony of his numbers from 'Godfrey of Bulloigne.'"

Edward Fairfax wrote also twelve eclogues, of which two or three have been printed and the rest are lost. He died in 1635, and was buried at Faiston on the twenty-seventh of January. His wife survived him thirteen years.

Richard Carew, who had distinguished himself at Oxford in his student days, and afterwards, when Sheriff of Cornwall, produced a valuable "Survey of Cornwall," published in 1594 a translation of the first five cantos of Tasso's *Gerusalemme*. Carew printed his English version and the Italian original facing each other, page for page, and his translation was accurate. I take for example the fourth stanza of the First Book, where Fairfax has generalised into "Princes" Tasso's direct dedication to Alfonso II. :— Richard Carew.

> "Thou noble-minded Alfonso, who dost save
> From fortune's fury and to port dost steer
> Me, wandering pilgrim, midst of many a wave
> And many a rock betost, and drenched well near,
> My verse with friendly grace to accept vouchsafe,
> Which, as in vow, sacred to thee I bear.
> One day, perhaps, my pen forehalsening,
> Will dare what now of thee 'tis purposing."

Fairfax, in his translation of the first five cantos, shows now and then that he has read Carew's translation; but on the whole, here, as throughout, he takes his own way, and writes like an English poet of his day, according to the fashion of his day, but with addition of the clearest evidence of his delight in Spenser. Many a phrase and image used in the elaboration of his stanzas has been suggested to Fairfax by his study of "The Faerie Queene," which was a new poem while he wrote—its first three books published in 1590, its Fairfax's "Tasso."

next three in 1596; Fairfax's "Godfrey of Bulloigne" in 1600. He translates, indeed, stanza for stanza, so that the numbering of his stanzas corresponds with that of the original. But, like Harington in his "Orlando," he gives in his own way the sense of each stanza, or what he takes it to be, when he is doubtful, or goes, unconscious of error, more or less astray as to the meaning of a sentence. Spenser had planned his great poem in early life to be a spiritual allegory, with a poem of knights, ladies, and enchantments, that was to have outward resemblance to the "Orlando" of Ariosto; only it was to be "in sage and solemn tunes,"

> "Of turneys and of trophies hung,
> Of forests and enchantments drear,
> Where more is meant than meets the ear."

While Spenser was planning and beginning to write, Tasso's "Godfrey," called afterwards "Jerusalem Delivered," came, as a new poem, into his hands. His pleasure in it was declared by touches of paraphrase and imitations in his verse. Of a beautiful song in the gardens of Armida he gave a poet's translation in the last canto of his second book,* where the description of the gardens of Acrasia owed many a touch to recollections of Tasso. In such passages Fairfax translated with Spenser in his mind.

Fairfax's worst blunders, or seeming blunders, in translation do little damage to the spirit of his text. Thus, in canto iii. stanza 32, the commonest inflexion of a familiar verb, *volgere*, "to turn," which, of course, he knew, and, here as elsewere, has translated rightly, slips through his eye into his mind the name of a great river, and we have this version of the lines—

> "Tal gran tauro talor ne l'ampio agone,
> *Se volge il corno* ai cani ond' è seguito,

* "E. W." ix. 349, 350.

S'arretran essi ; e s'a fuggir si pone,
Ciascun ritorna a seguitarlo ardito."

"As the swift ure, by *Volga's* rolling flood,
Chased through the plains the mastiff curs toforn,
Flies to the succour of some neighbour wood,
And often *turns again his* dreadful *horn*
Against the dogs imbrued in sweat and blood,
That bite not till the beast to flight return."

Here there is no blunder at all. *Se volge il corno* is translated; the image is correctly given, although part is amplified and part condensed. We only find that the word *volge* suggested to Fairfax his addition of the river. In and after Elizabeth's time river names were much used as ornaments of verse.

The English of Fairfax's "Godfrey" has, in pronunciation and vocabulary, some ring of the north. Fairfax interspersed old words in his translation to grace an antique tale, for the same reason that caused Spenser to use them in "The Faerie Queene;" he had also, in this respect, by imitation and by likeness of experience—for Spenser's family was also of the north of England—a Spenserian vocabulary. He often uses the prefix "y" for the old "ge" in past participles, as "yclept," "ypraised." Sometimes he adds the "n" of the infinitive where it had been dropped by the usage of his time—"Two barons bold approachen gan the place;" "Do thou permit the chosen ten to gone." He has old plurals in "n," "eyne," "fone," "treen." Sometimes he drops, sometimes retains, the "n" of a past participle, writing "know" for "known," "bounden" for "bound." Very commonly he takes the old indicative-present of the verb "to be," using "been" for "are." Now and then he drops the sign of a weak verb ending in "t."

As translator, according to the fashion of his day in England, Fairfax turns many a direct and simple sentence

of his original into metaphor or simile, interweaves mythological and scriptural allusions, or finds emphasis in a homely English proverb, as "A stick to beat the dog he long had sought," or "Doubtless the county thought his bread well baken."

With all this, Fairfax found that the vowel-endings of Italian add many syllables that lengthen the expression of a thought while making it more musical. Chaucer translated eight lines into seven. Fairfax, by the compactness of his style, was led to devices of expansion as well as of addition. He set up triplets of words where Tasso had but one, and sometimes gave an air of condensed energy to a line that was in fact one bold expansion by a string of words.*

* When Tasso simply wrote (xiv. 1)—

"E i venticelli dibattendo l'ali
Lusingavano il sonno de' mortali,"

Fairfax translated—

"And sweet-breathed Zephyr on his spreading wings,
Sleep, ease, repose, rest, peace, and quiet brings."

When Tasso wrote—

"China poi, disse, e gli addito la terra,
Gli occhi a ciò che quel globo ultimo serra,"

Fairfax, having used up the rest of the matter of the stanza in five lines, and having three to fill, translated—

"Then bend thine eyes on yonder earth and mould,
All in that mass, that globe and compass see,
Land, sea, spring, fountain, man, beast, grass, and tree."

And as an example of the frequent triplets in Fairfax, which became a favourite device, we may take the translation of Tasso's—

"Ben sono in parte altr' uom da quel ch'io fui;
Ch' or da lui pendo, e mi rivolgo a lui."

"Thus hath he changed my thoughts, my heart, my will,
And rules mine art, my knowledge, and my skill."

Iteration is part of a speaker's art, because the spoken word has wings, and may not always be caught as it is uttered. In our Church Service its use is recognised by frequent doublings of nouns and verbs, as when we "acknowledge and confess our manifold sins and iniquities;" and the form of writing is not ill-suited to a poem that one may imagine planned for recitation. Fairfax uses it to excess, but there is so much robust vigour in his way of suiting to his own time and country the contents of each successive stanza, and his own music is so clear and tuneful, that his translation still holds high place in our literature among the books "that so did please Eliza and our James," and have not lost their pleasantness by lapse of time.

John Florio.

Giovanni, or John, Florio was an Italian, born in London at the end of the reign of King Edward VI. His parents had lived in the upper valley of the Adda, in the province of Valtellina. There they had joined the Reformers, and had been driven from their home by persecution. They found shelter in England till about a year after Giovanni's birth, when King Edward died, and with Queen Mary a reaction came. The Florios then quitted England, and remained in France till the accession of Elizabeth. Young Florio, then six years old, was brought to England, which became, thenceforth, his home. He studied at Oxford, and is entered as being at Magdalene College in 1581, in the service of young Barnabe Barnes. He is entered as æt. 36, but the inscription attached to his portrait made him 58 in 1611. He was teaching Barnes Italian, having obtained distinction as an Italian teacher and as a fashionable wit, in 1578, by publication of "Florio his First Fruites, which yeelde familiar Speech, merie Prouerbes, wittie Sentences, and golden Sayings." Florio's "Second Frutes, To which is annexed his Garden of Recreation, yeelding six thousand Italian Prouerbs," followed in 1591, and in 1603 appeared

the first edition of Florio's chief work, his translation of the Essays of Montaigne. Those essays Montaigne had begun to write in 1571. He first published the First and Second Books of them in 1580, and with six hundred additions to the First and Second Books the fifth edition of them was for the first time enlarged by the Third Book in 1588, four years before their author's death. Florio's translation, which was enjoyed by Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, will always bring us nearer to Montaigne than the best possible translation by a later hand.

Florio's Montaigne.

George Chapman began under Elizabeth his translation of Homer, which was completed in the reign of James I. Publication began in 1598 with "Seaven Bookes of the Iliades of Homere Prince of Poets. Translated according to the Greeke in iudgement of his best Commentaries." These seven books were not the first seven, but omitting the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth, gave the other books from the first to the eleventh. In the same year Chapman published "Achilles Shield. Translated as the other seven Bookes of Homer, out of his eighteenth booke of Iliades." No more appeared till the next reign.

George Chapman.

George Chapman, who was about five years older than Shakespeare, was born at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire. William Browne, in "Britannia's Pastorals," calls him "the learned Shepheard of faire Hitching hill." There is no record of George Chapman as having matriculated or graduated at either Oxford or Cambridge. Although he has been claimed for each university and both, we must accept the fact that the first full translation of Homer was made by a scholar and poet who was not trained at an English University. George Chapman made his first appearance as a poet at the age of about thirty-five by publishing in 1594 "Σκία νυκτός. The Shadow of Night: Containing Two Poeticall Hymnes

Deuised by G. C. Gent." They were dedicated to his "dear and most worthy friend, Master Matthew Roydon," and, after contemning criticism of the idlers who "take upon themselves as killing censures as if they were judgment's butchers," he said of his "poor and strange trifle," "I rest as resolute as Seneca, satisfying myself if but a few, if one, or if none, like it."

The two Hymns, in rhymed couplets of ten-syllabled lines, are one to Night and one to Cynthia. Chapman shows himself in this first work, as in his later writings, a true scholar and true poet, a poet with high aims and noble thoughts. But his work is laboured till it becomes often obscure, though moving with grave dignity and rich in happy lines. The Hymn to Night represents rather a poet's mood, that is a part of truth, than a whole truth. Night is addressed as

> "Happy, thrice happy type and nurse of death,
> Who, breathless, feeds on nothing but our breath,"

who filled all when the elements lay in Chaos :

> "Chaos had soul without a body then,
> Now bodies live without the souls of men."

From Chaos Order came, as day from night; but Order in man is broken, and all tends to a new and a worse Chaos, the Chaos of Sin. "A stepdame Night of Mind about us clings."

> "Fall, Hercules, from heaven, in tempests hurled,
> And cleanse this beastly stable of the world!"

Men stray by day—its light serves only the body's eye, for earthly uses. "Sorrow's dear sovereign, and the queen of rest," is Night, "Day of deep students, most contentful Night."

> "Since mournings are preferred to banquetings,
> And they reach Heaven, bred under Sorrow's wings;

Since Night brings terror to our frailties still,
And shameless Day doth marble us in ill,"

Night comes to us, "proclaiming silence, study, ease, and sleep."

"Sweet Peace's richest crown is made of stars,
Most certain guides of honoured mariners,
No pen can anything eternal write
That is not steeped in humour of the Night."

Let the Night aid us with her ministry of sorrow, with the calm that frees us from the idle passions of the Day and sets us free to think and choose.

"Kneel then with me, fall worm-like on the ground,
And from the infectious dunghill of this round,
From man's brass wits and golden foolery,
Weep, weep your souls into felicity:
Come to this house of mourning, serve the Night,
. . . . . .
Till virtue flourish in the light of light."

So ends the Hymn. Vast as the chaos is of ills and wrongs in the daily life of men, the whole truth shows that from this chaos also the diviner life is being slowly shaped. The whole truth is infinitely greater than that part of it which is presented in a mood like this. But the mood also is true. There is a right place for the sole expression of the deepest discontent with all that vanity which breeds vexation of spirit, and caused the Preacher of old to declare that "there was no profit under the sun."

That being the spirit of George Chapman's "Shadow of the Night," the Hymn to Cynthia, in her "all-ill-purging purity," continues the same theme. It includes an allegory of Dian's Hunting, in which the poet draws one simile from siege movements before Nimeguen, which he describes as if he had been present at them. Here there is ground for a conjecture that Chapman in his younger days had,

like some other young poets, served in the Low Countries. In a note to this passage he suggests that poets might as well draw illustrations "from the honourable deeds of their own noble countrymen clad in comely habit of poesy" as from farther fetched grounds, "if such as be poets nowadays would use them." Another illustration in this Hymn involves Chapman's opinion of English hexameters:

> "Sweet poesy
> Will not be clad in her supremacy
> With those same garments, Rome's hexameters,
> As she is English; but in right prefers
> Our native robes put on with skilful hands,
> English heroics."

In its main argument this *Hymnus in Cynthiam* opposes itself to

> "those flesh-confounded souls
> That cannot bear the full Castalian bowls,
> Which sever mounting spirits from the senses."

It condemns even the pity that moves not in men's souls but in their eyes. "Eyes should guide bodies, and our souls our eyes."

> "Our dames well set their jewels in their minds:
> Insight illustrates; outward bravery blinds.
> The mind hath in herself a deity,
> And in the stretching circle of her eye
> All things are compassed, all things present still:
> Will framed to power, doth make us what we will."

In the next year, 1595, George Chapman published "Ouid's Banquet of Sence. A Coronet for his Mistresse Philosophie," and his "Amorous Zodiacke. With a translation of a Latine coppie, written by a Fryer, Anno Dom. 1400." Chapman dedicated this little book also "to the truly learned and my worthy friend, Master Matthew Roydon."

Of "Ovid's Banquet of Sense," the argument is that "Ovid, newly enamoured of Julia, daughter to Octavius Augustus Cæsar, after by him called Corinna, secretly conveyed himself to a garden of the Emperor's court, in an arbour whereof Corinna was bathing, playing on her lute, and singing." Ovid's sense of Hearing was pleased with her song, his sense of Smell with the perfumes of her bath, his sense of Sight with the pride of her nakedness. She saw him behind her when she looked in her glass, and, covering herself, was about to withdraw in anger. But, in a dialogue of amorous logic, Ovid won her to satisfy with a kiss his sense of Taste. She had further suffered him to place his hand upon her side for satisfaction of the sense of Touch, when other ladies came into the garden. This poem of the delights of earthly love is set forth in musical stanzas of ten-syllabled iambic lines, each formed of nine lines that rhyme *a b a b c b c d d*, and Chapman interposes but one didactic touch in painting sensuous delight without descent into the sensual. That one touch is the suggestion in Corinna's song that pleased the ear—

> "'Tis better to contemn than love
> And to be fair than wise,
> For souls are ruled by eyes."

"Ovid's Banquet of Sense" has grace and charm. Although written in the spirit of the "Hymn to Night," it suggests the delight of the senses with a right freedom from didactic comment that is rare in Chapman. His purpose is served by contrast of this poem with that which he places next to it, "A Coronet for his Mistress Philosophy." The coronet is a round of ten sonnets, of the pattern of Spenser's as to rhyme; the last line of each sonnet is repeated as the first of that which follows, and, the last line of the last being also the first line of the first, the circle is complete, and ends where it began. In these sonnets Chapman turns from

"Muses that sing love's sensual empery,
And lovers kindling your enragéd fires
At Cupid's bonfires burning in the eye,
Blown with the empty breath of vain desires."

He calls to wiser love those votaries of Cupid, and says to them,

"Your eyes were never yet let in to see
The majesty and riches of the mind,
But dwell in darkness; for your god is blind."

The poet's love is for the higher wisdom that "to living virtues turns the deadly vices,"

"And let my love adorn with modest eyes
Muses that sing Love's sensual emperies."

As here she does. There is more sense of labour in the framing of these sonnets than in the graceful stanzas of Chapman's free, but innocent, "Banquet of Sense."

"The Amorous Zodiac" is a lover's fanciful but laboured division of his lady's body, from "fleece of hair, yellow and curled," to "slender feet, fine slender feet that shame Thetis' sheen feet, which poets so much fame," into twelve signs like those of the Zodiac. And these shall be the rest of all his moving through the year.

Lastly, "The Amorous Contention of Thetis and Flora," from a mediæval Latin poem, sets forth in stanzas each of four lines with a single rhyme, dispute upon the question whether a soldier or a clerk in orders be fittest for love—

"A little yet unlike they prove,
And somewhat hostilely they strove;
A clerk did Flora's humour move,
But Phillis liked a soldier's love."

They went to have the question settled by Cupid himself, who decided that "the clerk is fitt'st for venery."

In full accord with the spirit of these early poems of his own is the spirit of the Sestiads with which Chapman completed Marlowe's "Hero and Leander." Marlowe had painted the delight of the flesh. Chapman could paint that also with the liberal touch of a wisdom that has no austerity, but at the same time he makes it his whole purpose to ring the knell of Fancy, born and cradled in the eyes, with gazing fed. Chapman dedicated his continuation of Marlowe, arranged as the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth Sestiads of "Hero and Leander"—"the last affections of the first two lovers that ever Muse shrined in the Temple of Memory"—to the wife of Sir Thomas Walsingham. His Leander returned from snatching

> "that unblessed blessing
> Which, for lust's plague, doth perish with possessing.
> Joy, graven in sense, like snow in water, wastes;
> Without preserve of virtue, nothing lasts."

Leander returned had a vision of the goddess Ceremony, who reproved "Leander's bluntness in his violent love." He vowed to celebrate the nuptial rites. And then Chapman, when he is proceeding to the tale of sorrows that ensued, seeks conference with the soul of Marlowe, seeks to

> "find th' eternal clime
> Of his free soul, whose living subject stood
> Up to the chin in the Pierian flood,
> And drunk to me half this Musæan story,
> Inscribing it to deathless memory:
> Confer with it, and make my pledge as deep,
> That neither's draught be consecrate to sleep.
> Tell it how much his late desires I tender
> (If yet it know not), and to light surrender
> My soul's dark offspring, willing it should die
> To loves, to passions, and society."

Then follows illustration of how Hero fared within "the expugned fort of her chaste bosom," by a simile shaped

from the attack of Essex upon the ships at Cadiz. This was another carrying out of the suggestion Chapman made in a note when using a simile drawn from the struggle of war before Nimeguen.

Thus came George Chapman in mid-life into our literature, marked for strength among the strong. His early life would be worth knowing, but we only know that it had been tried by adversity. He was poor when he began to publish, and although he was impatient of the dominance of

> " Custom, that the apoplexy is
> Of bed-rid natures and lives led amiss "

—he described it so in "Hero and Leander"—he had as a poor poet to fall in with the custom of finding words for the players. Meres names him in his list of the best writers of comedy and tragedy. George Chapman's "Blind Beggar of Alexandria," which remains to us, was first acted in February, 1596, and first printed in 1598. Henslowe found it profitable. Other plays of his are named in Henslowe's Diary, but they are lost. There remains "A Humorous Day's Mirth," first printed in 1599. It is probable that he wrote also before 1599, under another title, the excellent comedy, "All Fools," based upon Terence's *Heautontimoroumenos*. But this was not printed until 1605.

Chapman's Earlier Plays.

John Webster is among workers at plays mentioned after November, 1601, in Henslowe's Diary; but they are lost plays, and, as we know him, he is dramatist of the reign of James I.

John Webster.

Thomas Heywood may have been about twenty years old when he was first mentioned in Henslowe's Diary as receiving thirty shillings for a playbook, towards the close of the year 1596. In 1598 he was engaged as a regular member of the Lord

Thomas Heywood.

Admiral's company. His "First Part of Edward IV." was printed in 1600, and "The Four 'Prentices of London," written in his youth, was printed in 1601. Heywood's activity was very great. He said, in 1633, that he had an entire hand, or at least a main finger, in 220 plays. But the two here named are all that remain of what he wrote under Elizabeth. Except his "Woman Killed with Kindness," which was first acted in 1603, Thomas Heywood's place is mainly in the literature of the reign of James I. and Charles I.

Thomas Middleton.

Thomas Middleton was about thirty-two years old in the year of the death of Elizabeth, and belongs chiefly to the reign of James I. He was the only son of William Middleton, a gentleman settled in London, by his wife Anne, daughter of William Snow. In 1597 Thomas Middleton published "The Wisdom of Solomon paraphrased," and not improved by the process. In 1599 he followed the fashion of the day, and published "Micro-cynicon, Six Snarling Satires." He is first mentioned by Henslowe, in May, 1602, as fellow-worker on a lost play, "Cæsar's Fall," with Munday, Drayton, Webster, and others, and in a play of "The Two Harpies," with Munday, Drayton, Dekker, and Webster. An excellent comedy, "The Old Law," known only in an edition of 1656, in which Middleton and Rowley worked together, has been ascribed to the last years of Elizabeth.

William Rowley.

William Rowley was another of the young dramatists who earned money by work for the theatres at the end of Elizabeth's reign, and grew to their full powers in the reign of James. John Ford was seventeen years old, Philip Massinger was twenty, Francis Beaumont nineteen, and John Fletcher twenty-four in the year of the death of Queen Elizabeth. None of them became dramatists until the reign of James.

With these young men there passed into the reign

of James I. the old poet Thomas Churchyard, who, to the new generation living in the last years of Elizabeth, represented literature as it had been *in dicbus illis*, when the queen was young. We left him* in 1579 publishing "Chips." In that year new wealth of thought was rising, and Spenser published his first book. Churchyard liked to alliterate on title-pages with the "Ch" that began his name. If his name had not been Churchyard, he would not have called his pieces "Chips," or set up in 1580 "A pleasaunte Laborinth called Churchyardes Chance," or, in the same year, entitled a light bundle of lively discourses "Churchyard's Charge;" nor would the collection of pieces, issued in 1593, that included vindication of his right to be regarded as the author of "Shore's Wife," have been entitled "Churchyard's Challenge." Churchyard wrote many occasional pieces, but was most esteemed in his old age for that poem of Shore's wife, which he had contributed in his youth to "The Mirror for Magistrates."† Among his later poems was one published in 1587, in a variety of measures, with some intermixed prose, on "The Worthiness of Wales." It treats of towns, castles, rivers, mountains, and matter of interest in the antiquities of Wales and its marches, not omitting Shropshire, for Churchyard was born in Shrewsbury. To leave that out

Thomas Churchyard.

> "were double error plaine.
> If in thy pen be any poets vayne,
> Or gifts of grace from skies did drop on thee,
> Then Shrewsebrie towne thereof first cause must bee."

Churchyard's age was about eighty-three when he published a "Pæan Triumphall upon the King's publick entry from the Tower of London to Westminster," and he published two pieces in the following year—the year

* "E. W." viii. 249–260. † "E. W." viii. 247–251.

of his death—one of them containing "sad and heavy verses in the nature of an Epitaphe for the losse of the Archbishop of Canterbury." John Whitgift died in that year at the age of seventy-four, on the twenty-ninth of February. Churchyard survived him but a month, for he was buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster, on the fourth of April.

Anthony Munday, whom we left in the year 1586,* was fifty years old at the end of Elizabeth's reign. He lived beyond the reign of James, into the reign of Charles I., and died in 1638. Munday published in 1588 "A Banqvet of Daintie Conceits; furnished with verie delicate and choice Inventions to delight their Minds who take Pleasure in Musique; and there-withall to sing sweete Ditties, either to the Lute, Bandora, Virginalles, or anie other Instrument." He published also some translations, and in the last years of Elizabeth's reign was active among younger men in endeavour to earn money as a playwright. Two Robin Hood plays, printed in 1691, the "Downfall" and the "Death" of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, may have been written by Munday and Chettle, but have been ascribed also to Heywood.

Anthony Munday.

Richard Barnfeild, who lived through the reign of James, and died a country gentleman, at Dorlestone, Staffordshire, in 1627, at the age of fifty-three, produced poems only in his younger days under Elizabeth. He was born in June, 1574, at Norbury, Shropshire, eldest son of a gentleman of the same name. His mother, whose maiden name had been Maria Skrimsher (Scrimgeour), died when he was six years old. At the age of fifteen, in November, 1589, Barnfeild entered Brasenose College, Oxford, and he took his Bachelor's degree in February, 1592. He came to London, and had friends among the poets when he published, at the age

Richard Barnfeild.

* "E. W." ix. 154–162.

of twenty, in November, 1594, his first little book of verse, "The Affectionate Shepheard. Containing the Complaint of Daphnis for the loue of Ganymede." He signed himself only Daphnis under the dedication to Lady Rich. But in his next book of poems, published in January, 1595, "Cynthia. With Certaine Sonnets, and the Legend of Cassandra," Richard Barnfeild signed his name to its dedication to the Earl of Derby, and to the epistle "To the curteous Gentlemen Readers," which began by acknowledging that he had written "The Affectionate Shepheard." In 1598, at the age of twenty-five, Barnfeild published "The Encomion of Lady Pecunia: or the Praise of Money. By Richard Barnfeild, Graduate in Oxford." Of this there was a new edition, with alterations and additions, in 1605, including a few stanzas that honoured the new reign. He published nothing more.

The fuller title of Barnfeild's first piece is "The Teares of an affectionate Shepheard sicke for Loue; or, The Complaint of Daphnis for the Loue of Ganimede." It is in two parts, the second being called, "The second Dayes Lamentation of the Affectionate Shepheard." Both parts are an expansion by the young poet of Virgil's second eclogue in which *Formosum pastor Corydon ardebat Alexim.* Alexis becomes Ganymede, and the old man's love for the beautiful boy, whatever Virgil meant by it, becomes, in the first part of Barnfeild's rendering, a musical fancy in stanzas of six-lined common verse, not without some inspiration from the four-lined stanzas of Marlowe's "Passionate Shepherd," which it resembles a little in its artificial daintiness of pastoral suggestion. In the second day's lamentation love grows to good counsel from age to youth, and Virgil's *nimium ne crede colori: Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur,* is developed at some length into a paradoxical plea for the advantage of black over white, according to the fashion that suggested to Dekker his

witty poetical exercise in praise of bald heads in "Satiro-mastix."

The other pieces in Barnfeild's first little venture were "The Shepheard's Content," artificial praise in Chaucer stanzas of a shepherd's life as better than any other; a sonnet; and, in nine Chaucer stanzas, "The Complaint of Chastitie," briefly touching "the cause of the death of Matilda Fitz-walters, an English Ladie; sometime loued of King Iohn, after poysoned. The Storie is at large written by Michael Dreyton." Then followed the contrasting story of "Hellens Rape. Or A light Lanthorn for light Ladies. Written in English Hexameters." This piece of seventy-five lines served no better than other experiments in the same direction to recommend the Latin measure to our English poets, and it had faults caught from the experimenters Barnfeild followed. Thus, for example, it began:

"Louely a Lasse, so loued a Lasse, and (alas) such a louing
Lasse, for a while (but a while) was none such a sweet bonny Love-Lasse.
Till spightfull Fortune from a love-lasse made her a loue-lesse
Wife. From a wise woman to a witles vvanton abandond."

In his next little book Barnfeild rightly described his poem of Cynthia as "the first imitation of the verse of that excellent Poet, Maister Spenser, in his 'Fayrie Queene.'" The main thought of Barnfeild's "Cynthia" is borrowed from George Peele's "Arraignment of Paris." The poet of "Cynthia" dreams that he sees Jupiter among the gods and goddesses seated "down in a dale, hard by a forest side." Juno and Pallas complain against Paris, who has given to Venus the golden ball, inscribed *Pulcherrimæ*. All assent to Jupiter's suggestion that there is "in western world amids the oceân main" a maiden queen, pre-eminent in wisdom, beauty, majesty, to whom the ball shall be sent as a present. The twenty sonnets

that follow "Cynthia" are of unrequited love, again addressed as by the old shepherd to Ganymede, who may possibly have figured in Barnfeild's verse some noble youth, praised for his innocence and beauty. A following ode transfers the love of the shepherd to a lass:

> "Her it is, for whom I mourne;
> Her, for whom my life I scorne;
> Her, for whom I weepe all day;
> Her, for whom I sigh, and say,
> Either She, or els no creature
> Shall enjoy my love: whose feature
> Though I neuer can obtaine,
> Yet shall my true loue remaine."

The shepherd's heart broke, and "Eliza" was found written in it. The next poem of this little volume tells in six-lined stanzas the love of Apollo for Cassandra, her winning from him the gift of prophecy, and how then, withholding herself, she came to a sad end. Here there is a small digression of the young poet's to a "divine Eliza" of his own, who lived on the banks of Severn, and of whom, after complaint of the inconstancy of women, he says:

> "Yet famous Sabrine on thy banks doth rest
> The fairest Maid that euer world admired:
> Whose constant minde, with heauenly gifts possest,
> Makes her rare selfe of all the world desired,
> In whose chaste thoughts no vanitie doth enter
> So pure a mind Endymion's Love hath lent her.
>
> "Queene of my thoughts, but subject of my verse,
> (Divine Eliza) pardon my defect,
> Whose artlesse pen so rudely doth reherse
> Thy beauties worth; for want of due respect
> Oh pardon thou the follies of my youth;
> Pardon my faith, my loue, my zeale, my truth."

Barnfeild's last little book of verse, "The Encomion of Lady Pecunia: or the Praise of Money," published in

1598, is on the familiar theme of Avarice in the place of Bounty. It is followed by "the Complaint of Poetrie for the Death of Liberality," and a combat between Conscience and Covetousness. Literature was but beginning then to pass out of the old state of dependence upon private patronage. The very old theme of the power of money is lightly and wittily treated—wisely too, for there is due recognition of its right place in the social world.

A few "Poems in divers Humours" are appended to this little book, including the sonnet beginning "If Music and Sweet Poetrie agree," and the ode beginning "As it fell upon a day," which were presently afterwards printed in a book improperly assigned to Shakespeare. Among these pieces of Barnfeild's is an elegy on the death of his aunt Elizabeth Skrymsher, who had taken the place of mother to him in his early years, and a piece of four stanzas, one in praise of each of the four poets, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, in which Shakespeare is thus honoured:

> "And Shakespeare thou whose hony-flowing Vaine,
> Pleasing the World, thy Praises doth obtaine,
> Whose *Venus* and whose *Lucrece*, sweete and chaste,
> Thy Name in Fame's immortall Booke haue plac't,
> Liue euer you, at least in Fame liue euer:
> Well may the Bodye dye, but Fame dies neuer."

'The Passionate Pilgrim.'

The little book of thirty leaves, 16mo, that included two of Barnfeild's poems as Shakespeare's, was published in the next year (1599) as "The Passionate Pilgrime. By W. Shakespeare. At London Printed for W. Jaggard, and are to be sold by W. Leake, at the Greyhound in Paules Churchyard." Barnfeild's "Lady Pecunia and Poems in divers Humours" had been "printed by G. S. for Iohn Iaggard, and are to be sold at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the signe

of the Hand and Starre." Of the second edition of the "Passionate Pilgrim" no copy is known, nothing is known. There was a third edition in 1612, printed also by W. Iaggard, "wherevnto is newly added two Loue epistles" [really written by Heywood]. "The first from Paris to Hellen, and Hellens answere backe againe to Paris." This edition was issued also as "By W. Shakespeare;" but the title-page was cancelled, and another inserted, for the purpose of omitting Shakespeare's name. Even Marlowe's "Come live with me and be my love," in an imperfect form, was boldly printed here as a poem of Shakespeare's. Another piece, "Venus with Adonis sitting by her," with four lines wholly different and some smaller changes, was taken from Bartholomew Griffin's "Fidessa," published in 1596. The publisher of this catch-penny book had, however, obtained two of the unpublished sonnets of Shakespeare; he inserted also, with verbal differences, three pieces that are in the 1598 edition of "Love's Labour's Lost," and a few pieces that had not appeared before, of which the authorship must be uncertain. Shakespeare had no part in the publishing of "The Passionate Pilgrim," and it must have been by his wish that his name was removed from the title-page of the third edition in 1612.

Bartholomew Griffin.

Of Bartholomew Griffin, from whom William Jaggard took a sonnet for his book ascribed to Shakespeare, it is only to be said that a person of that name, who was of the city of Coventry, gentleman, died there in December, 1602, that he had a wife named Katherine, and that he had, as his will shows, an eldest son named Rice. In 1596 appeared the collection of sixty-two sonnets entitled "Fidessa, more chaste then kinde. By B. Griffin, gent. At London Printed by the Widdow Orwin, for Matthew Lownes. 1596." There are two short prose dedications, one to Mr. William Essex, of Lambourne,

Berkshire, the other to the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court, to whom the author promises next term—term-time being the publishing season—"a Pastorall yet unfinished, that my purpose was to have added (for varietie sake) to this little volume of Sonnets." The sonnets are skilfully rhymed, and ingenious in the usual way. There are evidences of familiarity with other poets; the third sonnet, which was transferred to Jaggard's volume, has so much of Shakespeare in it that we may regard it as a fancy suggested by the reading of his "Venus and Adonis." There is evidence also that Bartholomew Griffin had read Daniel's sonnets to Delia. The lady to whom these sonnets were addressed in compliment was someone whom the poet could describe as blest from her cradle by a worthy mother, and "sweet model of a far-renownéd sire."

Sonnets were in fashion during the few years before and after 1596, and there were many wherein cheerful men expressed poetical despair of winning what they did not seek. In 1596 there appeared "Chloris, or the Complaint of the Passionate Despised Shepheard. By William Smith." This was a collection of fifty sonnets, following two sonnets that inscribed them all to Edmund Spenser, as "the most excellent and learned Shepherd, Colin Clout," among whose personal friends William Smith may, perhaps, be counted; for he addresses the great poet as "Colin my dear and most entire beloved." The last sonnet refers again to Spenser:

William Smith.

> "Colin, I know that in thy lofty wit
> Thou wilt but laugh at these my youthful lines."

But when the young rhymester was in doubt of raging Envy, it pleased the great shepherdhood of Spenser, "the patron of my maiden verse to be." Where Spenser was kind to a young poet, let us not venture to slight the budding

hope, in which the youth himself saw but a little hope of fruit.

R[ichard] L[inche?] published, in 1596, "Diella, Certaine Sonnets, adioyned to the amorous Poeme of Dom Diego and Gineura. By R. L. Gentleman." It has been also suggested* that the R. L. who wrote these sonnets was Dr. Robert Lylesse, born at Nottingham in 1550, who passed from Eton to King's College, Cambridge, graduated as M.A. in 1575, was proctor of the university in 1581, got into trouble with heads of the university, from which he was expelled in 1583, and lived afterwards in great repute as a physician. Richard Linche published, however, two translations from the Italian, in 1599 and 1601, "The Fovntaine of Ancient Fiction," and an "Historical Treatise of the Travels of Noah into Europe." The author of "Diella" may be the R. L. to whom Richard Barnfeild addressed his sonnet, "If Music and sweet Poetry agree." The sonnets to Diella make a fair love-passion of the customary kind. "The love of Dom Diego and Gineura" is told in six-lined stanzas from a tale in Geoffrey Fenton's "Tragical Discourses written out of French and Latin," † first published in 1567. As Diego and Ginevra ended their story by marrying, R. L. connects the tale with the sonnets by saying to Diella, "Then, dearest love, Ginevrize at the last." Richard Linche.

There is a collection of love-verses under the name of "Alcilia, Philoparthen's Loving Follie," which first appeared in 1595. Only one copy of its first edition is known, and that is in the town library of Hamburg. It was given to Edward Stubbing by a Dr. Clapham, and has MS. corrections in Dr. Clapham's hand. The "Alcilia."

* In *Athenæ Cantabrigienses*, by Charles Henry Cooper and Thompson Cooper. Dr. Grosart, who has edited "Diella" in his limited reprints, ascribes "Diella" to Linche.

† "E. W." viii. 294.

verses have at the end the initials of the writer, J. C., in succeeding editions; but Dr. Clapham, who used his pen on the Hamburg copy of the first edition, altered the C into a G. Sixty-three pieces in the beginning of the book are called sonnets, each being no more than a six-lined stanza of common verse, used to express one thought. Take one for an example:

> "After long sicknes health brings more delight,
> Seas seeme more calme by stormes once overblowne,
> The daie more cheerful by the passéd night,
> Each thing is by his contrarie best knowne.
> Continual ease is pain; chaunge sometimes meeter:
> Discords in Musicke make the Musicke sweeter."

Then, after three longer pieces, entitled "Love's accusation at the judgment seat of Reason," "Love deciphered," and "Love's Last Will and Testament," there are forty more of the six-lined stanzas to which the author gave the name of sonnets, these last being "written by the author after he began to decline from his passionate attachment, and in them he seemeth to please himself with describing the vanity of love, the frailty of beauty, and the sour fruit of repentance." He seemed to please others as well as himself, for the little collection was more than once reprinted, although not without fortification by the adding to them of "Pigmalion's Image" and some more pieces from other pens. The author of "Alcilia," whoever he may have been, was not John Chalkhill. At the end of his prefatory note in Latin verse he declares that he now has done with trifling,

> "seria posthæc
> (Ut Ratio monet) ac utiliora sequar."

The verses represent not all unworthily the echoes in the valley from young men whom Tityrus has taught to resound praise of Amaryllis. These little springs of music do not

rise from a great depth, but their babbling has more in it than idle sound. *Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.*

If Henry Willobie, to whom it is ascribed on the title-page of its first edition, in 1594, wrote the book in praise of a modest maid and a chaste wife called "Willobie his Avisa," it was the work of a youth not older than nineteen. Henry Willoughby (or Willobie) was the second son of a Henry Willoughby, by Jane Dauntsey, of Lavington, Wiltshire, the third son being Thomas. A "*Thomas Willoby frater Henrici Willoby nuper defuncti*" added a poem of his own on "The Victory of English Chastity" to the second edition of "Avisa," published in 1596. Henry Willobie of Wiltshire, a gentleman's son, matriculated at St. John's College, Oxford, in 1591, being then sixteen years old. Within the next three years he wrote (if he wrote) "Avisa," and he was newly dead in 1596, at the age of twenty-one. The whole title of the book published in 1594 was "Willobie his Avisa, or the true Picture of a modest Maid and of a chast and constant wife. In Hexamiter verse. The like argument whereof was never heretofore published. Read the preface to the Reader before you enter farther. A vertuous woman is the crowne of her husband, but she that maketh him ashamed is as corruption in his bones. Prouerb 12, 4. Imprinted at London by John Windet, 1594." A prefatory letter "To all the constant Ladies and Gentlewomen of England that feare God," signed Hadrian Dorrell, was dated from his chamber in Oxford, the first of October. Hadrian Dorrell, addressing there "the gentle and courteous reader," says: "It is not long sithence (gentle Reader) that my very good frend and chamber fellow M. Henry Willobie, a young man, and a scholler of very good hope, being desirous to see the fashions of other countries for a time, departed voluntarily to her Maiesties service. Who at his departure chose

Willobie's "Avisa."

me among the rest of his frendes, unto whom he reposed so much trust, that he deliuered me the key of his study, and the use of all his bookes till his returne. Amongest which (perusing them at leysure) I found many prety and witty conceites, as I suppose of his owne dooing. One among the rest I fancied so much, that I have ventered so farre upon his frendship, as to publish without his consent." Hadrian Dorrell then proceeds "by coniecture," but at some length, to discuss the nature of the poem, and describe its plan. He says, towards the end of his argument, "I have christened it by the name of Willoby his Avisa: because I suppose it was his doing, being written with his owne hand. How he will like my bouldnes, both in the publishing and naming of it, I know not." Two years later Henry Willoby was dead, and the reprint of the poem in 1596, with a piece added to it, of which his brother was author, seems to corroborate the story of its origin. There are a dozen Dorrells, or Darrells, on the records at Oxford in those times, but none of them at St. John's College, and there was not one in any college who had Adrian or Hadrian for Christian name. Hadrian Dorrell may, therefore, be a pseudonym. In the edition of 1596, Hadrian Dorrell added an "Apologie, shewing the true meaning of Willobie his Avisa." It was dated "Oxford this 30th of June, 1596," and was in reply to "one P. C." (Peter Colse) who had spoken slightingly of "Avisa" in his note to the reader before his poem, published also in 1596, of "Penelope's Complaint: or a Mirrour for wanton Minions. Taken out of Homer's Odissea, and written in English verse. By Peter Colse." P. C. had said to his reader, "The cause I have contrived so pithy a matter in so plain a stile, and short verse: for that a vaine-glorious *Avisa* (seeking by slaunder of her superiors to eternize her folly) is in the like verse (by an vnknown Author) described: I follow (I say) the same stile and

verse, as neither misliking the methode, nor the matter, had it been applyed to some worthier subiect." Hadrian Dorrell replies at length that "Avisa" was a "feigned Individuum," who stood for Chastity, and that her "name insinuateth that there was neuer such a woman seene as heere is described. For the word A' visa is compounded (after the Greeke manner) of the priuatiue particle A, which signifieth *Non:* and of the participle *Visus, visa, visum*, which signifieth, Seene: so that *A'visa* should signifie (by this) as much as *Non visa*, that is, Such a woman as was neuer seene." But in his "Apologie," Hadrian Darrell seems to forget that he had ascribed the poem to a young chamber-fellow at Oxford, Henry Willobie, in terms that agree with what little is known of such a person. He now says that "This poeticall fiction was penned by the Author at least for thirtie and five yeeres since (as it will be prooued), and lay in wast papers in his study, as many other pretie things did, of his deuising; and so might have continued still (as his *Susanna* yet doth) had not I, contrarie to his knowledge, with paine collected it; and (in consideration of the good end to which it was directed) published it."

An anonymous writer prefixes one of the two commendatory poems before Willobie's "Avisa," which includes a praise of Shakespeare, who, in 1594, had celebrated chastity in the poem of "Lucrece." The idea of the writer, who signs himself "Contraria contrarius: Vigilantius, Dormitanus," is that Shakespeare's story of "Lucrece," the Bible story of Susanna, and Homer's "Penelope," are the great examples of chastity, to which now Willobie joins a fourth and greater, in "Avisa":

> "Though Collatine have deerely bought,
> To high renown, a lasting life,
> And found that most in vain have sought
> To have a Faire and Constant wife,

Yet Tarquyne pluckt his glistering grape,
And Shake-speare paints poor Lucrece rape.
. . . . .
Then Avis-Susan ioyne in one,
Let Lucres-Auis be thy name."

In the poem itself what are called its hexameters are stanzas of six eight-syllabled lines; if the lines were ten-syllabled they would be stanzas of common verse. Avisa herself having been first described, there follow her trials:

"Her high conceites, her constant minde;
Her sober talke, her stout denies;
Her chast aduise, here shall you find;
Her fierce assaults, her mild replies,
Her daily fight with great and small,
Yet constant vertue conquers all."

The first trial of Avisa before she was married was by a Nobleman. The second temptation was "after her marriage, by Ruffians, Roysters, young Gentlemen and lustie Captaines, which all she quickly cuts off." The cantos in each part are arranged as dialogue of alternate evil pleading and wise answer. The third trial was by "the long, passionate, and constant affections of the close and wary sutor." First the exchange of plea and answer, canto by canto, is with "D. B. a Frenchman." Then it is with D. H., Dydimus Harco, an Anglo-German. Next follows, in a prose preface to the forty-fourth canto, "Henrico Willobego. Italo-Hispalensis," the suggestion that "H. W., being sudenly affected with the contagion of a fantasticall fit, at the first sight of A., pineth awhile in secret griefe, at length not able any longer to indure the burning heate of so feruent a humour, bewrayeth the secresy of his disease vnto his familiar frend W. S., who, not long before, had tryed the curtesy of the like passion, and was now newly recouered of the like infection." This introduces cantos of dialogue

between "H. W." and his friend W. S., of whom he asks advice. The divisions called cantos throughout the poem never exceed eight stanzas, and there is in one case a canto of one stanza, which only tells that Avisa lived in a house with the sign of Saint George. W. S.—in whom I see no reason for thinking that William Shakespeare is imagined as the speaker—encourages H. W. to persevere in the arts of a suitor. The dialogue is then between H. W. and Avisa. When Avisa ceases to reply, H. W. writes letters to her. Then the poem ends with her last reply and "the Author's Conclusion." Avisa's last words to H. W. were:

"I wish you well, and well to fare,
And therewithal a godly mind,
Devoid of lust and foolish care,
This, if you seeke, this you shall find.
But I must say, as erst before,
Then cease to waile, and write no more.
"Always the same
"*Auisa.*"

"Penelope's Complaint."

"Penelope's Complaint," by Peter Colse, imitated "Avisa," not only in the stanza used, but in the way of setting forth, by speech and answer between Penelope and her wooers, with mixed dialogue and narrative after the coming of Ulysses.

Robert Tofte.

Robert Tofte, gentleman, died in 1619 at his London lodging in St. Andrew's, Holborn. He was connected with the family of Urry, in the Isle of Wight. In 1597 he wrote "Laura. The Toyes of a Traveller, or the Feast of Fancie. Divided into three Parts. By R. T. Gentleman." This was followed, in 1598, by "Alba. The Months Minde of a Melancholy Lover, diuided into three parts: By R. T. Gentleman. Herevnto is added a most excellent patheticall and passionate Letter, sent by Duke D'Epernoun vnto the late French king, Henry the 3 of that name, when he was

commanded from the Court, and from his Royall Companie. Translated into English by the foresaid Author." The "Alba" celebrated here in many stanzas of common verse seems to be punningly associated with some unknown Caryl of Warrington. In the third part of "Alba" Tofte tells how he once went with his lady to see "Love's Labour Lost":

> "Love's Labor Lost, I once did see a Play
> Yclepéd so, so calléd to my paine,
> Which I to heare to my small Ioy did stay,
> Giuing attendance on my froward Dame,
> My misgiuing mind presaging to me ill,
> Yet was I drawn to it against my will."

Three stanzas more tell how "This play no play, but plague was unto me."

Robert Tofte published, also in 1598, a translation of the first three books of Boiardo's "Orlando Inamorato," and in 1599, "Of Marriage and Wiuing. An Excellent pleasant and Philosophicall Controversie, between the two famous Tassi now liuing, the one Hercules the Philosopher, the other Torquato the Poet. Done into English by R. T. Gentleman." In the next reign a translation by Tofte of the Satires of Ariosto was published in 1608, ascribed by error to Gervase Markham.

There is an undated "Shepheardes Complaint. A passionate Eclogue, written in English Hexameters: Wherevnto are annexed other conceits, brieflie expressing the effects of Loues impressions, and the iust punishment of aspiring beautie. By J. D." That is, John Dickenson, who published in 1594 a euphuistic prose book with verse intermixed, "Arisbas, Euphues amidst his slumbers: Or Cupid's Iourney to Hell. Decyphering a Myrror of Constancie, a Touchstone of tried affection, begun in chaste desires, ended in choise delights; And emblasoning Beauties glorie, adorned by Natures

John Dickenson.

bountie. With the Triumph of True Love, in the foyle of false Fortune." Another of Dickenson's books, published in 1598, was a story told in Greene's manner: "Greene in Conceipt, New raised from his graue to write the Tragique Historie of faire Valeria of London."

Chester's "Love's Martyr."

"Love's Martyr," by Robert Chester, first published in 1601, is the book to which, in an appended collection of pieces by "several modern Writers," Shakespeare contributed his poem of "The Phœnix and Turtle." Robert Chester, son of an Edward Chester, of Royston, was twelve years old when his father died in January, 1579. He was a justice of the peace for Herts, and Sheriff of Herts in 1599. He was knighted by King James on the twenty-third of July, 1603. He married, and had six sons and six daughters, and he died, owner of several manors besides that of Royston, on the third of May, 1640. He was thirty-four years old when he published his poem, which was no more than it professed to be, an allegory of the truth of love: not of his own love for Anne Capell, who became his wife; nor of the love of Queen Elizabeth towards the Earl of Essex, then in Ireland; but of the consummation of a perfect love. Nature, Rosalin, has formed a perfect woman, who is perfect Love—the Phœnix—and desires that a new Phœnix may spring from her. The Council of the Gods bids Nature take this Phœnix to Paphos, where the faithful Turtle Dove will mate with her. On the way they fly over Britain to the Mediterranean, and we are told of London and of British history, of King Arthur and the glories of our island—glories of man. In Paphos we are told of the wonders of plants, beasts, birds—glories of Nature—all being a little incoherent, but distinctly entertaining. So we reach the Turtle, faithful in mourning for his single mate. Phœnix and Turtle join as perfect lovers, and together build the pyre on which they burn in Love's flame and are made one:

"Upon an altar would I offer Love,
And sacrifice my soul, poor Turtle Dove."

So the poem ends. "Hereafter follow diverse Poetical Essaies on the former Subiect; viz: the Turtle and Phœnix. Done by the best and chiefest of our moderne writers, with their names subscribed to their particular workes: never before extant. And (now first) consecrated by them all generally, to the loue and merite of the true-noble Knight, Sir Iohn Salisberie. *Dignum laudæ virum, Musa vetat mori.*" Here first a *Chorus Vatum* invokes aid from Apollo in giving a round to "an honourable friend":

Shakespeare's "Turtle and Phœnix."

"Instruct us how to rise,
In weighty Numbers, well pursu'd,
And varied from the Multitude."

Shakespeare begins the session with a poem on the Phœnix and Turtle that laments the death of Love and Constancy—

"Here the Anthem doth commence:
Love and Constancy is dead,
Phœnix and the Turtle fled,
In a mutual flame from hence.

"So they loved as love in twain
Had the essence but in one,
Two distincts, division none,
Number there in love was slain."

John Marston followed with "a narration and description of a most exact and wondrous creature, .. arising out of the Phœnix and Turtle Dove's ashes." This offspring is Perfection, where all is mind, as far from spot as possible defining. Next comes George Chapman's contribution, which he calls "Peristeros; or the male Turtle." As that bird of love found all in one, so that her firmness clothed him in variety:

John Marston.

George Chapman.

"Like him I bound th' instinct of all my powers
In her that bounds the empire of desert,
And Time nor Change (that all things else devours
But Truth eternized in a constant heart)
Can change me more from her than her from merit;
That is my form, and gives my being spirit."

Last comes Ben Jonson with some pieces of large scope, chief of them the noble epode beginning: Ben Jonson.

"Not to know Vice at all, and keep true state,
Is Virtue, and not Fate:
Next to that Virtue, is, to know Vice well,
And her black spite expel."

He then passes on to noble praise of a pure love.

"Acolastus his Afterwitte," a poem by Samuel Nicholson, represents Acolastus, the Prodigal, discoursing of love with Eubulus, whose note is, "Acolastus his Afterwitte."

"Forget, my God, the folly of my youth,
How I, misled, have led my doting days,
How spitefully I spurnéd at Thy truth,
And scorned to set my footing in Thy ways;
In this Thy mercy shall appear much greater,
For pardoning him that was so deep a debtor."

Acolastus complains of the evil days that made him a "false slave to false delights," and is ready to kill himself, when he is stayed by the wise counsel of Eubulus:

"Look, study, sigh for grace and fly from evil,
Grace and resistance drives away the devil."

The afterwit of Acolastus is the tale of a love-passion set forth as the Tragi-comedy of Fools. Little more is known of the author than that he was a graduate of Cambridge, and that a sermon of his on Christ's death for Man was

published in 1602 as "God's New-yeeres gift sent vnto England." The chief interest of "Acolastus his Afterwitte," which the author says he had written in his youth, is the considerable number of lines imitated or adopted by him from lines of the poets that he read, especially from Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece."

Nicholas Breton.

Nicholas, son of William Breton, a London merchant, and stepson of George Gascoigne, the poet,* inherited from his father a manor in Lincolnshire, Burgh-in-the-Marsh, near Wainfleet. He studied in Oxford, where there is no record of him under any conceivable form of the spelling of his name. He says himself, in his "Floorish upon Fancie," published in 1577, that he had spent some years at Oxford. In an unpublished diary the Rev. Richard Madox,† chaplain to a naval expedition, says under the fourteenth of March, 1582: "I dined with Mr. Carlile at his brother Hudson's who is governor of Antwerp. . . . There was Mr. Brytten, once of Oriel College, who made 'Wit's Will.' He speaketh the Italian well." Breton's books in Elizabeth's reign were: "A Floorish upon Fancie and The Toyes of an Idle Head," a considerable collection of his earlier poems published in 1577 and 1582; in 1578, "The Pain of Pleasure; in 1580, "Wit's Will; in 1584, "A Handfull of wholesome Hearbes;" in 1586, "Sir Philip Sidney's Epitaph;" in

* "E. W." viii. 274.

† Sloane MS. 5008. Quoted from Dr. Grosart's "Memorial" to his edition of the works of Nicholas Breton, first collected by him in the Chertsey Worthies Library, in two substantial volumes of small print, double-columned, 1875-79. Many Elizabethan writers who have survived only in one, two, or three copies of their works, were printed by Dr. Grosart between 1875 and 1881, in thirty-seven 4to volumes, as "Occasional Issues," in limited editions of from thirty to fifty copies. Use is made in the narrative of these editions, which will be found, with helpful works of other writers, specified more fully in the Bibliography at the end of the eleventh volume of "E. W."

1591, "The Pilgrimage to Paradise" and "Breton's Bowers of Delight," a collection by various hands made in his name, also an "Entertainment given by the Earl of Hertford during the Queen's Progress in Hampshire;" in 1594, "The Arbour of Amorous Delight;" in 1595, a "Solemn Passion of the Soul's Love;" in 1597, "The Figure of Four;" in 1600, "Pasquil's Madcap and his Message," with three other Pasquil books; in 1601, "The Ravished Soul" and "Breton's Longing;" in 1602, "A Post with a Mad Packet of Letters," "Old Madcap's new Gallimaufry," "The Soul's Harmony," and three other books. Nicholas Breton married Anne Sutton on the fourteenth of January, 1593, at the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate. He had a son baptized in May, 1603, and a daughter buried in the following October. He continued writing through the reign of James, and his writings, which abound in wit, grace, and right feeling, will under that reign be considered.

John Davies, of Hereford, master of handwriting as well as poet—he became writing master to King James's son, Prince Henry—published his first book, "Mirum in Modum. A Glimpse of God's Glorie and the Soules Shape," in 1602. This we take with his later writings under James. John Davies, of Hereford.

Joshua Sylvester died in 1618, aged fifty-five, and by his translation of Du Bartas, although finished under Elizabeth, he is, as by all other writings, inevitably associated with King James. Joshua Sylvester.

The first edition of Francis Bacon's Essays, a little book containing only ten English essays and twelve Latin *Meditationes Sacræ*, was published in 1597, but an account of this is hardly to be separated from description of the growth of Bacon's Essays under James, and their relation to his study of nature. It will be well also, at the beginning of the next Book of this History, to pass with Francis Bacon from Elizabeth to James. Francis Bacon.

Our London of the last years of Elizabeth lives again in the "Survey" of John Stow,* which first appeared in 1598, and of which there was a second edition in 1603, with many additions. There was a third edition in 1618, and a fourth, in one folio volume, in 1633 enlarged by Anthony Munday and Henry Dyson, with a map of London and Westminster by T. Porter.

John Stow.

While engaged upon his record of London itself, Stow was engaged also in cherishing the memory of the greatest of all Londoners, the poet Chaucer. "His works," Stow tells us in this volume, "were partly published in print by William Caxton, in the reign of Henry VI.; increased by William Thynne, esquire, in the reign of Henry VIII.; corrected and twice increased through mine own painful labours, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to wit, in the year 1561, and again, beautified with notes by me collected out of divers records and monuments, which I delivered to my loving friend, Thomas Speght; and he having drawn the same into a good form and method, as also explained the old and obscure words, etc., hath published them in anno 1597." The edition of Chaucer by William Thynne, chief clerk of the kitchen to Henry VIII., was published in 1532, and was the first attempt at a complete Chaucer. It was reprinted in 1542 with addition of "The Plowman's Tale," which was not written by Chaucer. The next edition was that of 1561, and John Stow was its only editor. He added to the volume Lydgate's "Story of Thebes." Next came the edition in 1597 or 1598 by Thomas Speght, to whom Stow gave his additional materials, including "Chaucer's Dream" and the "Flower and the Leaf," which were then first printed. Afterwards came, in 1602, printed by Adam Islip, a new edition of Speght's Chaucer, with further additions. There was no demand for a reprint of that until 1687, and no other edition of

* "E.W." viii. 359–362.

Chaucer's works until Urry's in 1721. Thus the impulse given by John Stow, and communicated to his friend Speght, represented all that was done to bring Chaucer home to English readers from 1542 to 1721, that is to say, during a period of one hundred and seventy-nine years.

Shakespeare Himself to 1603.

We have seen that at the close of Elizabeth's reign Shakespeare's name was current and his genius was in high esteem, chiefly for the "Venus and Adonis" and the "Lucrece," that, as printed books, were in the hands of readers. Printed editions of his plays under Elizabeth were "Romeo and Juliet" (1597 and 1599); "Richard II." (1597 and 1598); "Richard III." (1597, 1598, and 1602); "Love's Labour's Lost" (1598); "Henry IV." (1598 and 1599); "Henry V." (1600 and 1602); Second Part of "Henry IV." (two editions in 1600); "Much Ado about Nothing" (1600); "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (two editions in 1600); "The Merchant of Venice" (two editions in 1600); "Titus Andronicus" (1600); "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (1602); "Hamlet" (1603). From these play books, and from the theatre itself, little sense seems to have been derived of the real greatness of the dramatist. He was known best by "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece," with which the polite world joined "Romeo and Juliet," and simply praised him as "Sweet Mr. Shakespeare." The young Cambridge critic, in the "Return from Parnassus," wished he would do something more serious:

> "Could but a graver subject him content,
> Without love's foolish lazy languishment!"

For the last twenty years of Elizabeth's reign, all men whose praise was fame regarded Edmund Spenser as the greatest English poet of their time.

Meanwhile Shakespeare was prospering, and many besides John Dickenson had lines from his plays running

in their heads. In 1596 "Romeo and Juliet" was produced at the Curtain Theatre (not so called from a stage curtain, but from the old name of the priory field on which it had been built). In that year, on the eleventh of August, the poet's only son, Hamnet, twin child with his daughter Judith, was buried at Stratford. Shakespeare in that year had his London lodging near the Bear Garden in Southwark, and he was so prosperous that he sought in October from William Dethick, Garter King-of-Arms, for a grant of coat-armour to his father. In the spring of 1597 Shakespeare bought, in Stratford-on-Avon, New Place, the best, or next to the best, house in the town, with an acre of land. He paid for it in that year sixty pounds. There was a second payment of sixty pounds in 1602. John Leland had described New Place, seen by him about the year 1540, as newly built, together with the Chapel opposite, by "one Hugh Clopton, mayor of London," and calls it "a praty house of bricke and tymbre." It was let in 1543 to an eminent physician, Dr. Thomas Bentley, who died in 1549, leaving the house "in great ruyne and decay and unrepayred." The lease reverted to William, the son of Sir Hugh Clopton, who had over-burdened his estate with legacies. William Clopton, in his difficulties, obtained money from William Botte,* who occupied the house, and, in July, 1567, sold it for forty pounds to a gentleman named William Underhill, who then held it in fee at an annual court rent of twelvepence. When William Shakespeare bought the property of Underhill, thirty years later, it consisted of one messuage, two barns, and two gardens. Shakespeare added afterwards to the garden ground. It was to New Place that Shakespeare finally retired from London, at an unknown date in the reign of James. His last years were spent in that house, and there he died. A list of corn and malt owners shows that within a few

* "E. W." x. 6.

months of its purchase by him, New Place had become Shakespeare's home in Stratford; for on the fourth of February, 1598, William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman, is returned as owner of ten quarters of corn in Chapel Street Ward. This is the earliest extant notice of him as a householder.

In the autumn of 1598 John and Mary Shakespeare filed a bill against John, son of Edmund Lambert, for recovery of Mary Shakespeare's mortgaged estate of Asbies. It had been pledged to her more prosperous brother-in-law, Edmund Lambert, in 1578, and was to return to Mary Shakespeare if the forty pounds paid for it were returned on Michaelmas Day, 1580.* The plea for Mary Shakespeare in the suit was that the forty pounds had been offered on the appointed day to Edmund Lambert: the replication was that Edmund Lambert refused to take it unless there were paid also other monies then due to him from the Shakespeares. Soon afterwards Edmund Lambert died, and the property passed to his son. The case lasted two years, and no decision on it is recorded.

In 1598 there is evidence that Shakespeare was regarded by the Stratford people as a friendly fellow-citizen who had money. Richard, son of Edward Quiney, mercer, being in London to raise for the town's use thirty pounds, wrote that Shakespeare had agreed to find the money, and that it would be sent by Greenway the carrier. Of that Richard Quiney it may here be said that in 1580 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Phillips, mercer; that after her husband's death, leaving her all his property, Elizabeth Quiney kept a tavern, and was left also with a son, who in after years married Shakespeare's daughter, Judith. There is evidence of old friendly relations at Stratford between the Shakespeares and the Quineys.

In 1599 Shakespeare's young patron, the Earl of

* "E. W." x. 10, 11.

Southampton, who, when in London, was an active playgoer, was General of the Horse in Essex's army in Ireland.

At the close of the year 1599 Shakespeare sought to impale the arms of Arden with the arms of Shakespeare. The heralds found that the family of Arden was entitled to arms, but it seems that the grant was not ratified.

In 1599 the Globe Theatre was opened.

There is occasional complaint by a writer of plays that actors were more prosperous than dramatists, an inference that seems to have been partly drawn from the fine velvet and silk attire in which actors rode through a town when they sought to call attention to their presence. Shakespeare derived his income from the theatre in each of those two ways. As soon as he could pay his footing he became also one of the shareholders who divided any balance of profit after payment of all outlay for plays, players, and general expenses of the theatre.

The first Globe Theatre was built in Southwark on Bankside, about two hundred yards from the river and between St. Mary Overies and the Bear Garden, partly with materials removed from the first Theatre in Shoreditch, which fell out of use in 1598. The new theatre, so built, was called "the Globe," and opened in 1599. The Blackfriars Theatre was formed in a private house of which James Burbage bought the freehold in May, 1596. Shakespeare was a shareholder in the Globe, but had sold his shares before the burning of that first Globe Theatre, in 1613. Outwardly it was a tall, round, windowless enclosure, with a door below and a small structure with a flag on it projecting from the top. This was the place whence the trumpeter called to the outer world to come inside. A sketch of the inside of the Swan Theatre was made in his diary in 1596 by a John de Witt, who was then visiting London. The diary was found by Dr. Gaedertz in the Royal Library at Berlin, and De Witt's sketch of the inside of an

Elizabethan theatre was published by Dr. Gaedertz in 1888 in his book on the Old English Stage. The building within was open to the sky, except that the small look-out room at the top was roofed, and the back part of the stage containing the raised gallery; the roof here rested on a pillar at each side, and under the gallery were two doors from the "mimorum ædes" for the entrances and exits of the actors. From that covered part of the stage a large raised platform spread into the open, to give as much space as possible to the actors of the play; around and before this was the standing-room that answered to the modern pit. There were built round the walls a lower and an upper gallery, in which seats were provided. A third gallery, highest of all, was under shelter of a slight projection of roof from the top of the walls, which answered for that uppermost circle to the shelter given to each of the galleries below by the floor of the circle above it. Thus, the spectators on the ground below stood, and were open to weather; the spectators in the galleries sat, and had shelter overhead. The actors had overhead shelter at the back of their stage, but none at the proscenium.

It was in the year 1600 that Henslowe and Alleyn built the Fortune Theatre, in or near Golden Lane, St. Giles's-without-Cripplegate. In June, 1600, the Privy Council ordered that there should be only two theatres in and about the City of London. As the Globe replaced the old house called the Theatre, the Fortune was to be in place of its old companion house, the Curtain; and the Curtain, like the Theatre, should be pulled down. Still there was acting in the Curtain. On the thirty-first of December, 1600, the Privy Council complained that more theatres had been allowed than but two houses, one in Middlesex called the Fortune (opened in November, 1600), and one in Surrey called the Globe.

In 1601, on the eighth of September, John Shakespeare was buried at Stratford.

In May, 1602, there is more evidence of Shakespeare's prosperity, in purchase from the Combes of a hundred and seven acres of land near the town, for £320. He was then busy elsewhere, and the conveyance was delivered to him through his brother Gilbert. In the following October came the payment of a second sixty pounds for New Place, not in fulfilment of the original agreement, but as fine for correction of a flaw in the lease.

In lives enwoven lies the life of Home:
The daily fellowship of kindred thought,
Where to one battle young and old are brought
And all are working for the days to come.
In lives enwoven lies a Nation's life:
Only from day to day upgrows her power,
Day to day utters speech, and hour by hour
We see the body of the Nation grow.
Age halting, and youth hurrying, to the strife,
With lives enwoven, step by step we go:
Bear with me, while I seek to read life so.

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